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# HARPER'S



## A REPUBLIC OF SOULS

Puritanism and the American Presidency

*By Richard Sennett*

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JULY 1987

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# LETTERS

## Identifying Corn

Tom Bauer and I would like the readers of this magazine to know that despite the photograph that accompanied my article "A Yield Against the Odds" [*Harper's Magazine*, April], we are not in the business of harvesting sweet corn. Tom and his neighbors grow hard yellow corn for animal feed, a very different operation.

Richard Rhodes  
Kansas City, Mo.

"A Yield Against the Odds" is an excellent article and description of field-corn harvest on a Missouri farm. However, the selection of a color photograph depicting a sweet-corn snapper was most inappropriate.

Charles M. Lewis  
Yuba City, Calif.

Richard Rhodes has written an elegant essay on a Missouri farmer, but like most Americans who idealize rural life, Rhodes refuses to face the fact that there are too many farmers.

Tom Bauer, working as efficiently as he can, produces corn at a cost of \$1.60 a bushel. Yet the market is willing to pay only \$1.45. Why? Because there is someone else who can sell corn profitably at \$1.45.

Suppose Mr. Bauer comes to Philadelphia to visit me and he hungers for a hot pretzel topped with mustard. If two street vendors in front of the Lib-

erty Bell sell pretzels, but one charges 50¢ and the other 35¢, and all other factors are equal (quality, length of waiting lines, etc.), Mr. Bauer, being the sensible farmer that he is, will buy from the 35¢ vendor.

But what about the 50¢ vendor? Unless the 35¢ man is selling below his cost, the 50¢ man must either lower his price, provide an additional product worth 15¢ to the customer, find another market willing to pay 50¢, or go out of business. But under no circumstances would we Philadelphians allow city hall to pay 65¢ for a 50¢ pretzel and then use our taxes to store them in pretzel silos.

We choose to support the 50¢ vendor because the *tradition* of his selling pretzels in front of the Liberty Bell makes us feel better than seeing him struggle in another line of work would. Of course, this is precisely what we are doing when the government pays Mr. Bauer \$1.88 for corn worth \$1.45 a bushel.

Let's cut out the what-is-America-without-its-family-farms nonsense. We pay welfare to Mr. Bauer because we don't want farmers on welfare. We taxpayers support their glut instead of letting the market balance supply and demand—because farmers remind America of its innocent and rural beginnings.

Rosamond Kay  
Philadelphia, Pa.

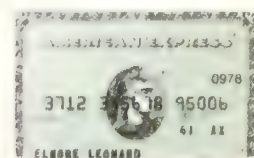
Richard Rhodes personalized the problems facing American farmers today—the enormous investments of money and muscle, the helplessness in the face of the weather, and the

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Elmore Leonard. Cardmember since 1961.

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problems caused by excellent yields.

But could you have someone check your pictures or perhaps run an identifying caption when the picture differs from the text? The lovely photograph on page 55 is of a summer harvest of sweet corn. The text refers to a fall harvest of field (feed) corn, with "buff, rustling corn." These are totally different things.

Eleanor H. Zurn  
LaCrosse, Wis.

## Washington Talk

What a marvelous opportunity was missed by Christopher Hitchens ["Blabscam," *Harper's Magazine*, March] to inform readers about the superficiality of TV's political talk shows and the incestuous relationship existing among their participants.

Instead, Hitchens feigns disgust at the Reagan Administration's alleged attempts to manipulate the content of such shows when, in fact, all administrations have been doing so for years. He does expose the fact that these shows are not unrehearsed, but, come on, very little in Washington is unrehearsed.

I would have been interested in the palsy-walsy network among these media prima donnas that dictates who is going to be on the shows and how much money they receive for their performances. And how long will the gray panthers on *Agronsky & Company* last before they topple over in doddering senility?

And, finally, what with the plethora of talk shows, the scurrying about for interviewees, the rehearsals and the trips to the bank by participants, when do these journalists find time to do an honest job of reporting?

John W. Kizler  
Rockville, Md.

As Christopher Hitchens observes in his exposé on political talk shows, TV journalism has abandoned its independence to join forces with the politicians to present an uncritical brand of question-and-answer commentary, prized more for its feel-good banter than for serious analysis.

In terms of wit and substance, *The*

*McLaughlin Group* seems to at least approach a show worth watching, and Jack Germond deserves credit for guessing very early on that the President approved the first arms shipment to Iran but simply forgot he did so. I agree with Hitchens that the show's self-labeling as "unrehearsed" is misleading, though it is comforting to know that the show's panelists are not shooting entirely from the hip on matters of such import.

Aside from the shows themselves, it seems that we, the people, should demand more spontaneous question-and-answer forums from our political leaders. Perhaps it is time to call for legislation requiring biweekly presidential press conferences, each lasting a full hour. Not that the press conference is the only way for the public to assess a leader's ability and character, but it does provide a unique opportunity for the people to watch the President in an interactive mode, the same mode he must adopt in dealing with his staff, his cabinet, and foreign leaders. If prefabricated, rehearsed speeches provide our only window into the President's behavior, is there any wonder he finds it difficult to maintain our trust?

William E. Cooper  
University of Iowa  
Iowa City, Iowa

With my appetite for scandal whetted by the Iran-*contra* story, I started reading Christopher Hitchens's article expecting more juicy revelations. It turned out that, in spite of its sinister implications of manipulation and control, the title, "Blabscam: TV's Rigged Political Talk Shows," was no more than cotton candy, enticing in its promise but totally lacking substance. The article began intriguingly enough with the assertion that a White House functionary produces and edits key segments of the weekly discussion programs. But Hitchens's breathtaking charge that the networks, which throughout their history have vigorously resisted state control over broadcast content, would meekly surrender to a government official the power to determine what they present in the most critical of all program areas—public affairs—

is beyond belief unless it is buttressed by incontrovertible evidence. The only support he provides for his statement is to allege that the White House refuses to permit Administration officials to appear if certain people are included on the panel of questioners. This is far from the complete control implied by the terms "editing" and "producing."

Hitchens apparently thinks that he proves his charge of rigging with the portentous statement that the TV discussions are rehearsed. His description of the process reveals, however, that the programs are not run through word for word, which is what rehearsal means to me, but are merely planned ahead of time to determine the subjects to be discussed and the order in which the participants are to be heard. Is there anything particularly heinous in that? Some planning would seem to be necessary if only to reduce the irritating cacophony resulting when participants try to present their views at the same time. Perhaps the aptly named *Crossfire* needs more preplanning, for it often sinks into chaos as four participants yell at each other simultaneously. I see nothing sinister in complete rehearsal.

These programs may have their share of blab, but I fail to see why he calls them scam.

Edgar E. Willis  
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Some years ago a friend and I worked out a "scale of quasi-pejoratives" that defined the various levels into which all instances of verbal expression can be classified. About at the middle of this scale was found "blab," which we defined specifically with reference to political talk shows. Hitchens excellently proves the appropriateness of this designation. A step above blab we found "bullshit." But yet even above bullshit ranks the highest of all forms of verbal expression—"gobbledygook." This level is achieved only by diplomats, presidents of great universities, etc.

Below blab is found "babble," the normal state of human consciousness.

Jonathan Schultz  
Johnson, Vt.



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Linda Mizejewski's memoir ["The Erotic Stripped Bare," *Harper's Magazine*, March] puts a new twist on kiss-and-tell reporting. That mud huts with thin walls, state-enforced fertility, and bad nutrition have not killed off sensuality altogether in this benighted country is, of course, good news. Romanian men, or at least one "handsome young" Romanian man, may still succumb to the allure of an exotic foreigner as she stands backlit by soft candlelight on her little concrete balcony. We assume that her husband understands that such flirtations with the locals are all in a day's work if a gal is to get at the real truth about communism.

Presumably Mizejewski knows that it is not kind to taunt prisoners with glimpses of wealth and privilege. Yet she goes about in her quilted parka and backpack and seems to have no qualms about zipping to the head of

the line to fill up her Renault at the *strainii* pump. She and her husband have become inured to the envious stares their behavior invites. While her compassion for the Romanian people and her Romanian friends may be genuine, in the end her preoccupation with their rotten sex lives trivializes the plight of this nation.

Craig Bridgman  
East Haddam, Conn.

As someone also living in a foreign country, I eagerly began reading "The Erotic Stripped Bare." My eagerness, however, quickly turned to disdain. I really wish that Linda Mizejewski had stayed in glamorous Pittsburgh, where there are supermarkets with soft neon signs.

I've traveled widely and briefly been in Romania. No place could be as bad as the one she describes. The trick of traveling is to keep an open mind and look for the good things

that must be out there. Often that search involves going beneath the surface and risking the image of who you think you are.

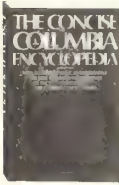

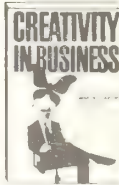
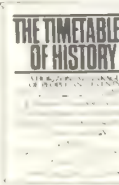
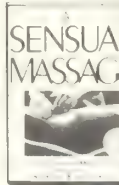


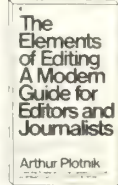

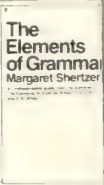


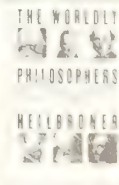




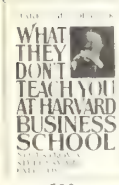

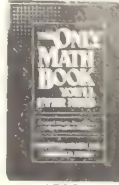

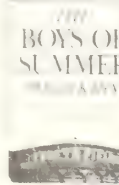

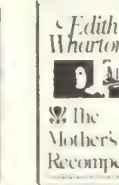


Here in Kinshasa we have economic confusion, AIDS, and President Mobutu. However, I find myself in fascinating situations almost every day. I really don't miss aerobics, ice cream, and McDonald's. I know it is all there waiting for me. The problem is that it won't be the same after having lived in Africa.

Nick Montana  
Kinshasa, Zaire

## Dust Here

It may be that from the vantage point of life in the United States English and Spanish are the only two world-class languages. Reading "Kitchen Spanish" [*Readings, Harper's Magazine*, March] made me realize that these two *linguas* are engaged

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in unending foreplay, awaiting perhaps the Christlike birth of a Hispanic Lenny Bruce. They rub each other's lexical bodies, stretch and twist their syntaxes, and delight in exchanging glances through the mirror of their fetishes. If I were a Jungian, I would regard English (with its wondrous lexicon and sinewy play with verbs) as embodying the male principle, and Spanish (with its rich, indigenous blends, its *lunfardos* and Africanisms) as the female one. This would be true even of the word *machismo*, whose idioms, when boiled down to their base in self-hatred, do nothing but try to expunge from maleness traces of mother's tongue.

Wyndham Lewis once said that laughter is the mind sneezing. A less elegant way to phrase his insight would be to propose that in laughing the mind yearns to make love to her untouchable body. In this sense English and Spanish continue to laugh at each other's still-alien souls. Besides

the grossness displayed in the commercialized frontier that now exists between the two languages, the as yet unfulfilled love between English and Spanish is revealed to us in minor absurdities, or in the flickering which brings joy into mistranslations. For instance, when rendered as *Por favor quite el polvo de aquí*, *Dust here may return to English as Please take the dust from here*, having already evoked in Spanish the instant rejoinder... *y póngalo allí, . . . and put it there*. Could there be a lesson in Central American policy in such a minor exchange?

Eduardo González  
Johns Hopkins University  
Baltimore, Md.

### Haven't I Read This Before?

Mr. What's-his-name in his essay in your March issue (I'll think of its title any minute now) sums up my experience of a lifetime's obsessive

reading ["Amnesia in Litteris," *Harper's Magazine*, March].

Incidentally, I do remember the line the author (God, what is his name?) was trying to recall. He got as far as "You must, you must, you must..." The full line reads, "You must, you must—take out the garbage."

It's by either Yeats, Keats, or Hölderlin—or maybe Rider Haggard.

Robert D. Lundy  
Solon, Ohio


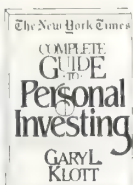
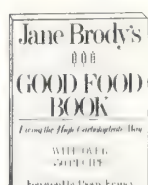


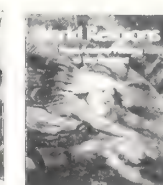



I can't recall having read an article as memorable as Patrick Süskind's.

Jack Carter  
Moscow, Ind.

I thoroughly enjoyed Patrick Süskind's essay. My heart goes out to him for his ailment, for I feel his pain and frustration daily. I thought this infir-

*Continued on page 75*

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**Quality Paperback Book Club**

# NOTEBOOK

## The red queen

By Lewis H. Lapham

*What matters most about political ideas is the underlying emotions, the music, to which ideas are a mere libretto, often of very inferior quality.*

—Sir Lewis Namier

In John le Carré's novel *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*, an old connoisseur of the world's secrets tells an apprentice espionage agent that what they had thought was their best information—acquired at large expense and with heavy loss of human life—is probably false. He phrases his judgment as a question:

"Ever bought a fake picture, Toby? The more you pay for it, the less inclined you are to doubt its authenticity."

The same question might be asked of the American statesmen engaged in the current round of arms-control talks with the Soviet Union. Over the years they and their predecessors have paid a fortune for a collection of portraits of the malevolent Russian empire, and they find it all but impossible to imagine a world in which the Cold War turns out to be a forgery. Whenever they return from another conference—in Reykjavik, in Geneva—they look like mourners returning from the funeral of a lost friend.

The expression of bewildered melancholy shows most plainly in the face of George Shultz. Earlier this spring in Moscow, Mikhail Gorbachev suggested to the secretary of state that their respective governments remove their inventories of nuclear missiles from Europe. All the missiles—short range, medium range, and maybe also tactical weapons outfitted with nuclear warheads. The idea was originally an American one, the "zero option" proposed by President Reagan in 1981, but Shultz

looked glum, as if he'd been asked to shoot his dog.

Gorbachev reportedly laughed and said, "What are you afraid of?"

It's a fair question, and one to which few American public officials can afford to give an honest answer. I doubt that Shultz is afraid of a nuclear war. At innumerable briefings and conferences over the past fifteen years I've listened to innumerable authorities—weapons analysts, secretaries of state, congressmen, deputy secretaries of defense, military historians, generals—talk about the precarious weight of the strategic balance. Not once have I heard in their voices even the trace elements of fear. No matter how hard they try, and no matter how bold their display of maps and statistics, they cannot bring themselves to believe in the likelihood of a nuclear war. Their lack of anxiety is proved by the chronic ineptitude of the American military forces and by the ease with which equally inept military contractors can defraud the Pentagon of \$30 billion a year. If the authorities were genuinely alarmed (i.e., if they thought their collections of weapons intended for actual use), I think it's fair to assume that they would pay closer attention to the worth and condition of their armaments.

Presumably they know, or at least strongly suspect, that the weapons race ended in 1968. In that year the Soviet Union placed nuclear missiles in submarines at sea; the United States had done so in 1960. The deployments imposed on each nation the condition of unacceptable risk. Because neither nation can avoid a nuclear riposte to a sudden attack, no attack can lead to anything but disastrous results.

Defined as unacceptable risk, deterrence is a condition as absolute as

the law of gravity. It remains constant no matter what the variable numbers of missiles or submarines or cities destroyed. Four submarines armed with twenty missiles correspond to a hundred submarines armed with a thousand missiles.

If it isn't nuclear war that worries Shultz, possibly it's the safety of the American economy. The United States over the past forty years has founded much of its industry on a premise of permanent war. Our defense expenditures account for 29 percent of our federal spending, and the nation's military enterprises consume the energy and intelligence of many of our most talented countrymen. If we quit making weapons, the country might go broke. I don't think so, but the sorts of people who manage the nation's affairs tend to equate prosperity with the profits earned on government contracts. In order to justify the always rising cost of their martial pretensions, they conjure up the images of catastrophe. President Kennedy presented a "missile gap"; his successors discovered a "bomber gap," a "window of vulnerability," innumerable "arcs of crisis," and miscellaneous "years of maximum danger." After the election is won or the budget approved, the monstrous chimeras vanish as mysteriously as they came.

The trick with the missiles is getting harder to perform. At least some people in the audience can find the pea under the walnut shell, and if Gorbachev continues to press his proposals for ridding Europe of its superfluous megatonnage, the simplicity of the logic of deterrence will become increasingly difficult to hide. The shills for the defense industries clearly need a new fairy tale. Now that the Strategic Defense Initiative has been



exposed as an astrophysical hoax, the prompters of the public alarm have begun to talk about the supposed magnificence of the Red Army. Informed sources already mention "the superiority of the Soviet Union's conventional forces" as if such superiority were a well-established fact, as solid as granite or as obvious as the sea. They speak of immense armies which, if given a moment's notice and a decent road map, could swarm through across the Rhine in a matter of hours and stand at the gates of Paris within a matter of days.

This invincible host is, of course, another fiction, as remote in space and time as the Golden Horde that followed Genghis Khan out of the mists of the Asian steppe. As measured by the International Institute for Strategic Studies, and as enumerated by Tom Gervasi in *The Myth of Soviet Military Supremacy* (a book to which I'm indebted for other aspects of this argument), the full complement of

NATO ground forces in Europe (8,229,013) outnumbers those of the Warsaw Pact (5,032,500). The NATO armies also hold the advantage in most categories of weapons. The numerical comparisons shift even more favorably toward the NATO alliance when the interested parties remember to take into account the character and nationality of the troops. The myth of the inexorable Russian advance presumes that East and West Germans will happily murder one another and that the Czechs, the Poles, the Latvians, and the Ukrainians will gladly sacrifice themselves to the Soviet cause. Just as improbably, the myth assigns to the Russian soldier an active and energetic nature that nobody has ever known him to possess.

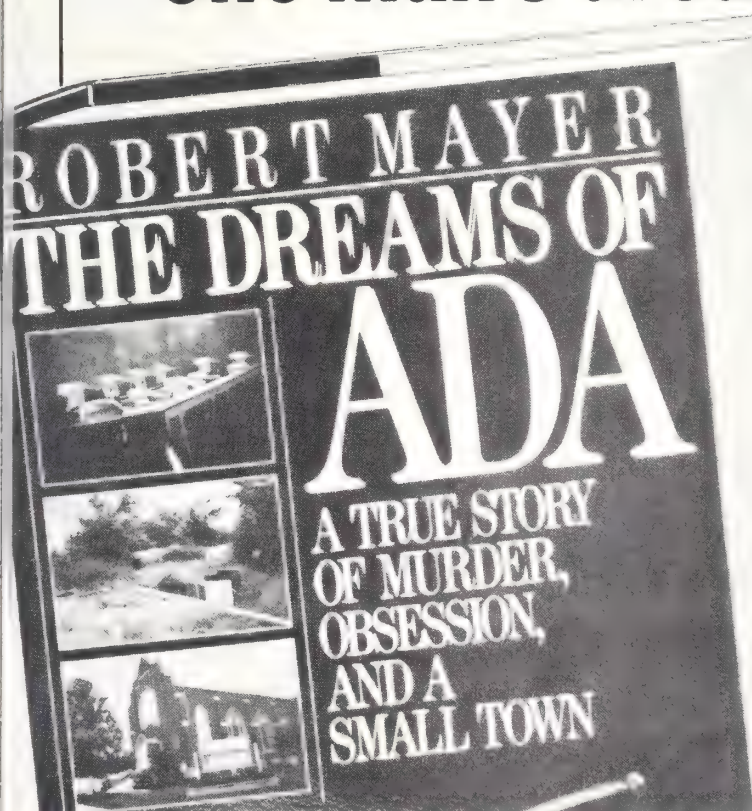
Traveling in Moscow and St. Petersburg in the summer of 1901, Henry Adams remarked on the passivity of the Russian temperament and thought Russia at least a hundred years behind the United States in all

sectors of civilization. In letters home he speaks of the "wonderful tenth-century people" and of a country that he saw as "metaphysical, religious, military, Byzantine."

The fear of Russia is as traditional in the West as the belief in witches and alchemy. During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the European nations repeatedly persuaded themselves that the "Colossus of the North" was just about to do something truly frightful. At the Congress of Verona in 1822 the Russian ambassador stepped out of his carriage one afternoon and abruptly died. Talleyrand assumed a maneuver of impenetrable guile. On being informed of the event, he said, "I wonder why he did that."

The fantasies persist despite the frequent and convincing testimonies to Russian military incompetence. As individuals or sovereign despots, the Russians might display an impressive genius for cruelty, but Russian armies

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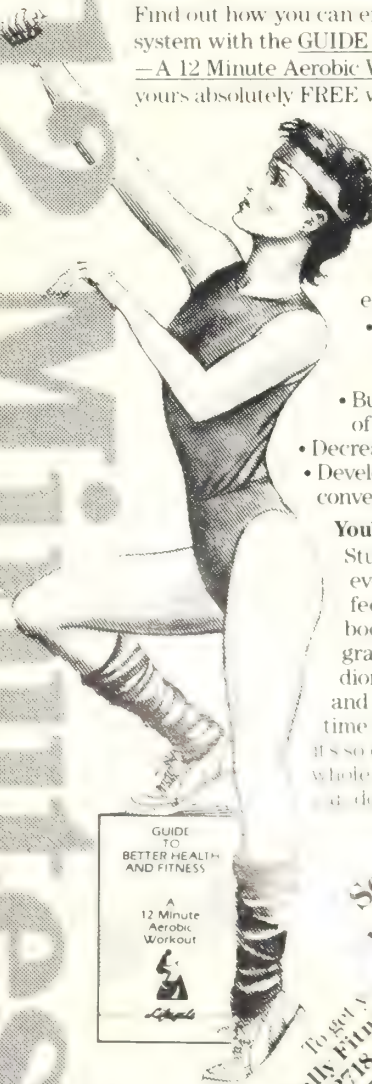
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only show to good advantage when directed against their fellow countrymen. In combat with more advanced nations—in the Crimean War in 1854, the Russo-Japanese War in 1905, World War I—Russian armies tend to parade their talent for defeat. Lord Palmerston, the British prime minister in the middle passages of the nineteenth century, thought Russia "a great humbug," and the historian Philip Guedalla, writing in 1936 after patient study of the relevant dispatches and casualty lists, concluded that "nothing is more undeserved than the respectful apprehension with which the world has long consented to regard the Russians as a military menace." Referring to a Russian cruiser that shelled the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg in 1917, Guedalla described the exploit as "almost the sole recorded victory of the Russian Navy, which had managed to defeat an admirable specimen of eighteenth-century architecture." The Soviet misadventure in Afghanistan sustains his irony.

Guedalla also noticed an "unhappy and recurrent rhythm in Soviet affairs" in which military defeat abroad was invariably followed by revolution at home. The rhythm presumably is apparent to Russian heads of state, whether Communist or Tsar, and if the makers of American policy choose to regard the Soviet Union with unduly respectful apprehension, it's for reasons of their own. The federal budget for 1986 invests \$111 billion in American conventional weapons, which (*mirabile dictu* and most profitably for all concerned) cost even more to deploy and maintain than their nuclear associates.

The current round of arms talks holds the promise of a hope that hasn't been present in a conference room for many years. The obstacle in the way of even a modest agreement (the only kind of agreement worth having) is the exhibition of paintings on the walls. Gorbachev at least has the wit to know that he's engaged in a labor of the aesthetic as well as the moral imagination. He invites us to conceive of a world not quite so crowded with vicious images, and we would be foolish to insist on the authenticity of our priceless forgeries. ■



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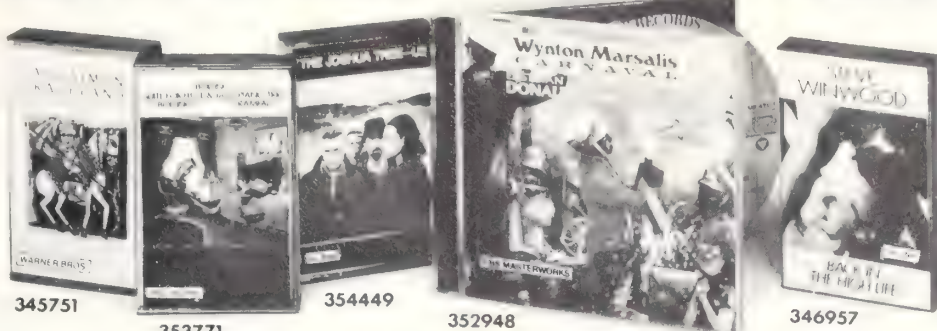
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314443. Neil Diamond's  
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Concerto—Yo-Yo Ma,  
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347955. Huey Lewis & The  
News—Fore! (Chrysalis)

349985. Johnny Mathis/  
Henry Mancini—The Holly  
wood Musicals (Columbia)

348979. Tina Turner—  
Break Every Rule. (Capitol)

352633. Dolly Parton/  
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Harris—Trio (Warner Bros.)

343624. Wynton  
Marsalis Plays Trumpet  
Concertos. Haydn, etc  
(Digital—CBS Masterworks)

302570. Mussorgsky:  
Pictures At An Exhibition;  
Ravel: La Valse—Mehta,  
cond. (CBS Masterworks)

337279. Plácido Domingo  
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Me. Love songs. (CBS)

336578-396572. Bach:  
Flute Sonatas—Rampal,  
flute; Pinnock, harpsichord  
(Digital—CBS Masterworks)

346015. Handel: Royal  
Fireworks Music; other  
works—Malgorie, cond  
(Digital—CBS Masterworks)

281493. Stravinsky:  
Rite Of Spring—Mehta,  
cond. (CBS Masterworks)

329144. Ivan Moravec  
Plays Chopin: Mazurkas,  
Waltzes, Polonaises  
(Digital—Vox Cum Laude)

326629. Bruce Spring-  
steen—Born In The  
U.S.A. (Columbia)

342097. Barbra  
Streisand—The  
Broadway Album.  
(Columbia)

343095. Philip Glass  
—Songs From Liquid  
Days. (CBS)

219477. Simon &  
Garfunkel's Greatest  
Hits. (Columbia)

343251. Bach: Goldberg  
Variations. Glenn Gould  
(Digital—CBS Masterworks)

348649. Pachelbel Canon  
& Other Digital Delights  
—Toronto Chamber Orch  
(Digital—Fantare)

342667. Beethoven:  
Piano Concertos 3, 4—  
Perahia; Haitink cond  
(Digital—CBS Masterworks)

349670. Teresa Stratas  
Sings Weill—Y Chamber  
Orch (Digital—Nonesuch)

324822. Ravel: Bolero;  
La Valse; Rhapsodie  
Espagnole—Maazel, cond  
(Digital—CBS Masterworks)

349324. South Pacific.  
K. Te Kanawa, J. Carreras,  
etc (Digital—CBS)

346643. Andreas Vollen-  
weider—Down To The  
Moon. (CBS)

346478. Madonna—  
True Blue. (Sire)

343350. Tchaikovsky:  
Symphony No. 5; etc.  
—Abbado, Chicago Sym.  
(Digital—CBS Masterworks)

332866. Mahler: Sym-  
phony No. 4—Battelle,  
Maazel, Vienna Philharmonic  
(Digital—CBS Masterworks)

352229. Carly Simon—  
Coming Round Again  
(Arista)

354951. Mozart: Flute  
Quartets—Rostropovich,  
Rampal, Stern, Accardo  
(Digital—CBS Masterworks)

328740. Mozart: Piano  
Concerto 26 (Coronation);  
Rondos—Murray Perahia,  
English Chamber Orch  
(Digital—CBS Masterworks)

349936. Mahler:  
Symphony No. 1 (Titan)—  
Maazel, Vienna Phil  
(Digital—CBS Masterworks)

343269. Kiri Te Kanawa  
—Verdi and Puccini Arias  
(Digital—CBS Masterworks)

343319. Janet Jackson—  
Control (A&M)

336461. Tchaikovsky:  
Violin Concerto, more—  
Zukerman, Mehta cond  
(Digital—CBS Masterworks)

319541. Elton John—  
Greatest Hits. (MCA)

321380. Barbra  
Streisand's Greatest Hits,  
Vol. II (Columbia)

340323. Sade—Promise.  
(Portrait)

341297. Prokofiev:  
Symphony No. 1  
(Classical); Love For  
Three Oranges Suite—  
Lorin Maazel conducts.  
(Digital—CBS Masterworks)

336396-396390. Billy  
Joel's Greatest Hits,  
Vol. 1 & 2. (Columbia)

334276. Canadian Brass  
& Berlin Phil. Brass—  
Brass In Berlin.  
(Digital—CBS Masterworks)

318337-398339. CATS—  
original Broadway cast  
(Geffen)

339200. Stevie Wonder—  
In Square Circle (Tamla)

345785. Top Gun—  
Soundtrack. (Columbia)

263293. Bolling: Suite  
For Flute & Jazz Piano.  
Rampal, Bolling. (CBS  
Masterworks)

352799. Beethoven:  
Piano Concertos 1, 2—  
Perahia; Haitink cond  
(Digital—CBS Masterworks)

329169. Tchaikovsky:  
Symphony No. 4—  
Maazel, Cleveland Orch  
(CBS Masterworks)

348987-398982. Linda  
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Midnight (Asylum)

346544. Kenny  
G—Duotones. (Arista)

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Use of an infant restraint should begin with the newborn's trip home from the hospital. An exception to this may be for children born prematurely, since they can experi-

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- Be sure to read and follow the manufacturer's instructions.
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- Always use locking clips on lap/shoulder belt systems where they are required.
- Make sure the child does not exceed the system's weight or size limit.
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# HARPER'S INDEX

- Number of condoms the Reagan Administration has distributed worldwide since 1981 : 2,600,000,000
  - Number of speeches President Reagan has made on the subject of AIDS : 2
- Total amount of time Maj. Gen. Richard Secord has spent in Central America (in hours) : 6
- Number of Salvadoran villages bombed or strafed by the Salvadoran Air Force in 1986 : 230
  - Number of Salvadorans displaced by government military operations in 1986 : 25,000
  - Tons of paper and filing cabinets carried on a U.S. Navy guided-missile frigate : 20
- Amount the U.S. spends each month to house UN ambassador Vernon Walters at the Waldorf-Astoria : \$19,663
- Amount added to South Africa's annual export earnings for every \$10 increase in the price of gold : \$200,000,000
  - Number of cars exported to Japan by West Germany in 1986 : 53,916
    - By the United States : 2,345
- Portion of the pesticides exported by U.S. companies that are banned domestically : 1/3
- Number of emergency shutdowns at the average U.S. nuclear power plant in 1985 : 8
- Estimated oil reserves in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge (in barrels) : 3,200,000,000
  - Days that amount would supply the country's oil needs : 213
- Estimated legal fees generated each month by the Pennzoil-Texaco lawsuit : \$5,000,000
  - Percentage increase, since 1980, in the number of Americans who own stock : 56
- Amount Dennis Levine earns each month working on the maintenance crew at Lewisburg Federal Prison : \$50
  - Percentage increase, since 1978, in the number of full-time workers who are paid minimum wage : 60
- Estimated percentage of 1987 farm income that will come from the U.S. government : 46
  - Estimated farm income in 1986 : \$27,000,000,000
  - Amount consumers paid for food packaging that year : \$28,000,000,000
- Portion of household trash in industrialized countries that consists of packaging : 1/2
- Number of companies that paid to use the logo of the Statue of Liberty-Ellis Island Foundation : 133
- Number that paid to use the logo of the Commission on the Bicentennial of the U.S. Constitution : 23
  - Number of U.S. towns and cities named Constitution : 4
    - Number named Independence : 49
- Number of voters who are registered independents in Independence, Oregon : 263
- Percentage of Iowans who say they have a hard time singing "The Star Spangled Banner" : 40
  - Per-capita cost of the country's justice system in 1985 : \$191
  - Number of states in which it is legal to drink while driving : 14
- Number of the five hottest years in this century that have occurred since 1977 : 5
  - Percentage of the tea drunk by Americans that is iced : 75
  - Average cost of a man-made pond (per acre) : \$10,000
- Percentage increase, since 1980, in the number of Americans who regularly surf : 25
  - Number of croquet clubs in 1977 : 5
    - Today : 250
- Percentage increase in the number of trekking permits issued in Nepal in 1986 : 30
- Number of people killed by animals in Yellowstone National Park since 1975 : 3
  - Number of people killed by other people : 2

*Figures cited are the latest available as of May 1987. Sources are listed on page 76.  
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Our Defense Technology Corporation



this year will be almost three times the size it was only five years ago.

Worldwide premiums for The Hartford Insurance Group totaled \$8 billion for 1986

—a 25% improvement over 1985.

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# READINGS

[Speech]

## CELEBRATING THE CONSTITUTION: A DISSENT

*From a speech by Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall, delivered May 6 at a seminar organized by the San Francisco Patent and Trademark Law Association, in Maui, Hawaii.*

Nineteen eighty-seven marks the two-hundredth anniversary of the United States Constitution. A commission has been established to coordinate the celebration. The official meetings, essay contests, and various festivities have begun.

Like many anniversary celebrations, this one takes particular events and holds them up as the source of all the very best that has followed. Patriotic feelings will surely swell, prompting proud proclamations of the wisdom, foresight, and sense of justice shared by the Framers and reflected in a written document now yellowed with age. This is unfortunate—not the patriotism itself but the tendency to oversimplify, to overlook the many other events that have been instrumental to our achievements as a nation. The focus of this celebration invites a complacent belief that the vision of those who debated and compromised in Philadelphia yielded the “more perfect Union” it is said we now enjoy.

I cannot accept this invitation, for I do not believe that the meaning of the Constitution was forever “fixed” at the Philadelphia Convention. Nor do I find the wisdom, foresight, and sense of justice exhibited by the Framers particularly profound. To the contrary, the government they devised was defective from the start, requiring several amendments, a Civil War, and momentous social transformation to attain the system of constitutional government—and its respect for the individual freedoms and human rights—that we hold as fundamental today. When contemporary Americans cite the Constitution, they invoke a concept that is vastly different from what the Framers barely began to construct two centuries ago.

For a sense of the evolving nature of the Constitution we need look no further than the first three words of the document's preamble: “We the people.” When the Founding Fathers used this phrase in 1787, they did not have in mind the majority of America's citizens. “We the people” included, in the words of the Framers, “the whole Number of free Persons.” On a matter so basic as the right to vote, Negro slaves were excluded, although they were counted for representational purposes—each as three-fifths of a person. Women did not gain the right to vote for over a hundred and thirty years.

These omissions were intentional. The record of the Framers' debates on the slave question is especially clear: the Southern states acceded to the demands of the New England states for



giving Congress broad power to regulate commerce, in exchange for the right to continue the slave trade. The economic interests of the regions coalesced: New Englanders engaged in the "carrying trade" would profit from transporting slaves from Africa as well as goods produced in America by slave labor. The perpetuation of slavery preserved the primary source of wealth in the Southern states.

Despite this clear understanding of the role slavery would play in the new republic, use of the words *slaves* and *slavery* was carefully avoided in the original document. Political representation in the House was to be based on the population of "free Persons" in each state, plus three-fifths of all "other Persons." Moral principles against slavery, for those who had them, were compromised, with no explanation of the conflicting principles for which the American Revolutionary War had ostensibly been fought: the self-evident truths that "all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

At the Constitutional Convention, eloquent objections to the institution of slavery went unheeded, and its opponents eventually consented to a document that laid a foundation for the tragic events that were to follow. Pennsylvania's Gouverneur Morris provides an example. At the Convention he objected that

the inhabitant of Georgia [or] South Carolina who goes to the coast of Africa, and in defiance of the most sacred laws of humanity tears away his fellow creatures from their dearest connections and damns them to the most cruel bondages, shall have more votes in a Government instituted for protection of the rights of mankind, than the Citizen of Pennsylvania or New Jersey who views with a laudable horror, so nefarious a practice.

And yet Morris eventually accepted the three-fifths accommodation. In fact, he wrote the final draft of the Constitution.

No doubt it will be said, when the unpleasant truth of the history of slavery in America is mentioned during this bicentennial year, that the Constitution was a product of its times, and embodied a compromise that, under other circumstances, would not have been made. But the effects of the Framers' compromise have remained for generations. They arose from the contradiction between guaranteeing liberty and justice to all, and denying both to Negroes.

The original intent of the phrase "We the people" was far too clear for any ameliorating construction. Writing for the Supreme Court in 1857, Chief Justice Roger Taney penned the following passage in the *Dred Scott* case on the issue of whether, in the eyes of the Framers,

slaves were "constituent members of the sovereignty" and were to be included among "We the people":

We think they are not, and that they are not included, and were not intended to be included. . . . They had for more than a century before been regarded as beings of an inferior order, and altogether unfit to associate with the white race . . . ; and so far inferior, that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect; and that the negro might justly and lawfully be reduced to slavery for his benefit. . . . Accordingly, a negro of the African race was regarded . . . as an article of property, and held, and bought and sold as such. . . . No one seems to have doubted the correctness of the prevailing opinion of the time.

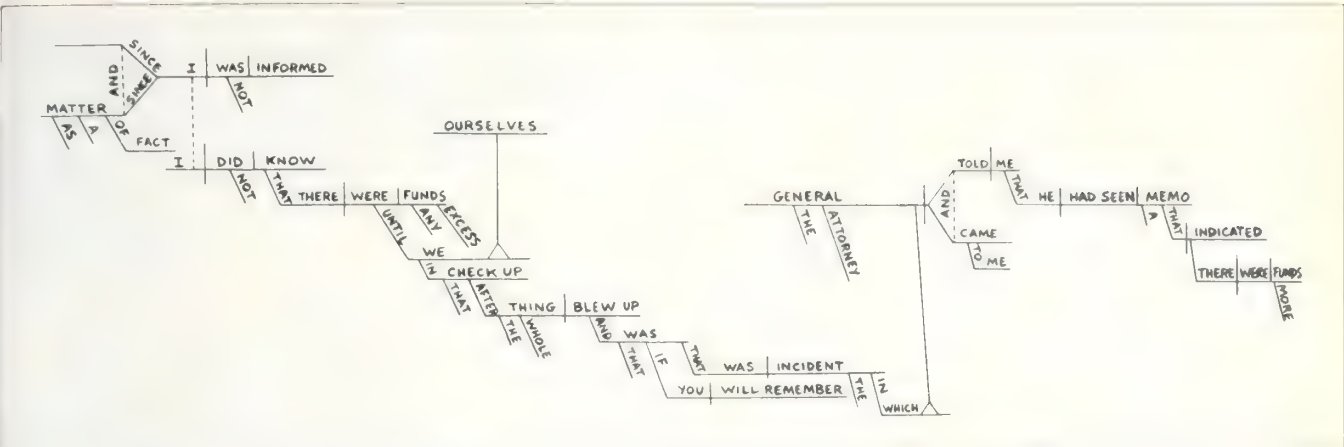
And so, nearly seven decades after the Constitutional Convention, the Supreme Court reaffirmed the prevailing opinion among the Framers regarding the rights of Negroes in America. It took a bloody Civil War before the Thirteenth Amendment could be adopted to abolish slavery—though not the consequences slavery would have for future Americans.

While the Union survived the Civil War, the Constitution did not. In its place arose a new, more promising basis for justice and equality: the Fourteenth Amendment, ensuring protection of the life, liberty, and property of *all* persons against deprivations without due process, and guaranteeing equal protection under the laws. Yet almost another century would pass before any significant recognition was obtained of the rights of black Americans to share equally even in such basic opportunities as education, housing, and employment, and to have their votes counted, and counted equally. In the meantime, blacks joined America's military to fight its wars and invested untold hours working in its factories and on its farms, contributing to the development of this country's magnificent wealth and waiting to share in its prosperity.

What is striking is the role legal principles have played throughout America's history in determining the condition of Negroes. They were enslaved by law, emancipated by law, disenfranchised and segregated by law, and, finally, they have begun to win equality by law. Along the way, new constitutional principles have emerged to meet the challenges of a changing society. The progress has been dramatic, and it will continue.

The men who gathered in Philadelphia in 1787 could not have envisioned these changes. They could not have imagined, nor would they have accepted, that the document they were drafting would one day be subject to interpretation by a Supreme Court to which had been appointed a woman and the descendent of an African slave. "We the people" no longer en-

[Sentence Diagram]  
PARSE ONE FOR THE GIPPER



From the May 4 issue of Roll Call. The Capitol Hill weekly diagrammed the following sentence from an April 28 interview with President Reagan, in which he explained that he was not informed about certain details of the Iran-contra affair: "And since I was not informed—as a matter of fact, since I did not know that there were any excess funds until we, ourselves, in that checkup after the whole thing blew up, and that was, if you'll remember, that was the incident in which the attorney general came to me and told me that he had seen a memo that indicated that there were more funds."

slaves, but the credit does not belong to the Framers. It belongs to those who refused to acquiesce to outdated notions of liberty, justice, and equality, and who strived to better them.

And so we must be careful, when focusing on the events that took place in Philadelphia two centuries ago, that we not overlook the momentous events that followed, and thereby lose our proper sense of perspective. Otherwise, the odds are that for many Americans the bicentennial celebration will be little more than a blind pilgrimage to the shrine of the original document now stored in a vault in the National Archives. If we seek instead a sensitive understanding of the Constitution's inherent defects—and its promising evolution through two hundred years of history—the celebration of the "miracle at Philadelphia" will be a far more meaningful and humbling experience. We will see that the true miracle was not the birth of the Constitution but its life, a life nurtured through two turbulent centuries of our own making, and embodying much good fortune that was not.

Thus, we may not all participate in the festivities with flag-waving fervor. Some may more quietly commemorate the suffering, struggle, and sacrifice that triumphed over much of what was wrong with the original document, may observe the anniversary with hopes not realized and promises not fulfilled. I plan to celebrate the bicentennial of the Constitution as a living document, including the Bill of Rights and the other amendments protecting individual freedoms and human rights.

[Fund-raising Letter]  
A SHEKEL FROM  
SENATOR BOB

From a solicitation mailed last fall by Senator Robert Packwood. A shekel accompanied each letter.

It may seem a bit unusual that the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee carries a shekel in his pocket.

But I carry the shekel for two reasons.

First, it serves as a constant reminder that the security of our nation depends on the survival and future of our democratic ally in the Middle East.

Second, because each time I see it, I am reminded that Israel today faces an economic crisis of catastrophic proportions—the highest per-capita foreign debt in the world and runaway inflation of over 400 percent a year.

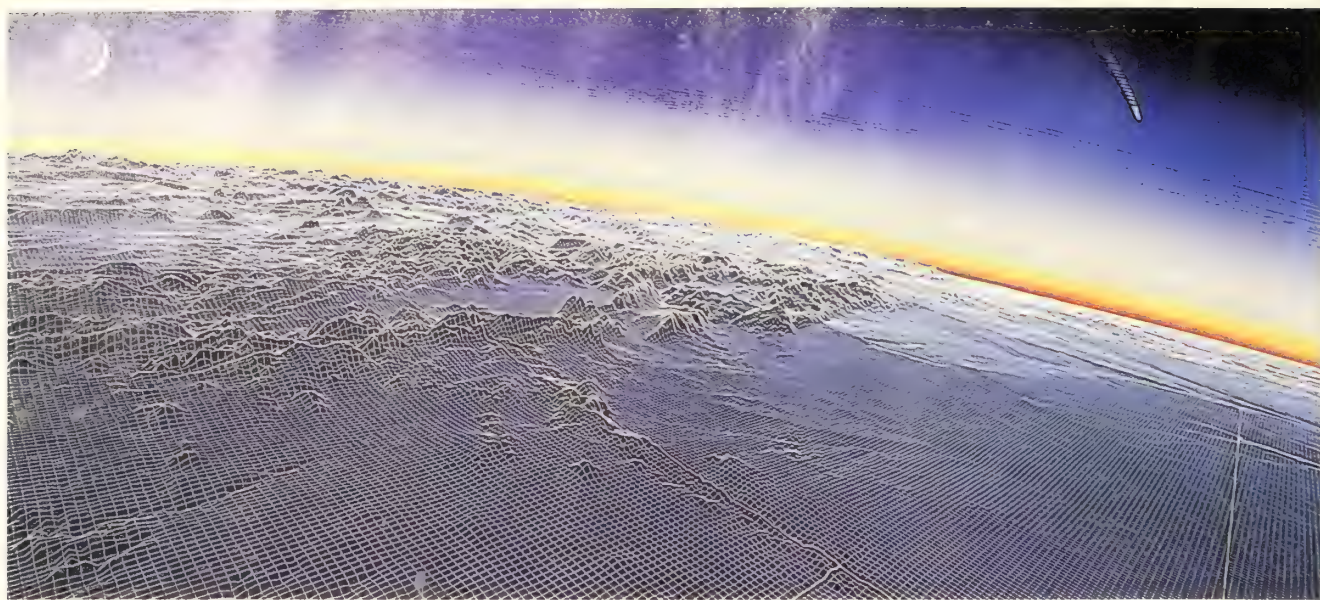
I am committed to doing all I can to help the state of Israel meet this challenge and survive this crisis. And I'd like to ask you to do your part as well.

Please carry the attached shekel with you. And then every time you pull out a handful of change to make a phone call or feed a parking meter, you'll remember that Israel's future and growth depends on each of us doing our part.

Thanks,  
(signed) Bob



# FROM HIGH ABOVE AMARILLO



"The Rockies, the High Plains, and the Intermountain West," published by Raven Maps and Images, of Medford, Oregon, depicts nearly 1 million square miles of the western United States. The image was created by a computer program that can project a landscape from a given vantage point. Here the vantage point is 90,000 feet above Amarillo, Texas. The diagonal white line is the New Mexico-Colorado border.

[Correspondence]

## DEPARTMENT OF DISINFORMATION

*From an exchange of letters earlier this year between Massachusetts Representative Edward J. Markey and Adm. William J. Crowe, chair of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.*

Dear Admiral Crowe:

I recently received a copy of the U.S. Military Posture Statement for FY88, prepared by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Upon reviewing the statement I noticed that page ten includes a table of the relative U.S.-Soviet standing in the twenty most important basic technology areas. This table shows that the United States and the Soviet Union are roughly equal in nuclear-warhead technologies, but that the level is "changing significantly" in favor of the Soviet Union—a change from the same table in the FY87 issue.

I do not understand how the relative levels of U.S. and Soviet nuclear-warhead technology could have changed significantly in the Soviet's favor given the fact that the Soviet Union (as of this writing) has not tested a nuclear weapon since August of 1985, while the United States

reportedly tested twenty-five times during this period. I would appreciate it if you could explain the basis of the change. . . .

Sincerely,  
Edward J. Markey

Dear Mr. Markey:

Thank you for your 6 February 1987 letter. . . . The technologies chart to which you refer is the product of a multiagency effort and represents a consensus by the Office of the Secretary of Defense, Central Intelligence Agency, and the Defense Intelligence Agency.

As a result of your inquiry, a review was made of the reason for showing a significant change in U.S. and Soviet nuclear-warhead technology over the past year. No substantive reason could be identified to justify such a change. The offending arrow was apparently inserted in the source chart during the drafting process as the result of an administrative error, which we should have detected during review of the draft report. We will correct this error in subsequent editions of the Military Posture Statement. . . .

This response has been coordinated with the Office of the Secretary of Defense.

Sincerely,  
William J. Crowe



[Closing Argument]

## THE FUTURE IS YOURS (STILL)

*Abbie Hoffman, acting as his own attorney, made this closing argument in District Court in Hampshire County, Massachusetts, on April 15. Hoffman and eleven others were on trial for trespassing. They had been arrested last November after occupying a campus building at the University of Massachusetts to protest a CIA recruitment drive. The jury acquitted Hoffman and his codefendants. Three others, including Amy Carter, were acquitted of disorderly conduct. Hoffman's remarks appeared in the May 2 Nation.*

Good morning, women and men of the jury. At fifty, I am the oldest of the student defendants. In a short time you will retire to deliberate your decision. In examining the exhibits before you, we would draw your attention to Exhibit No. 3, page 1, paragraph 1, of the letter from the administration to the University of Massachusetts community, dated November 21, 1986:

The university has consistently been committed to providing, promoting, and protecting an environment which encourages the free exchange of ideas through formal classes, meetings, public addresses, private conversations, and demonstrations.

Also, we would like you to consider page 2, the first paragraph:

The university respects the rights of its students to express their views in whatever manner they see fit, including demonstrations, rallies, and educational forums.

The defendants have not claimed that the CIA has no right to participate in that free exchange of ideas. To the contrary, the defendants encourage that right of free speech. But recruitment by a company, private or public, is not a right; it is a privilege that is regulated to ensure that the recruiter is obeying the laws of the University of Massachusetts, the commonwealth, and the United States.

You heard Ralph McGehee's testimony of how he was recruited into the CIA. He was told that he would be gathering intelligence, and we don't object to that. The country needs intelligence. He wasn't told he would be part of an assassination team, that he would have to "arrange and doctor evidence" that would show the North Vietnamese were invading the South, that he would have to write a white paper to Congress that was a total lie so that Congress could authorize the first bombing of Hanoi.

We would draw your attention to Mr. McGehee's remark that the big joke in the CIA about Congress was, "Treat them like mushrooms—keep them in the dark and feed them a lot of manure." Does anyone believe this is what recruiters say? Do they tell the recruitee that (as witness Mort Halperin testified) they might have to break the CIA's own charter and engage in domestic spying? That they might have to silence a Daniel Ellsberg? That they might have to engage in acts of war against a country we are formally at peace with?...

Free speech is not a license to misinform and lie without accepting challenge. The CIA has been invited to send representatives to debate with the defendants and our witnesses on campus and here in court. After all, in the "necessity defense" we have adopted, we have to prove that bigger laws are being broken. But where is the CIA to refute the evidence we have brought before you? If you accept our necessity defense, the prosecutor must offer some proof that justification was absent beyond reasonable doubt, just as we must prove it was present.

When I was growing up in Worcester, Massachusetts, my father was very proud of democracy. He often took me to town-hall meetings in Clinton, Athol, and Hudson. He would say, See how the people participate, see how they participate in decisions that affect their lives—that's democracy. I grew up with the idea that democracy is not something you believe in, or a place you hang your hat, but it's something you do. You participate. If you stop doing it, democracy crumbles and falls apart. It was very sad to read last month that the New England town-hall meetings are dying off, and, in a large sense, the spirit of this trial is that grass-roots participation in democracy must not die. If matters such as we have been discussing here are left only to be discussed behind closed-door hearings in Washington, then we would cease to have a government of the people.

You travel around this country, and no matter where you go, people say, Don't waste your time, nothing changes, you can't fight the powers that be—no one can. You hear it a lot from young people. I hear it from my own kids: Daddy, you're so quaint to believe in hope. Kids today live with awful nightmares: AIDS will wipe us out; the polar ice cap will melt; the nuclear bomb will go off at any minute. Even the best tend to believe we are hopeless to affect matters. It's no wonder teenage suicide is at a record level. Young people are detached from history, the planet, and, most important, the future. I maintain to you that this detachment from the future, the lack of hope, and the high suicide rate among youth are connected.

This trial is about many things, from trespass-

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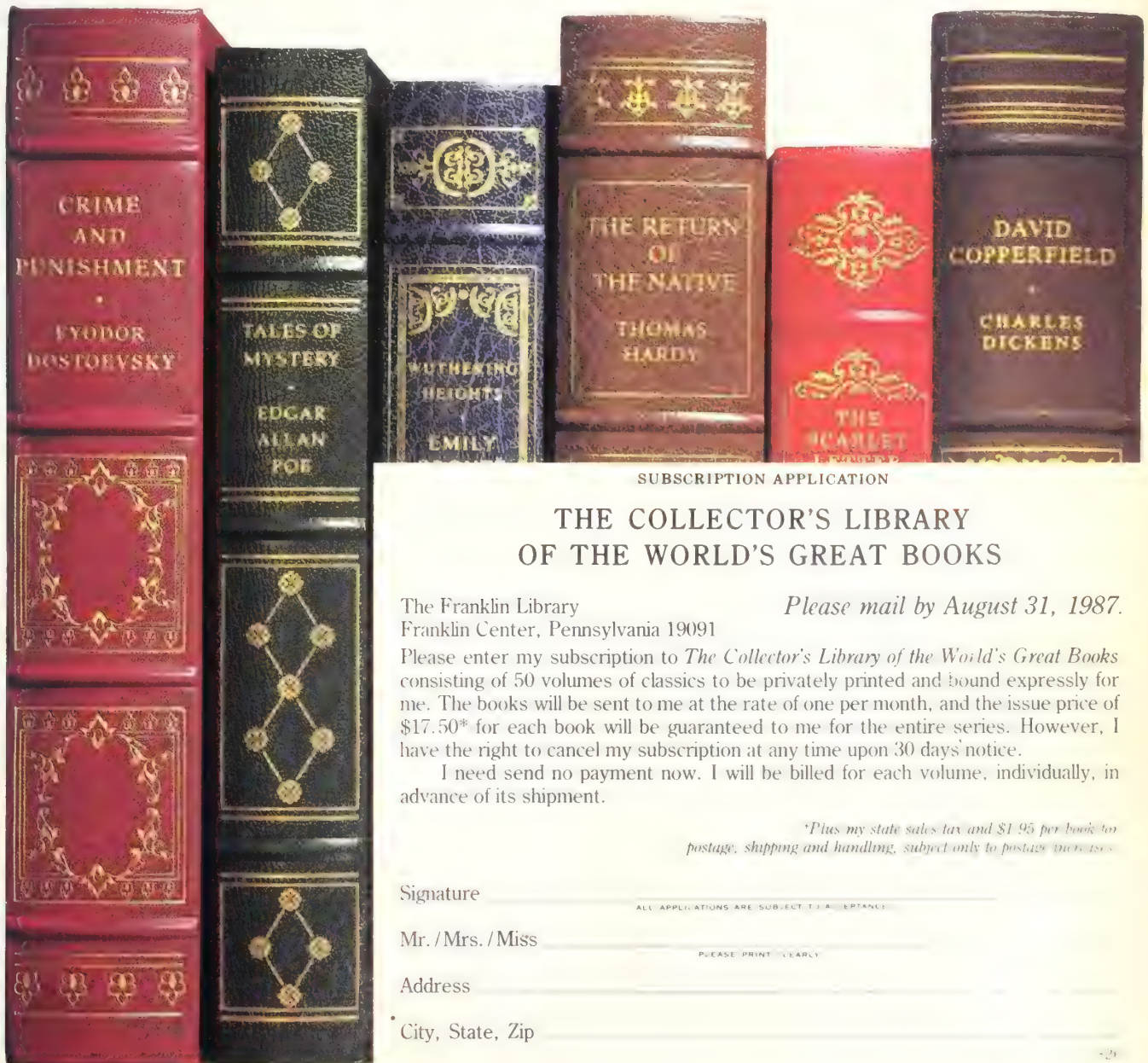
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ing to questioning acts by the most powerful agency in the government. And here we are in Hampshire District Court. You have seen the defendants act with dignity and decorum. You have seen our lawyers try hard to defend our position. Witnesses, many of whom occupied high positions of power, have come before you and have told you the CIA often breaks the law, often lies. The prosecutor has worked hard but has not challenged their sincerity. The judge is here, the public, the press. I ask you, Is it we, the defendants, who are operating outside the system? Or does what you have heard about CIA activities in Nicaragua and elsewhere mean it is they who have strayed outside the limits of democracy and law?

Thomas Paine, the most outspoken and farsighted of the leaders of the American Revolution, wrote long ago:

Every age and generation must be as free to act for itself, in all cases, as the ages and generations which preceded it. Man has no property in man, neither has any generation a property in the generations which are to follow.

Thomas Paine was talking about this spring day in this courtroom. A verdict of not guilty will say, When our country is right, keep it right; but when it is wrong, right those wrongs. A verdict of not guilty will say to the University of Massachusetts that these demonstrators are reaffirming their rights as citizens who acted with justification. A verdict of not guilty will say what Thomas Paine said: Young people, don't give up hope. If you participate, the future is yours. Thank you.

[Travel Tips]

## TERROR-PROOF TOURISM

From *The Terrorism Survival Guide: 101 Travel Tips on How Not to Become a Victim*, by Andy Lightbody, published by Dell. Lightbody edits the journal *International Combat Arms*.

### TRIP PLANNING

1. *Antiterror philosophy.* Don't assume the typical "It can't happen to me" attitude. The fact that you are traveling in a foreign country makes you a prime target for terrorism.

2. *Watch your clothing styles.* Avoid styles that don't fit with the area that you're traveling in. Three-piece "power" suits identify you as wealthy. Don't wear cowboy boots, Hawaiian

shirts, school or university sweat shirts, flashy buckles, and the like. Try to "blend in" as much as possible.

3. *How's your hair?* Keep your hair style simple, not flashy. Terrorists may assume that men with very short hair are in the military. Wild hair styles—Mohawk cuts and so on—identify you as decadent to many terror groups.

4. *Put personal affairs in order.* To ensure your family's financial security in the event you become a terrorist victim, make sure that your will is up to date.

5. *Dress up your wallet.* Add pictures of children—the more the better, even if you are single. This may seem outlandish, but if a terrorist takes your wallet and sees photos showing you have a large family, your life may be spared.

6. *Weapons.* Carry a money clip with a small, built-in fingernail file or a metal nail file with a solid handle; these can be very effective for cutting yourself free if you are tied up.

### SAFETY AT AIRPORTS

7. *In the terminal.* Do not sit near the windows. Exploding glass can be as deadly as a bomb blast itself. Always sit in the middle of the terminal area with your back to the windows.

### ON BOARD THE AIRPLANE

8. *Check your seat.* Give your seat a security check; don't rely on the ground crews. Check the seat pocket in front of you; look under your seat for packages, wires, and so on. Check the overhead luggage bin for forgotten or "planted" packages.

### SAFETY WHILE ABROAD

9. *Room requests.* Request a room in the back of the hotel, away from the front entrance or lobby and on as high a floor as possible.

10. *Ensure privacy.* When you leave your room, leave the radio or television on at an audible level. This makes it seem that the room is occupied.

### IF YOU BECOME A VICTIM

11. *Terrorists are nervous, too.* Many terrorists are "first-timers," and are as scared and nervous as the passengers. If passengers are alert, they can often spot terrorists and foil them before they launch their attack.

12. *Establish passenger rapport.* Evaluate your fellow passengers. Who is strong? Who is weak? Who could be counted on to help? Nervous wrecks should definitely be avoided.

13. *Hit the deck.* If a rescue attempt is made, there is little you can do. Leave it to the professionals. Try to get down on the floor between the seats, and lie perfectly still.



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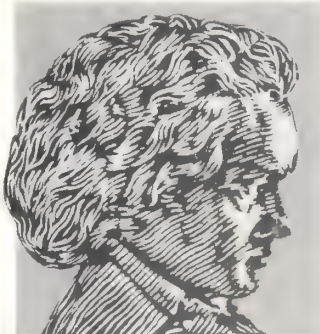
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[Interview]

## GORBACHEV: THE VIEW FROM WARSAW

*From an interview with Jacek Kuron in the Spring issue of New Perspectives Quarterly. Kuron is a leading Solidarity strategist. The interview was conducted by Helena Luczywo and New Perspectives editor Nathan Gardels.*

*How do you assess Gorbachev's reforms in the Soviet Union? Do you agree with Andrei Sakharov, who said, "The situation has changed"?*

The situation has changed fundamentally. The Western press is constantly deliberating whether Gorbachev can be trusted or not—as if he were going to baptize their children or marry them.

But what has Gorbachev really said? As yet, nothing about whether he is willing to reform the totalitarian system into a democracy: he does not want to replace central economic control with a free market, nor replace a one-party system with pluralism. Instead, he finally acknowledges he has to modernize the system. To do this, he has to change the membership of the *nomenklatura*. He is not doing away with the *nomenklatura*, but restaffing it.

And so a class struggle has begun within the mighty superpower. It's funny how this process confirms Marxism. The apparatus of power, which is not controlled by anybody and enjoys all the privileges, is as much a ruling class as there has ever been. To change its members, Gorbachev has to wage a great class war and unleash many social forces.

What ensues is beyond the control of either Gorbachev or his opponents. Gorbachev is destroying the existing order. In this I approve of everything he does.

*Why is Gorbachev pursuing these reforms? What is their impetus?*

The reformist tendencies that have emerged in the Soviet Union seem to be prompted by the unproductivity of the system as well as fear of social revolts. In order to endure the pressure of the arms race and maintain its position as a superpower, the Soviet Union needs reforms, and that requires some cooperation with the people. Then there is the Polish experience of perpetual social unrest: the ghost of Solidarity haunts Soviet leaders.

*What can result from Gorbachev's reforms? What is going to happen in the Soviet Union?*

One might say a genie is being let out of the

bottle. Gorbachev has set the social forces in motion, and neither he nor anyone else can know what the consequences will be. I think he realizes this too, because he strikes me as an intelligent guy.

Who can really know what kind of a psychological revolution is going on in that country? Until now the people have been trained to believe that the authorities are always right. At most, they occasionally acknowledged having made a mistake in the past, as we saw when Khrushchev condemned Stalin. But Gorbachev disavows everything that has been done since Lenin!

From Lenin until the present day the whole country has been misled, and it continues to be—this is what people are being told! People are being told that there are some who hinder and obstruct, and this time they are not saboteurs but officials of rank! Such is the logic of Gorbachev's fight against the *nomenklatura*. Indeed, what he proposes to do in the way of reforms has been, as yet, hardly significant. The important thing is that people are learning that the authorities are in the wrong, and they are being urged to challenge this.

*In view of Gorbachev's reforms, is it more important in Poland today to build independent institutions or work to reform the Communist Party and institutions of the state?*

As far as building independent institutions, we have achieved as much as possible. In August of 1980 the Poland of social movements, the Poland of Solidarity, came into being. If we had accomplished this in the whole empire, the empire would have collapsed. But this happened in one country only, while we lived within the camp, inside the big fish. Solidarity tried to find a *modus vivendi* with the authorities—to bring about a new system combining the Communist power and the independence of the people.

This strategy broke down in December 1981 when martial law was imposed; it was not replaced with anything because it was impossible to achieve any success at that time. After having declared war against the people, the authorities demonstrated outright that they did not need any approval from the people. But as a result of ruling against the people, they lost their influence with them.

Today the authorities have reached the point where they are feverishly seeking the people's approval. There seem to be two reasons for this: keeping Poland relatively quiet for the sake of Gorbachev's peace offensive and gaining the people's cooperation in the reconstruction of the economy.

In this situation, the range of concessions the



authorities could be forced to make is quite broad. Of course, they must be forced. But that is not happening. We—that is, Solidarity—are not ready to do this, and the reason is obvious. Solidarity's institutions were shaped under martial law and the prevalent attitude has been us against the Reds; either we win or the Reds win. Like all institutions, we grew conservative and have not yet adjusted to the new situation in which pressure on the authorities is possible but requires some cooperation, some participation in official institutions.

However sad and bitter I sound about the independent institutions, the fact is that Polish society is outside the totalitarian system. Now we have to work to inject our independence into dependent, state structures. Now is the time for what I call the "interdependent economy." It is the time to form self-management workers' councils in factories, to make state enterprises autonomous, to replace administrative control with markets.

I feel that enormous opportunities are opening for us, but to what extent we will be able to seize them remains to be seen. I think that eventually Poland will introduce a full market economy, and this will have numerous and important consequences. But everything depends on what happens in the birthplace of socialism.

*What then is the first priority: independence from Moscow or democratization?*

It is always more important to be independent from Moscow. But the question should be put differently. Namely: what can we do? We can democratize the country.

*What exactly do the Gorbachev reforms mean for the process of democratization in Poland?*

Jaruzelski and his colleagues, who were once the worst sons of Brezhnev because they were being forced by the people to reform, suddenly became the best precisely because they are the most advanced in the development of reforms! This is psychologically very important for the Polish authorities. They feel more self-assured. After all, they are sitting on a powder keg and must be extremely cautious. At the same time I am sure they know it is necessary to win the people over in order to mobilize their energies in the reconstruction of the country. They could not hope to do this before the present changes in the Soviet Union because they could not concede enough to win the people over. They can do it now. But their best intentions are of no avail. Because of martial law the authorities themselves are slaves to the state apparatus. They will give only as much as the people extract from them. No Gorbachev can order them to do it.

[Travelogue]

## THE PARTHENON AT DUSK

*From The Journey to the East, by Le Corbusier, edited by Ivan Zaknic. Published by MIT Press. Journey to the East is the diary Le Corbusier kept on his trip to Central and Eastern Europe in 1911, during his apprenticeship. Translated by Zaknic and Nicola Pertuiset.*

A fever was shaking me to the core. We had arrived at Athens at eleven in the morning, but I made up a thousand excuses not to climb "up there" right away. Finally, I explained to Auguste, my traveling companion, that I would not go up with him—that, feeling anxious and overexcited, I would like to be left alone. All afternoon, sipping coffee, I engrossed myself in reading the voluminous mail that had accumulated for five weeks, which I picked up at the post office. Then I walked the streets waiting for the sun to go down, wishing to finish the day "up there" so that, once I came down again, I would only have to go to sleep.



"There's a saying in these parts: 'When the geese go south in October, fly around in tiny circles, then plunge earthward, there's been a leak at the plant.'"

*From Punch, the English weekly.*

To see the Acropolis is a dream one treasures without ever expecting to realize it. I don't really know why this hill harbors the essence of artistic thought. I can appreciate the perfection of these temples and realize that nowhere else are there structures so extraordinary; and a long time ago I accepted the fact that this place should be the repository of the sacred standard, the basis for all measurement in art. Why this architecture and no other? I can well accept that, according to logic, everything here is resolved along an unsurpassable formula; but why is it that taste—or rather the heart that guides people and dictates their beliefs despite their tendency to ignore it at times—is still drawn to the Acropolis at the foot of these temples? This is for me an inexplicable problem. For how much have I also been enraptured by the works of other cultures, other ages, other places! Yet why must I, like so many others, name the Parthenon the undeniable Master as it looms up from its stone base, and yield, even with anger, to its supremacy?

Having climbed steps that were too high, not cut to human scale, I entered the temple on the axis, between the fourth and the fifth fluted shafts. And, turning back all at once from this

spot once reserved for the gods and the priest, I took in at a glance the entire blazing sea and the already obscure mountains of the Peloponnese, soon to be bitten by the disc of the sun. The sheer angle of the hill and the higher elevation of the temple above the stone slabs of the Propylaea conceal from view all traces of modern life, and all of a sudden, as more than 2,000 years are obliterated, a harsh poetry seizes you. Dropping down onto one of

those steps of time, head sunk in the hollow of your hand, you are stunned and shaken.

With its last rays the setting sun will strike this front of metopes and smooth architrave, and, passing between the columns, traversing the open door at the back part of the portico, it might awaken the shadow, hiding deep within the roofless cella, had it not long since been dispersed.

At the very moment the sun touches the earth, a shrill whistle drives the visitor away, and the four or five people who have made the pilgrimage to Athens cross again over the white threshold of the Propylaea and pass through the

three portals. Pausing before the stairwell and impressed by this abyss of darkness, they hunch their shoulders as they sense, sparkling and elusive above the sea, a spectral past, an ineluctable presence.

It's good that we other builders know of this place and contemplate it.

Today the temples of the Acropolis are 2,500 years old. They have not been maintained for the last fifteen centuries. Not only have storms loosed their usual downpours, but, more inauspicious than earthquakes, men—troglodytes—have inhabited the hill, certainly amazed by their good fortune. And they have torn away whatever they needed, the marble slabs and the huge blocks, and have built any old way, with mud and rubble, shanties for swarms of children. The Turks used the Parthenon as a fortress. What a target! One fine day in 1687 it was used as a depository for explosives. During an attack an artillery shell hit the roof and ignited the gunpowder. Everything blew up.

The Parthenon has remained, torn apart but not jostled, and here it is: if you look for the joints between the twenty sections of drums comprising the fluted columns, you won't find them, even by running a fingernail over these areas, which can be differentiated only by the slight irregularities in the patina that each marble has collected over time; your nail feels nothing. Properly speaking, the joint doesn't exist, and the sinewy rib of the fluting continues as though cut from a monolith!

Get down flat on your stomach in front of a shaft of the Propylaea and examine its foundation. First of all, you are upon paved ground whose horizontality is as absolute as a theory. Made of huge slabs, the alabasterlike mass is set also upon an artificial ground, a deep substructure or, better, a daring hoist. The base of the shaft, carved with twenty-four flutes, is as untarnished as the admiration you derive from it. The slab, chiseled all around like a bowl, reveals a difference in level of two or maybe three millimeters. This subtle detail executed more than 2,000 years ago—a halo marking the base—is still perceptible, and as fresh and flawless as if the sculptor had only yesterday carried away the hammer and chisel that shaped this marble.

The wall with three portals, the center one opening widest so that the chariots could pass through during the Panathenaic festivals, has a marble surface of thousands of quarried stones fitted together so exactly that it induces a caress, and the hand, spread wide, wants to penetrate the mirage of its thousand-year-old layers. The surface as polished as a mirror plays with the contrasting veins that each quarystone presents. Oh, but let us not examine these frag-





## HARPER'S INDEX

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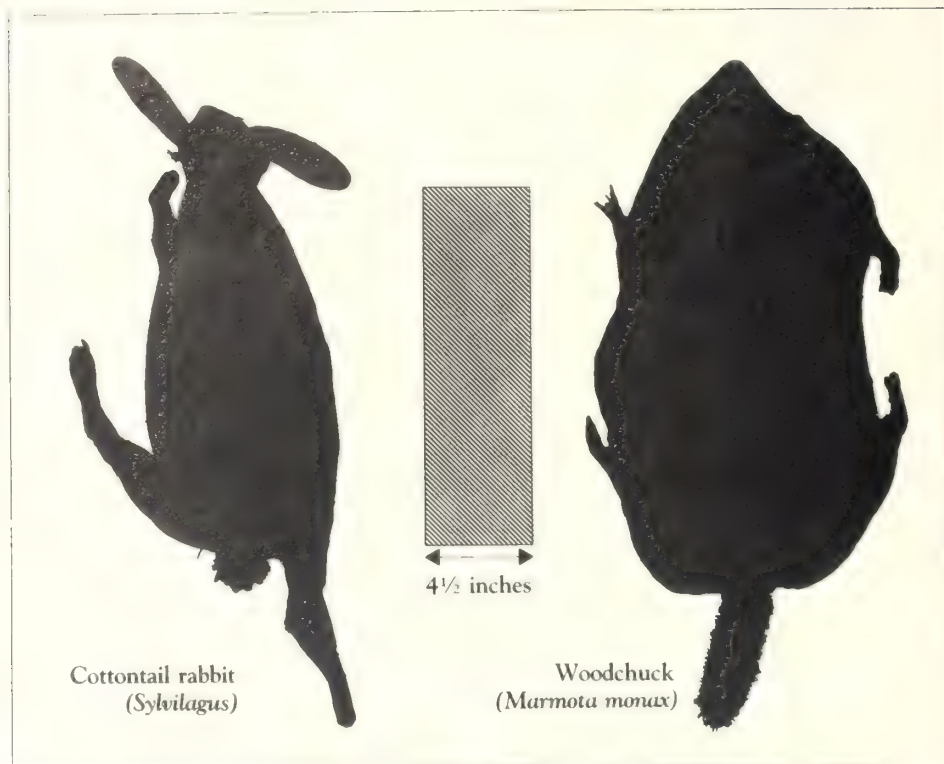
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[Silhouettes]

## A FIELD GUIDE TO ROAD KILLS



From *Flattened Fauna: A Field Guide to Common Animals of Roads, Streets, and Highways*, by Roger M. Knutson, published by Ten Speed Press. The silhouettes show how each species appears after being run over. The scale at center represents four and a half inches, the width of a road's dividing line. Knutson teaches biology at Luther College in Decorah, Iowa.

ments hurled from the explosion! Like me, you will be defeated by this incomparable art and overwhelmed by shame . . . thinking about what we do, we others in the twentieth century.

To the left of the Parthenon entire columns are lying thrown down to the ground, like a man who receives gunpowder right in the face. Their drums are spread out like the links of a broken chain. If one has not seen them, one cannot imagine what these columns are like, and one does not grant them the grandeur that Ictinus vested in them. Their diameter exceeds the height of a man, the colossal scale used for an acropolis in a deserted landscape beyond any scale common to man. Under the uniform architrave, an eloquently plastic mass that transfers the entire load of the entablature to the shaft, the barely curved echinus of the capitals is connected by three annulets whose total dimension is reduced to the size of a thumb. Each of these annulets (you see on the ground that overthrown capital) has dimensions measured in millimeters in relation to the fillets and flutings, which the slightest alteration would

utterly destroy. Having perceived these unprecedented truths among the ruins (useful evidence), it is a beautiful thing to examine them under the shadow of the cornices and to verify their indispensable function.

Painstaking hours spent in the revealing light of the Acropolis. Perilous hours, provoking heart-rending doubt in the strength of our strength, in the art of our art. It is obvious that an overwhelming Hellenism is precisely what is being described here, and the names of Ictinus, Callicrates, and Phidias are associated with the annulets of the echinus as they are with the supreme mathematics of the temple.

Those who, while practicing the art of architecture, find themselves at a certain time in their career somewhat empty-headed, their confidence depleted by doubt before that task of giving a living form to inert matter, will understand the melancholy of my soliloquies amid ruins—and my chilling dialogues with silent stones. I left the Acropolis burdened by a heavy premonition, not daring to contemplate that one day I would have to create.



[Hotel Brochure]

## FEEDING THE ANIMALS

From "Personal Accommodations: Your Passport to Excellence," a brochure given to guests at L'Ermitage Hotels, a chain with luxury hotels in Beverly Hills, Santa Barbara, and West Hollywood. The passages below are from a section titled "Views on Etiquette."

**W**hile eating is an everyday necessity, the art of fine dining is a rare and precious experience sought after the world around.

When you sit down to a meal, the napkin should be carefully placed on your lap so as not to fall to the floor.

Bread should be broken off in one or two bites at a time and buttered on the plate.

Dining utensils should rest fully on the plate during the meal and never leaned or placed on the tablecloth.

When enjoying a bowl of soup, tilt the bowl away from you and scoop soup in outward strokes. The spoon should rest on the plate under the bowl when you finish this course.

Slurping, smacking one's lips, and clanging utensils is obviously not considered good taste.

If you wish to savor a particularly delicious sauce, it is acceptable—and a compliment to the chef—to soak it up with a small piece of bread on the end of your fork.

Shaking your napkin or brushing food on the floor is not suggested. Upon your departure, you should fold the napkin with the crumbs inside, and place it on the table.

[Short Story]

## PRETTY PICTURES

By Leon Rooke, in the Winter 1987 issue of *TriQuarterly*. Rooke is the author of several novels, including *Fat Woman* and *Shakespeare's Dog*. He lives in Victoria, British Columbia. *TriQuarterly* is published three times a year at Northwestern University.

**T**here are pretty pictures and not-so-pretty pictures. You know that. We would probably agree which is which. There is the not-so-pretty picture of my wife kissing another man. But that's looking at it from my side. From her side it is no doubt a very pretty picture. We know how it feels, don't we, to kiss someone we are

attracted to, illicit or otherwise. The picture isn't the same, illicit, but the feeling is. You go up on your toes with a feeling like that. You kiss, and you go up on your toes, illicit or otherwise; you go off into orbit. That's what the kissing does, and maybe the prettiness or the not-so-pretty of the moment is somehow beside the point, and ought to be, somehow, not a thing that we dwell upon.

We've all been deprived of too many kisses and that is one reason we do it. Let's say that is one reason. There are other reasons, of course, but let's not dwell upon it.

I did not set out to tell you about my wife kissing another man. It was not a picture, at the start, I even had in mind telling you. It was an ugly picture, to my mind, which just jumped in. It got in front and momentarily dislodged the pretty picture I was contemplating telling you about.

[State Law]

## TRUTH IN BARBEQUE

From "An Act to Require the Department of Agriculture to Design and Print Decals Which May be Displayed Wherever Barbeque Is Sold and to Provide Penalties," which was passed by South Carolina's General Assembly and signed into law by Governor Richard Riley in 1986.

**B**e it enacted by the General Assembly of the state of South Carolina:

Barbeque decals:

The Department of Agriculture shall design and print distinctive decals which may be displayed wherever barbeque is sold. Each decal must state one of the following:

- (1) "Barbeque—Whole hog—Cooked with wood."
- (2) "Barbeque—Whole hog—Cooked from a heat source other than wood."
- (3) "Barbeque—Part of, but not whole hog—Cooked from any source of heat."
- (4) "Barbeque—Part of, but not whole hog—Cooked with wood."

Any person who uses a decal which falsely states the type of barbeque sold by him is guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction must be fined not more than \$200 or imprisoned for not more than thirty days.

Here it is, that pretty picture. My father and I are passing along the street and the sights I see seem very strange and unfamiliar to me. All the angles are screwy; they are screwy and cock-eyed. People look short, very short, and dogs and cats are practically foreign creatures, so small are they in their appearance. Children, other children, they are the smallest beings yet. You can look over fences you've never looked over before. You can see into certain windows, into houses, you've never looked into before.

It comes to me, in this picture, that I am riding my father's shoulders. That is where I am, up there on his shoulders, my legs around his neck, his hands gripping my ankles, my head above his head. My chin, at times, rests in his hair. I am laughing, I am at times waving my arms, so fond I am of being up there. I am delighted with this view of the world.

That is the pretty part. Here is the not-so-pretty part. We go through a doorway, and we both crouch. I do not know which doorway it is. Maybe we have circled the block and returned home and that is the doorway we are entering. The picture dissolves at this point. I know we are passing through a door, but what awaits us inside is not a picture I can see. It is not even out of focus, that picture. It is blank; it does not exist.

Here is an even prettier picture, a picture prettier than the first part of that picture was. I am again riding my father's shoulders. We are out on the street once again, but here is why this picture is prettier. I am eating an ice-cream cone. I am smiling, eating that cone. My father is also eating an ice-cream cone and he too is smiling. I have two scoops on mine, one chocolate and one vanilla, with the chocolate on top, and have just begun my licks. I have an entire double-scoop cone to look forward to. My father has a single cone, vanilla, I think, and he has not yet touched his. One of his hands grips my ankle. I have my free hand across his brow, to hold on, and sometimes I jiggle and that hand slides down to cover his eyes. He walks with one foot in the gutter, the other on the sidewalk, and up on his shoulders I weave from side to side. He says, How do you like your ice cream? and I say, How do you like yours? And we laugh, as though we have said the funniest thing in the world.

The ice cream melts and oozes over my fingers and it drops into his hair. It's a hot day, he says. Where do you want to go now?

Here that picture becomes not-so-pretty, what little there is of it, because I don't know where I want to go now. I want the ride to start back over; I want him to lift me to his shoulders, to hold my ankle, to walk again to wherever it

was we bought that ice cream. I want him to walk on and off the curb as he has done, I want to slip and slide up there, and for my ice cream to drip into his hair. When he asks, Where do you want to go next? already that picture is closing down, the picture is dissolving, and a second later I will no longer be riding on his shoulders. The picture will vanish and I will not know where I have gone next.

This is what I felt when I saw my wife kissing another man. It is what I felt when I saw her coming out of his bedroom. I did not know where my world had gone or if I had a place within it. The door to that bedroom rattled as it closed, which was precisely what I felt inside, that rattling, and I could not say what was beyond that door or any other door. I think what I felt was that she had left her love behind that closed door and the only picture I had left was of that closed door.

So that is the picture I have now, of that door, and it is the only picture. It is the picture which keeps jumping in; it dislodges all other pictures. It is not a pretty picture, from my point of view, and I do not know what to do with it. I do not know where I can go next. It will not dissolve, that picture won't, and it will go with me wherever it is I choose, or don't choose, to go.

The door is not a part of her picture. Her picture is composed only of whatever it was that went on while she was inside. She has that picture, of what went on inside, and the next picture, as she closed the door, of my stunned face. The man inside the room, the man she kissed, he has his pictures too. I expect my father, for that matter, has his own pictures, and that these do not include his riding his son upon his shoulders or their eating ice cream and the ice cream dripping into his hair. It is a fact that I never in real life rode his shoulders, or even saw him once I had reached the age of two. Possibly he rode another kid on his shoulders; more likely, he didn't. I have never imagined that children were a part of this earth that my father cared for.

So the picture I have of me riding my father's shoulders is one born out of the rides I have given my own child, together with those sights I have witnessed of other men and women riding their sons and daughters. It is the picture I had in mind to tell you when I began telling you this, before I saw her kissing him and that door closing, because this, her kissing him and emerging from his bedroom and that door rattling shut with its full awful power, is not a picture I would, in the normal course of events, have mentioned. It is the one true picture, the one picture drawn from real life, but it is not a picture that will do any of us any good.



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[Speech]

## THE THIRD PARENT

*Adapted from "In the Realm of Visible Light," a speech delivered by George W. S. Trow at the Whitney Museum in New York on March 25. The Whitney invited Trow to give the speech in connection with its recent exhibition of David Salle's paintings. Trow, who is the author of Within the Context of No Context, has recently embarked on a program of public speaking.*

I should explain what I mean by the title of my speech, "In the Realm of Visible Light." I propose a triptych: three images. The center panel is the big one; it is full of light. To the left is the infrared part of the spectrum; to the right is the ultraviolet. We live in a world of expanded possibilities, but we see with our eyes only what is in the center panel. We see the other panels of the triptych in some other way.

[Poem]

## THE SUMMER BEFORE THE MOON

*By Susan Stewart. From The Hive, a new collection of her poems published by the University of Georgia Press.*

The summer before the moon  
Began its pull, the wire fence scrawled  
in loops across the meadow, a far rain  
came slowly toward her; one foot, then a pause  
and then the other like a stubborn bride  
with no one to give her away. She could hear  
the long veil sweep against the clover,  
the smell of earth, everywhere, turning up its  
face.

And then it stopped, just beyond the reach  
of the fence, as if a cloud had stepped back  
like a startled deer, as if a door  
had been closed so softly no one  
noticed, although the other side would now  
be understood as a different world.  
This is how a child learns to wait for hours,

listening for something like a ceremony  
to begin, something that as yet  
has no name.

The civilization that has passed away, leaving so much behind, was a civilization of visible light only. It was for many centuries a tragic civilization; a sense of tragedy stood behind the world. In our world-system, trends occupy this position, and are subject to judgment by no one. They are the gods and chorus both.

In the civilization that has passed away, tragedy was visible in the world in the actions of men and women.

This sense of tragedy, which made life understandable, was conceived in human terms, as belonging only to the visible world. What could not be seen was presumed to belong to God or the gods. When the world was revealed to be one of expanded possibilities, tragedy was reduced to the status of one possibility; escape from the world of visible light was perceived as another.

I believe that to some extent people respond to power as if it were truth.

Painting still exists in the world of visible light, and so do we, but no representation of what we see is true unless it shows something of the expanded possibilities to our left and to our right, as well as something about the effects on us of living with these possibilities.

The world of power loosened us up. It happened in two ways, perhaps. Perhaps pure science released in us the deep images, and technology, electronic technology especially, raised our nerves to high sensitiveness.

In the left-hand panel, perhaps there is evidence from deep within the body—of ancient shapes and forms. In the other, the right-hand panel, are snapshot images from the nervous mind, by which I mean the nervous system of the world.

But we live, old-fashioned people point out, in the world of visible light; we return to it, as the failed ambitious person returns, sometimes, to the home of his parents to live. The fact that there is something lacking in our assessment of the world of expanded possibilities puts us at the mercy of the world we have struggled to escape; and we are ruled by people who know much less than we do.

We do not trust our parents, nor do we believe in their power to protect us. Mother culture is our most powerful parent, of course.

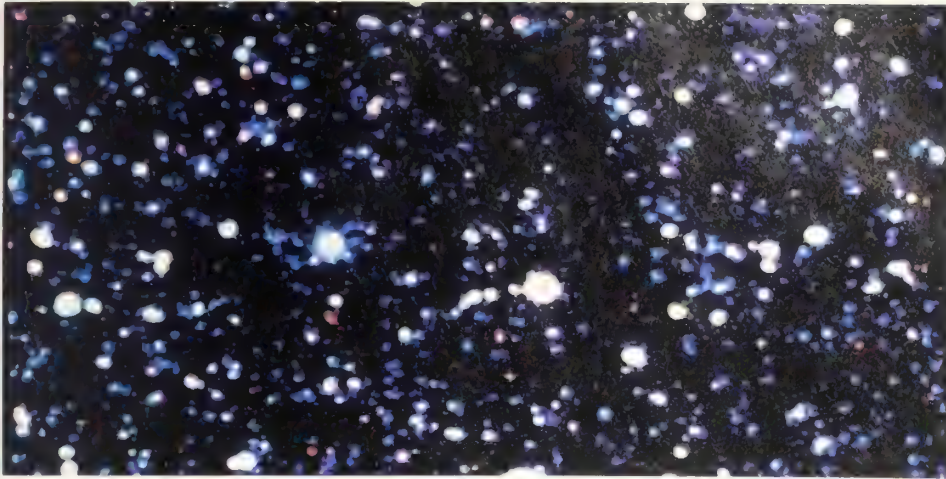
I am interested in Jesus' claim to have been parented by God, and I equate it with the artist's claim to have been parented by the culture.

I am interested in the idea of the third parent. The third parent should be an evolving idea,



[Photograph]

## TAKING THE LONG VIEW



From "The Universe in Depth," by M. Mitchell Waldrop, in the December 5, 1986, issue of *Science*. This is a time-lapse photograph made at the Cerro Tololo Inter-American Observatory in Chile by J. Anthony Tyson and Patrick Seitzer. According to Waldrop, the image, which encompasses a patch of sky less than 1 percent of the size of the full moon, is "one of the deepest views of the universe ever obtained." Each dot in the photograph is a galaxy; the faintest ones are more than 10 billion light years away.

flexible enough to embrace all new material not understood by our biological parents.

The third parent should be powerful, capable of blooming out into the mind and nearly obliterating everything there for a time, should that be necessary. We should be able to withstand the high fevers of this process, with confidence that we will return to ourselves stronger.

What has happened is that these high fevers have not been allowed to occur, and all children, including all of us here, know that there are materials and phenomena that have been allowed to drift out of range of our ability to understand.

I believe the history of this century is:

1. The story of how this third parent failed to evolve into a strong, healthy parent for us;
2. The story of how our biological parents were unable to face the hard intellectual task in front of them;
3. The growth of a grotesque third parent, a hardening concrescence, an object utterly confusing but also compelling, which would tell us, were we able to face it, the story of our failures and our strange desires.

I believe that humans are unable to live without some contact with what I call the third parent: God, or some culture growing up around a tradi-

tion of thinking about God or gods. Our third parent now is a concrescence of artifacts, many of them visual artifacts, documenting an orphaned life.

In our situation we fasten onto sexual truth as our parent. But the third parent must always be an *idea*. We have an idea that sexual truth is an idea, which it is not.

In our circumstance, where people's sexual responses to social configurations and artifacts are immediately expressed in terms of power (as they are in advertising and most entertainment, for instance), it comes to pass that the documentation of the history of sexual response replaces the evolution of ideas.

In this circumstance, the persons who have power over the processes that encourage and document change in this history correctly feel that they are parenting the culture. Because they occupy (or have usurped) the position historically occupied by spiritual or intellectual authority, they sometimes like to use a spiritual or an intellectual light around work that is only Entertainment Science: the science of keeping up with the rapid changes in the sexual response of people in a situation in which the third parent is an inert concrescence.

The third parent is now a concrescence of matter reflecting our condition (especially our sexual condition) in the absence of inherited wisdom.

[Essay]

## ADDRESSING GETTYSBURG

From "Gettysburg," by Arthur C. Danto, in the Spring issue of *Grand Street*. Danto is a professor of philosophy at Columbia University and art critic for the Nation.

Then the whole of things might be different  
From what it was thought to be in the beginning,  
before an angel bandaged the field glasses.

—John Ashbery

Pity-and-terror, the classically prescribed emotional response to tragic representation, was narrowly restricted to drama by the ancient authorities. In my view, tragedy has a wider reference by far, and pity-and-terror is aroused in me by works of art immeasurably less grand than those that unfold the cosmic undoings of Oedipus and Agamemnon, Antigone, Medea, and the women of Troy. The standard Civil War memorial, for example, is artistically banal by almost any criterion, and yet I am subject to pity-and-terror whenever I reflect upon the dense ironies it embodies. I am touched that the same figures appear and reappear in much the same monument from village to village, from commons to green to public square, across the American landscape. The sameness only deepens the conveyed tragedy, for it is evidence that those who subscribed funds for these memorials, who ordered their bronze or cast-iron or cement effigies from catalogues or from traveling sales representatives, so that the same soldier, carrying the same musket, is flanked by the same cannons and set off by the same floral or patriotic decorations, were blind to the tragedy that is, for me, the most palpable quality of these cenotaphs. That blindness is a component of the tragedy inherent in the terrible juxtaposition of the most deadly armaments and ordnance known up to that time with what, under those conditions, was the most vulnerably clad soldiery in history.

The Civil War infantryman is portrayed in his smart tunic and foraging cap. Take away the musket, the bayonet, and the cartridge case, and he would be some uniformed functionary—messenger, conductor, bellhop, doorman. This was the uniform he fought in. Armed, carrying a knapsack, he moved across the battlefield as though on dress parade. But the weapons he faced were closer in design and cold effectiveness to those standard in the First World War, fifty years in his future, than to those confronted

by Napoleon's troops at the Battle of Waterloo, fifty years in his past. What moves me is the contradiction between the code of military conduct, symbolically present in his garments, and the idea of total war, symbolically present in his gun. We see, instead of the chivalry and romanticism of war as a form of art, the chill, implacable indifference to any consideration other than maiming and death, typical of the kind of total combat the Civil War became. That contradiction was invisible when the memorials were raised, and it is its invisibility today that moves me to pity-and-terror.

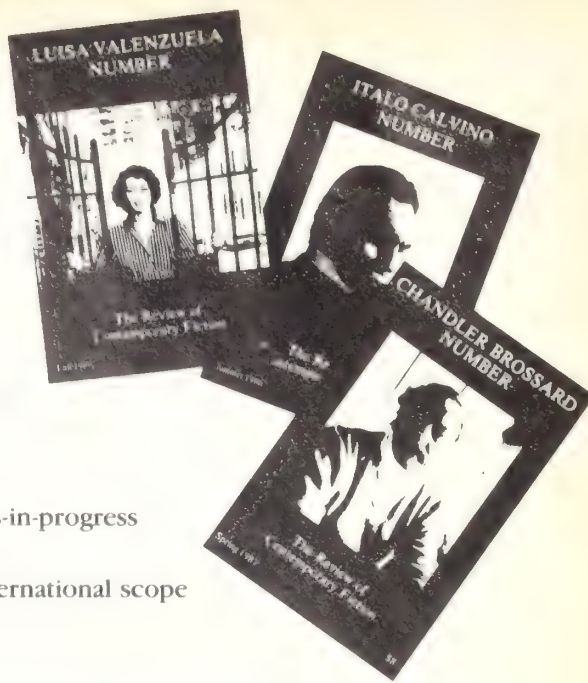
I recently trudged the battle lines at Gettysburg. The scene of that great collision had, according to the architectural historian Vincent Scully, been transformed by the National Park Service into a work of art, and I was curious to see, in the first instance, how the locus of agony and glory should have been preserved and transfigured under the glass bell of aesthetic distance into a memorial object. An interest in memorial art and in the moral boundaries of war would have sufficed to move me as a pilgrim to what, since the Gettysburg Address, we have thought of as consecrated ground. But I had also been enough unsettled by a recent remark of Gore Vidal's that had come up in the civil strife between *Commentary* and the *Nation*, in regard to Norman Podhoretz's patriotism, to want to think out for myself whether, as Vidal claimed, the American Civil War is our Trojan War. Podhoretz had pretended to a greater interest in the Wars of the Roses than in the Civil War, and this had greatly exercised Vidal, whose family had participated on both sides and thus had internalized the antagonisms that divided the nation.

The Trojan War was not of course a civil conflict. And no one's remembered ancestors participated in the Trojan War when it in fact was their Trojan War in the sense Vidal must have intended, when the Homeric poems emerged out of the mists to define the meaning of life, strife, love, and honor for a whole civilization. The Civil War, if it were to be our Trojan War in that sense, would have to be so even for those whose families were elsewhere and indifferent when it took place. It has not received literary embodiment of the right sort to affect American consciousness as the *Iliad* affected Greek consciousness. And so a further question that directed me was whether the artistic embodiment of a battlefield into a military park might serve to make the Civil War our Trojan War in the required way, where one could not pretend an indifference to it because it was now the matrix of our minds and our beings.

Like Tewkesbury, where the climactic bat-



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tle of the Wars of the Roses took place in 1471, the name Gettysburg has an irresistibly comic sound, good for a giggle in music hall or vaudeville. It was one of hundreds of "-burgs" and "-villes" named after forgotten worthies (James Gettys had been given the site by William Penn), indicating, before the place "became terrible"—Bruce Catton's phrase—simply where life went on. Gettysburg in 1863 was the seat of Adams County and a poky grove of academe, with a college and a seminary. But Gettysburg was no Troy: the battle was *at* but not *for* Gettysburg. When Lee withdrew on July 5, its 2,400 inhabitants had ten times that number of dead and wounded to deal with, not to mention mounds of shattered horses: the miasma of putrefaction hung over the town until winter. That the battle was there, between Cemetery Ridge and Seminary Ridge, was an artifact of the war. Gettysburg was not somebody's prize. Longstreet called it "ground of no value." It was a good place for a battle, but though it is clear that there had to be a battle someplace soon, it could have happened in any number of other burgs or viles.

This is how it happened to happen there: It was known in Washington in late June that Lee was somewhere in Pennsylvania, but not known where he was exactly. Despite the telegraph and the *New York Times*, there is a sense in which men were as much in the dark in regard to one another's whereabouts as they might have been in the England in the fifteenth century, fighting the Wars of the Roses. Lee had heard rumors that Meade and the Army of the Potomac were somewhere east of him, but he had no clear idea of where. In classical warfare, the cavalry served as the eyes of the army. But Lee's glamorous and vain cavalry leader, Jeb Stuart, was off on a toot of his own, seeking personal glory. Buford, a Union cavalry general sent out to look for the suspected Confederate troops, more or less bumped into General Pettigrew's brigade marching along the Chambersburg Pike into Gettysburg to requisition shoes. They collided, as it were, in the fog, and each sent word that the enemy was near. The next day was the first day of the engagement.

On July 2, Lee strove to take either or both Culp's Hill and Little Round Top, the two hills that anchored the Union's defensive line along Cemetery Ridge. Had Lee succeeded, Meade would have had to draw back to Pipes Creek, and it would have been a defeat. The fighting that afternoon was fierce but uncoordinated—each commander had difficulties with his generals—and the outcome of the engagement was sufficiently ambiguous that Lee could interpret it as a victory.

On July 3, Lee determined to attack Meade's

center. This was his reasoning: Meade, he believed, would infer that Lee—seeking to turn his flanks—would renew the attack on the anchoring hills. So Meade would move reinforcements to right and left, leaving the center weak. Meade's reasoning was this: Lee would reason as he in fact reasoned, so the right thing was to reinforce the center.

In classical warfare there is a kind of language—armies communicate through guns (as the United States and the Soviet Union today communicate through nuclear testing): a cannonade announces a charge. All that morning the federal officers and men watched the enemy concentrate its artillery—150 guns focused on the Union center. "A magnificent sight," according to Henry Hunt, chief of artillery on the Union side: "Never before had such a sight been witnessed on this continent, and rarely, if ever, abroad." The Union employed about 200 pieces in that battle, and a duel opened up at about 1 P.M. that lasted nearly two hours: nothing on that scale had ever taken place before. But the state of explosive chemistry in the mid-nineteenth century raised severe cognitive problems for the Confederate force. What was used then was black gunpowder, which created dense smoke. The exploding shells cast a smoke screen over Cemetery Ridge, concealing from Confederate artillery chief Porter Alexander the fact that he was shooting too high, and that his shells were falling behind the Union line. By accident, he hit a dozen caissons of ammunition to Meade's rear. Major General Hunt decided to conserve ammunition for the attack to come, and ordered fire to cease. Alexander took this as a sign that he had silenced the federal guns, and signaled George Pickett to move forward. Smoke still hung blackly over Cemetery Ridge, but at a certain moment of no return a breeze lifted it and Pickett's men saw, in Allan Nevins's words, "the full panoply of Union strength in its terrifying grandeur, a double line of infantry in front, guns frowning beside them, and reserves in thick platoons farther back." Until that moment, none of Lee's officers had any real idea of what power had been building up behind the sullen ridge. Had his cavalry been operative, Lee would not have charged. He fought blind.

It was in Pickett's grand charge up the slopes of Cemetery Ridge that the tragic contradiction between arms and uniform became palpable. Pickett's superb veterans, fresh in this battle, marched according to a magnificent code into a wall of fire. It was the brutal end to an era of warfare, the last massed charge. The triumph of slaughter over chivalry gave rise to Sherman's horrifying march through Georgia and South Carolina, to total war, to the firebombing of





"Waiting, E.A.F.B." (1983), from *Desert Cantos*, a collection of photographs by Richard Misrach, published by the University of New Mexico Press. This photograph was taken shortly before a space-shuttle landing.

Dresden, to Hiroshima and Nagasaki, to the rolled grenade in the full jetliner. "It was the most beautiful thing I ever saw," exclaimed Colonel Fremantle, a British observer at Longstreet's side. The sentiment was widely shared. Pickett's charge was what war was all about in that era: it had the kind of beauty that made Lee remark, at the Battle of Fredericksburg, "It is well that war is so terrible—we should grow too fond of it." Longstreet wrote: "That day at Gettysburg was one of the saddest in my life." I think he was more or less alone in this feeling. I do not think Gettysburg was perceived by the South as the awful defeat it was, at least not then, since news of Grant's victory at Vicksburg had not yet come; nor do I think it was received as a great victory, least of all in Washington, or by Lincoln, who cared only that Meade should press his advantage. What no one could see, just because the doors of the future always are closed, was that beauty on that occasion was only the beginning of terror.

**T**he bodies were rolled into shallow trenches, and the armies moved off to other encounters. Some 3,500 Union dead are today neatly bur-

ied in concentric arcs. Seventeen acres were set aside for this, weeks after the battle, and it was here, before the landscaping was altogether completed, that Lincoln delivered the address which is today so enshrined in the national consciousness that it requires an effort of severe deconstruction to perceive it as a cry of victory as gloating as anything that issued from the coarse throat of Ajax. The Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association was chartered in 1864 and began acquiring land that was absorbed into the national military park established, without debate, so far as I can discover, by an act of Congress in 1895. In 1933 it came under the jurisdiction of the National Park Service, which transformed it in an unforgiving way. There is a historical preservation I applaud but a political overlay that distresses me.

It is always moving to visit a battlefield when the traces of war itself have been erased by nature or transfigured by art, to stand amid memorial weapons that grow inevitably quaint and ornamental with the evolution of armamentary technology, mellowing under patinas. The first cannon to be fired at the Battle of Gettysburg stands by the memorial to Buford near Mac-

Pherson's farm, like a capital letter to mark the beginning of a ferocious sentence. Four cannons form Cushing's battery stand, like four exclamation points, to mark its end at the point where Pickett's men penetrated the Union line only to be surrounded. General Francis Walker uses a Homeric metaphor to describe Pickett's charge:

As the spear of Menelaus pierced the shield of his antagonist, cut through the shining breastplate, but spared the life, so the division of Pickett, launched from Seminary Ridge, broke through the Union defense, and for the moment thrust its head of column within our lines, threatening destruction to the Army of the Potomac.

The Parks Service pamphlet of 1950 recommends an itinerary with fourteen stops—it maps onto the Stations of the Cross, if you have an appetite for numerical correspondences. It is chronological. You begin where the battle began, at MacPherson's Ridge at 8 A.M. on July 1. You now follow a trail south along Seminary Ridge, and you may pause in front of Lee's statue and recite the thought Faulkner insisted was in the breast of every Southern boy: it is, there, eternally "still not yet two o'clock on that July afternoon in 1863." Edging the Peach Orchard, you mount Round Top and head north to the Copse of Trees and Meade's headquarters. You pause at the cemetery and end, not quite appropriately, at Culp's Hill.

The itinerary of 1950 was dropped from revised editions of the pamphlet, in 1954 and 1962, and today the visit has a different structure. Today you enter the park, amid many monuments, along High Water Mark Trail. There are no Confederate markers among the celebratory monuments: instead, there is High Water Mark Monument, erected by "us" to show how far "they" reached. It was not really a high-water mark. There was no flood: this was not Genghis Khan, but one of the gentlest occupations the world has ever seen. It was, exactly as General Walker put it, a spear point that penetrated but did not slay—a Homeric poet would have supposed a god or goddess deflected the weapon. Lee was the spearman—Menelaus, if the analogy appeals (except Menelaus triumphed). If we construe the military park as a monumentary text, it now reads *not* as the history of a great battle between heroic adversaries but as the victory of the Union. The text begins where the victory was won. As a text, the park is now a translation into historical landscape of the Gettysburg Address. Small wonder it "fell like a wet blanket," as Lincoln afterward said. Small wonder the Harrisburg *Patriot* editorialized the "silly remarks" this way: "For the credit of the Nation we are willing that the veil of oblivion shall be dropped and that they shall be

no more repeated or thought of." Half the men who fell there did not fight for what Lincoln said was achieved there, and of those who might have, Lincoln's were not in every case the reasons they were there. It was an inappropriate political speech on an occasion that called for generosity, vaunting and confessional. The language is concealingly beautiful, evidence that Auden is after all right that time worships language "and forgives/Everyone by whom it lives."

I can understand, or might be able to understand, how a literary scholar, though patriotic, might find the Wars of the Roses of greater interest than the American Civil War, even if he should have no special concern with the ambitions of Lancaster and York. Henry VI, the subject of an early tragedy of Shakespeare, founded Kings College, Cambridge. But the main reason, I should think, for being interested in the civil wars of the fifteenth century in England is connected with one main reason for being interested in our Civil War. The Wars of the Roses were of an unparalleled brutality and were fought by mercenaries. It was total warfare, and the sickening experience of having one's land run over by one's countrymen acting like brigands while in the royal pay lingered for centuries in British consciousness. Henry VI also founded Eton, on whose playing fields the British Empire is said to have been won by practices governed by the rules of fair combat and respect for the opponent. The unspeakable conduct of battle on the Continent—think of the Thirty Years' War—until the eighteenth century, when Anglicization began to define the moral outlines of military conduct, must have confirmed the legacy of the Wars of the Roses in the English mind.

My sense is that the high-minded perception of the soldierly vocation is embodied in the uniform, the insignia, the flag, and the vulnerability of the militia depicted in sculpture of the Civil War. The other form of war is embodied in the weapons. If there is a high watermark in the history of modern war, it was in Pickett's gallant and foregone assault. It has been growing darker and darker ever since. I am not certain this is a basis for seeing the Civil War as "our" Trojan War. In a sense, something is not a Trojan War if it is ours: the Trojan War speaks to what is universal and human, regardless of political division and national culture. I am not certain that the idea of Union has any more meaning than, or even as much meaning as, Helen of Troy, as justification for pitched combat. If the Civil War is to address humanity as the Trojan War does, it must itself be addressed at a different level than any that has so far been reached. Gettysburg is a good place to begin. ■



# A REPUBLIC OF SOULS

Puritanism and the American presidency

By *Richard Sennett*

**T**he commonplace observation Europeans make about Americans is that we have not outgrown childhood. Crucial adult habits like discretion, and habits of mind like indirection, do not seem to take hold. These are less appealing to us than openness, directness, self-revelation—the way of kids. In middle age, on airplanes, in bars, along beaches, we introduce ourselves to a stranger, then provide an immediate autobiographical sketch; and, if he or she is still listening a half-hour later, we offer a complete tour of the psychic peaks and valleys of our lives. And we expect nothing less in return: Are you married? Divorced? What do you do for a living? Like it? Are you happy? Tell me, *honestly*.

This compulsive need to reveal, and the corresponding compulsion to examine others, is destructive in our personal lives, in our work places, and in the community. But nowhere today is it more destructive than in our political life. We are no longer a republic of men and women, or even of competing interest groups. We have become a republic of souls.

"Have you ever committed adultery?" This was the question asked of Gary Hart by a reporter in early May. He was then asked if he had a monogamous relationship with his wife of twenty-eight years. He refused to answer these questions but, knowing they would dog him, withdrew his candidacy for the Democratic presidential nomination a couple of days later. In his short speech announcing his withdrawal from the race, Hart said he "never felt the voters really cared" about his image, about "talking about myself... They're smart enough to know who you are without you telling them," he said. Hart believes (or said he believes) that it is the press, not the public, that made an issue of his alleged womanizing—that sought to render him transparent, to inspect his soul. Hart is, I think, wrong.

The American people seek out purity and innocence in their leaders. In Hart's case, as in so many others, the press was merely doing the culture's dirty work. Nor can it be argued that politicians have brought this personal examining on themselves. When Representative Richard Gephardt flaunts his cosmetic boyishness, when candidates are coached by their managers to

*Richard Sennett's books on social and political matters include Authority and The Fall of Public Man. His latest book is Palais-Royal, a novel.*

Examination-and-  
confession is the  
discourse of national  
unity. Politicians  
who don't learn the  
language are  
banished

discuss their own frailties, to *show their feelings*, this is not so much a ruse as a response to something deep and pervasive in society. To attract our votes, the candidates must find a path to our souls; to do this, they must bare theirs. Campaign people have come to understand this. "This has become a soul race," Geoffrey Garin, a Democratic pollster, told the *New York Times*, "a race to show who has a soul."

The public votes for the candidate who professes openness and innocence; or who seems as though he is untainted by his own political experience; or who swears enmity to Washington and to professional statesmen and administrators, as Ronald Reagan did; or who promises "I will never lie to you," as Jimmy Carter did. The faux naifs we elect respond to a deep-rooted belief in American culture that political and personal virtue should be inseparable.

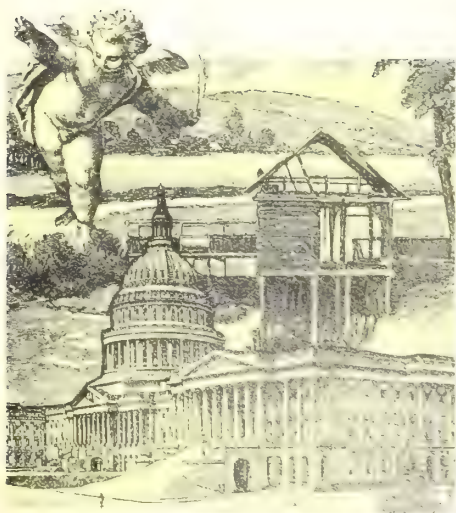
In the Renaissance, *virtus* meant the capacity to act effectively; in modern America, *virtue* means a clear and open self. American innocence in these terms has long been a preoccupation of our writers; Herman Melville once observed that the innocent are made rather than born. This will to innocence is made, I believe, in response to the difficulty we have had in creating our nation and maintaining it as an idea: one nation, indivisible. A political discourse grounded in openness and directness allows individuals who otherwise share little in common to believe themselves bound together. We have nothing to hide. Examination-and-confession is the discourse of national unity. Leaders who learn to speak this language fluently reassure us that they can be easily read as human beings, and that the world can be likewise made clear, legible, simple. Politicians who don't learn the language, or refuse to speak it on principle, are banished. Only the "open" politician succeeds. But even so, the world doesn't work as we wish it would. Our national fractures open up, our leaders "let us down," and there is another round of crisis and a fresh search for innocence. Per-

haps as the presidential campaign commences, it is time to learn not so much about the character of each candidate but about this odd characteristic of our national political life.

**T**he President recently confessed to the American public that he feels bad about the Iran-*contra* affair. But now that he has admitted he feels so bad about the whole mess, he hopes people will put it out of mind. Statements of candor often induce charity in politics. This charity is not so much blind generosity as the appreciation that a man or woman has the strength of character to take responsibility for failure. However, statements like these by Reagan are colored in a peculiarly American way; the inner emotions of the leader are the focus. And then, in exchange for this intimate revelation, the public is asked to forget as well as forgive. We hear a similar note sounded in the apologies of our children: "I didn't mean to do it. I'm sorry"—and a few minutes later the incident has faded from their minds. In public life, though, confessions have a certain religious overtone; they represent an examination of conscience rather than an admission of faulty judgment.

In politics as in religion, confession has the power at once to inspire our trust in leaders and to draw us closer together. I don't mean to say that all political activity in America is simply religion practiced by other means. In our local politics, we don't expect leaders to be innocent; nor do we forgive and forget. New York's Mayor Koch has tried to deal with the archipelago of corruption in his administration by talking like a national leader: when asked about the scandals, he replies about how bad he feels, what a personal tragedy it is for him. It hasn't worked. At a local level, people are more concerned with interests and services than souls.

What then explains our discourse of openness in national politics? Rather than expressing religious faith in America it is a sign of fear about its stability, about the continued life of the nation. Think back to Watergate. When such scandals occur, a rhetorical overreaction sets in, as if not mere-





ly the man (in this case, Richard Nixon) but the very nation he represents were on trial. During the summer of 1974, television commentators spoke often and in hushed tones about the "crisis of the Republic," newspaper articles appeared with headlines like "America on Trial" or "Can America Survive Watergate?"—and Americans in bars and at parties talked the same way. No Frenchman or Englishman could talk about—or even think about—politics in these terms. The personal and institutional inseparable: such rhetoric arises from the peculiarly American fear that the authority of our national political institutions is fragile.

This anxiety is deeply rooted in our history. A century and a half ago, in *Democracy in America*, Alexis de Tocqueville observed how afraid Americans were that things just don't work—*break down*, *threat*, and *dislocation* coming as easily to their lips as ours. Even earlier, the Founding Fathers feared that the clamor of factions in government would become a deafening noise. In the laws of the Constitution and in institutions, they sought a remedy in balancing the conflicts of power.

Thanks to its laws and institutions, the United States has had the most stable political regime in the modern world. The anxiety that prompts us to search for open, innocent leaders is not rational. A man laying his heart open to you and assuring you that you need not worry about anything else can divert you from focusing on laws and institutions. Thus the consequence of this fear, like most irrational dread, is a further loss of contact with reality, and a confusion about what truly is a threat.

Our desire for leaders who lay bare their souls was kindled long ago, when the foundations for our social life were ill-laid by the Puritans. Max Weber, in *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism*, depicted the Puritans as men and women uncertain of their spiritual fate, and seeking through self-discipline in this world some reassurance of eternal life in the next. Modern scholarship has stressed a more earthly aspect of the Puritan "errand into the wilderness," as Perry Miller once called it—the Puritans' belief that, even under this cloud of doubt, a new Jerusalem could be built. This making of a heaven on earth required distinctive exercises of power. It was a kind of regeneration, and rituals of regeneration often involve violent acts: through a sacrifice, a mutilation, the tribe purges itself. As the historian Richard Slotkin has pointed out, the Puritans may have satisfied this "primitive" need for purge by destroying the tribes of the Native Americans. Purgation certainly dictated the Puritan habits of cleanliness, which were the oddest thing about them culturally to Europeans in the seventeenth century, a quite filthy age by our standards. It is this cleanliness that gave rise to a new meaning to *inspection*.

Inspection in the Middle Ages was a formal procedure performed by bureaucratic authority. Souls were inspected by properly certified clergymen; alleged crimes were inspected by judges in dungeons or at assizes; goods were inspected by customs officials at toll gates. The Puritans changed the terms of inspection. It became "de-bureaucratized": in everyday life everyone began to perform acts of surveillance on everyone else. Parents began to inspect minutely the cleanliness of their children's bodies and clothes. Members of the community listened attentively to each other's speech, lest an impious expression appear on someone's lips. And these lapses were not merely noticed but subsequently discussed in community meetings. Inspection became at once more informal and more comprehensive.

However bizarre the extremes to which the Puritans carried mutual surveillance, the practice had a religious logic. Man alone, in his sinfulness, is too weak to prove himself worthy in the eyes of God, and so the community must take part too. Inspection, open discussion of a moral lapse, public penitence—by these means are men saved, and by these means the strings of the community are bound ever tighter. Individuals become fully known to one another. Their souls are rendered transparent.

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This practice is the root of our political discourse. Bureaucracy cannot be trusted: it works in the dark. The body politic is good when it is clean—when, as it were, the action it takes is obvious. To keep it clean, it must be opened, examined, and, if necessary, purged.

Purging in political life means—as it did for the Puritans—both cleansing and making visible. Filth and that which remains hidden threatens our national community. Communism was perceived as such a threat during the McCarthy era. The hunt for Communists required that each of us be inspected, for as the zealous senator noted, there were among us “unwitting Communists.” Now the Puritan legacy appears in the public discussion of AIDS: calls for mandatory testing, for informing the past and present partners of those infected, for checking and elaborate record keeping.

Yet in truth the Puritans would hardly recognize the modern body politic. The powers of surveillance they employed were operable in small communities of a few thousand souls at most. Why has their religiously anguished, communally intense ethos of seeing into one another’s souls survived in a nation of 240 million?

Weber uses the term “Protestant ethic” in two senses. On the one hand it means establishing moral dominance through economic success; a man who has saved money by sacrificing pleasure has proved his moral worth. But there is another, more complex understanding of the Protestant ethic. Weber glimpses its origins in Calvin’s struggles over the meaning of God’s love: if God loves his human children, and if they seek to be good, why nonetheless can’t his love be earned?

In his *Institutes of the Christian Religion*, Calvin speaks of man as “less than a speck of dust.” In other words, the human being in a natural state is unworthy of being loved, respected, even noticed. Weber wondered what would happen to this fear of invisibility if God vanished from the scene altogether, if men and women no longer sought God’s love. Under more secular conditions—conditions much like our own—how would people seek to earn recognition, if not love, from one another?

Here is the pollster Geoffrey Garin’s answer for 1988: “What we’re looking for in politicians is people who know themselves . . . when you’re frank about your vulnerabilities, it connotes some sense of honesty and self-examination.”

Self-revealing language is the way Americans seek to exact recognition from one another. It is the living, virulent legacy of Calvin’s fear of the “speck of dust.” By so compulsively talking about who we are, Americans attempt to combat the fear that they are nothing. The political scientist James Q. Wilson wrote of his childhood in Southern California in the 1940s: “People had no identities except their personal identities, no group affiliations to make possible any reference to them by collective nouns.” For those, like Ralph Ellison, who had only too clear a notion of what “ethnic group” meant, the problem of seeming invisible, a speck of dust in society, appeared in an equal if opposite way: how to gain personal recognition from those who only saw the color of one’s skin. The white working-class families Jonathan Cobb and I interviewed fifteen years ago for our book, *The Hidden Injuries of Class*, similarly felt overlooked by those above, the educated middle class. Now, in this time of celebrated success and sudden wealth, the invisibility of ordinary people—a.k.a. the “losers”—has only become worse.

Lacking in America is any sense that the nation is a collectivity of difference, that the human community might indeed be enriched by the experience of the Other, of that which cannot be rendered transparent. This is what sets up in all of us, winners and losers, the dread of not being recognized; alien or different, you are nothing. The corollary here should be obvious: we distrust anyone and anything we cannot recognize. We are made uneasy by any kind of masking, no matter how trivial. A candidate shortens his last name, and we question his character. In America, we can-



not deal with difference. Abroad, we destroy or belittle difference. At home we try to break through differences, to get to know someone fast.

In this there seems to me something grave, almost tragic. While celebrating individualism, we compulsively expose ourselves to view and seek recognition from each other: at last meeting a listener's eyes in the course of our revelation or, the ultimate comfort, being told, "You couldn't have lived otherwise than you did." This desire for a sign discolors individuals. Experience becomes a series of demonstrations and beckonings. It discolors collective life as well: moving the nation forward has come to seem less important than rituals of mutual understanding between a leader and the people.

A generation before the Puritans embarked for America, a crisis of nationalism shook the center of civilized Europe, when the northern Italian city-states were invaded by the French in the 1490s. This invasion provoked a new line of thinking about the relations between rulers and the ruled, a tough conceptual line quite different from the Puritan experiment.

The Puritans of both England and New England aspired, not surprisingly, to the independence enjoyed by Florence or Venice during the height of the Renaissance. These city-states issued their own laws, conducted an independent foreign policy, organized religious life within their walls according to local custom. Their small scale encouraged a fierce sense of belonging; natives of Venice could speak of men from Florence twenty years' resident in their midst as "exiles."

Community was both a strength and a weakness. Internal political strife, constant and vicious, acquired its passion from the belief that life inside the walls mattered much more than life beyond them. When threatened by outside forces like the French armies, it was difficult for the inhabitants to put aside their grievances with each other—and more difficult still to unite with outsiders from other cities—in order to make a common front.

Among those who attempted to understand what had happened, the diplomat Machiavelli was the most thoughtful and—from our vantage point—most forward-looking. While Cotton Mather thought the state was founded on mutual moral understanding, Machiavelli, surveying the condition of Venice, Florence, Padua, Genoa, and Pisa, could hardly reach such a conclusion. (There is a certain charm, however, in imagining the bloodthirsty and sensuous leaders of the Renaissance cities convened to consider a child's dirty hands and the possible consequences for salvation.) Interest, not understanding, would form the foundation of the Italy to be created. As Machiavelli wrote in the *Discourses*, to speak of Italy would be a fiction, but one everyone would acknowledge—an emblem of common interest. Machiavelli believed there was no "higher" tendency toward nationalism harbored in the human breast, no heartfelt desire for the sacrifices and compromises necessary for collective survival. The human animal desired enough bread for tomorrow and a warm place to sleep.

How is a nation based on self-interest to be ruled? Machiavelli thought the ruler had to build unity by unnatural means. He conceived his prince not as a transparent soul but as a cunning actor. The famous chapters seventeen through twenty of *The Prince* are Machiavelli's stage directions for the leader on how to discipline the people by inspiring them with a desire for the leader's approval and a fear of his displeasure. In a course on foreign policy at Harvard in the 1960s, Henry Kissinger several times made a remark Machiavelli would have savored. He informed us, his cunning little charges, that leaders have two problems of "discretion." One is to avoid being fathomed by one's enemies, the other is to avoid being fathomed by one's constituents. Since as college students we hadn't yet learned that cynicism can be a cheap way to avoid the pain of life, we loved our professor in this mood, little knowing what was to come. Indeed, the Kissinger-Nixon bout of *realpolitik*—the opening to China as well as the bombing of Cambodia, the advances in disarmament as well as the innovations in bur-

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world*

glary—had a distinguished pedigree. Machiavelli would have thoroughly approved of it all, and cited Nixon's being hounded from office because of a little graft, a minor theft, a little destruction of evidence, as proof of his basic proposition: the people are incapable of understanding their interests on a truly national scale.

Machiavelli's view is but the extreme of a recurring belief among those who have made new nations. Nation-building for them is not the political organization of a pre-existing culture. It is an act of political will, against the grain of cultural differences, struggling against the nearsightedness of human nature. Among the Founding Fathers, Madison and Hamilton thought this way, as did British imperial administrators, in defining the boundaries of African countries, and Lenin, in his writings on Communist Party organizing. Political realists all, engaged in the quixotic effort of imposing a political edifice—be it the American Constitution or a revolutionary vanguard—on a misshapen social base. Among them one finds a common fear: what will defeat the enterprise of nation-making is an open dialogue between the citizens and their rulers. Even Madison and Hamilton feared such unrestrained dialogue, a point which will be tactfully ignored in the coming hoopla over the bicentennial of the Constitution.

Imagine that the people want to speak with their leader openly and freely as an equal, that between the citizen and the President there is a vast, common, *human* ground. We envision this ideal state whenever we commend a person in power by observing, "He isn't remote" or, "He seems like a decent, ordinary man." Then we citizens quite logically assume that whatever is true of ourselves should be true of him. An ordinary guy is caught up in his family, taking care of his immediate concerns; intimacy is more real to him than abstract policy. And so the same is expected of our leaders. (People used to love Reagan because he would knock off for the weekend from being President and ride his horse.)

The tough-minded nation-makers would surely observe this "closeness" with despair. It's sometimes argued that political-personal-religious communion of this sort doesn't really have any effect; the permanent government goes on whatever the noise of the electoral process. The experience of the Reagan years unfortunately makes this argument an exercise in wishful thinking. The diplomatic corps and the middle and upper ranks of the domestic civil services have been decimated, trained professionals replaced by zealous incompetents. These Reaganites share the electorate's distrust and impatience with the necessary complexity and abstractness of big government. They want the rules to be like the rulers, clear and straightforward. The ultimate illusion: power without complication. Machiavelli remarks in his letters that hatred of civil servants poisons good government. The legacy of the Reagan years was determined from the day he ever-so-publicly mounted his horse to get away from the Washington bureaucrats: government is poison.

Machiavelli's remedy was to build walls between ruler and ruled—the very opposite of the Puritan prescription. We want a participatory, democratic nation and thus reject his prescription as lethal. But couldn't we just take a little of his medicine? Couldn't we build just a fence between ourselves and our leaders? There must be procedures that would force us as citizens to concentrate on the substance of political discourse itself, rather than on the character of the speakers: restraint among the news media in dealing with the private lives of politicians would be a place to start.

But a renewal of the substance of democratic discussion presupposes that we first break with tradition, that we cast off the burden of Puritanism that has led us to become a nation of inspectors and confessors. A nation at last sick of its own compulsion to get close seems to me the only sort of nation likely to survive in an increasingly complex world.

Listening to the speeches of the current crop of presidential candidates, however, is not reassuring. Wanting to open up to us, they are all so desperately, so fatally trying to be nice. ■



On the cover: Patson Weems. *For more on this and other topics, see the cover story.*



Your Bank \_\_\_\_\_

Account Number \_\_\_\_\_

City &amp; State \_\_\_\_\_

PAY  
TO THE  
ORDER OF

19

\$ 16.00

DOLLARS

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

MEMO: U.S. Income Tax Deductible  
Monthly Sponsorship

Your Address \_\_\_\_\_

City &amp; State \_\_\_\_\_

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# Fill out this check (or use your own) and save the children

For only 52¢ a day (just \$16 a month) you can befriend a needy child through Save the Children. Your money, combined with that of other sponsors, can breathe new life into an impoverished village...help hardworking people in their fight for dignity...turn despair into hope for a child who has known only disaster. 52¢ may not buy much where you live. But for the poorest of the poor, where the need is so desperate, it can work miracles.

For your first monthly sponsorship contribution, just fill out and sign the check at the top of this page (yes, as long as you indicate your bank name and account number, it is negotiable). Mail the entire page to Save the Children. Of course, you may use your personal check if you prefer.

## TELL US HOW YOU WANT TO HELP BY ANSWERING THESE QUESTIONS.

Your name \_\_\_\_\_  
(please print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

### 1 What kind of child would you like to sponsor?

☐ Boy ☐ Girl ☐ Either

### 2 What geographical area are you interested in?

Urgent need exists in all the areas listed below. Select an area, or let us assign a child where the need is greatest.

☐ Where the need is greatest

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Africa              | <input type="checkbox"/> Israel                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> American Indian     | <input type="checkbox"/> Lebanon                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Appalachia (U.S.)   | <input type="checkbox"/> Mexico                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bangladesh          | <input type="checkbox"/> Nepal                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Colombia            | <input type="checkbox"/> Philippines            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dominican Republic  | <input type="checkbox"/> Southern States (U.S.) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gaza Strip          | <input type="checkbox"/> Southwest              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Honduras            | <input type="checkbox"/> Hispanic (U.S.)        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Indonesia           | <input type="checkbox"/> Sri Lanka              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Inner Cities (U.S.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Thailand               |

### 3 Would you like a picture of your sponsored child?

Shortly after we select a child for you, we can send you a photograph and brief personal history, if you desire.

☐ Yes ☐ No

### 4 Would you like to correspond with your sponsored child?

If desired, correspondence can help build a meaningful one-to-one relationship. Translations, where necessary, are supplied by Save the Children.

☐ Yes ☐ No

### 5 Would you like information about the child's community?

Because 50 years of experience has taught us that direct handouts are the least effective way of helping children, your sponsorship contributions are not distributed in this way. Instead they are used to help children in the most effective way possible — by helping the entire community with projects and services, such as health care, education, food production and nutrition. Several times a year you can receive detailed reports on these community activities which provide permanent improvements to the child's environment. Would you like to receive such information?

☐ Yes ☐ No

### 6 Do you wish verification of Save the Children credentials?

Save the Children is indeed proud of the handling of its funds. Based on last year's audit, an exceptionally large percentage of each dollar spent was used for program services and direct aid to children and their communities. Due to volunteered labor and materials, your donation provides your sponsored child with benefits worth many times your total gift. Would you like to receive an informative Annual Report (including a summary financial statement)?

☐ Yes ☐ No

(A complete audit statement is available upon request.)

### 7 Would you rather make a contribution than become a sponsor at this time?

☐ Yes, enclosed is my contribution of \$ \_\_\_\_\_☐ Check here for general information about our unique programs for aiding impoverished children.

Mail to:

# Save the Children®

50 Wilton Road, Westport, Connecticut 06880

Attn: David L. Guyer, President

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# ON THE OUT

Michael Deaver and all the

The idea that public service is its own reward never quite took hold in the Reagan Administration. For an unprecedented number of well-placed White House officials, serving the President was but the means to profitable ends. They produced Reagan, and now they sell proximity to him. David Stockman is at Salomon Brothers, Larry Speakes at Merrill Lynch, and neither got his job on the strength of his investment acumen. Lyn Nofziger, Reagan's longtime adviser, left the White House in January 1982; five months later he reportedly signed a letter urging a Reagan official to in turn urge the Army to speedily approve a \$31 million contract for his client, the Wedtech Corp.—a federal investigation of the matter is under way. Attorney General Edwin Meese is also under investigation for his involvement in the company. And then, of course, there is Michael Deaver, now on trial for perjury because a special prosecutor could not, or would not, persuade a grand jury to charge this best of Reagan's friends with violating the Ethics in Government Act. Deaver filed this document (as required by law) with the Justice Department in February 1986, confirming his ambitions.

Michael K. Deaver and Associates set up shop in Georgetown in May 1985, after Deaver resigned as the President's deputy chief of staff. Deaver had complained numerous times that he could not subsist on his White House salary of \$60,000 a year. He managed to double his family income when his wife, Carolyn, went into the public relations business, servicing clients who thought it best to be on good terms with her husband's boss. Public relations of this sort is what Deaver and his associates set out to do.

Deaver does not like hearing his "advice" described as influence peddling. He denies breaking any laws, and argues that his clients (corporations, foreign governments) hired him to "strategize whatever their objectives may be vis-à-vis Washington." We may never fully appreciate the objectives of the International Cultural Society of Korea. On October 2, 1985, Kim Kihwan, head of the society, met in the Oval Office with Reagan, Bush, McFarlane, and Poindexter—a meeting arranged at Deaver's suggestion by our South Korean ambassador, Richard Walker. Whatever its motives or substance, the meeting impressed Kim and his government: This contract alone was worth \$475,000 a year.

U.S. Department of Justice  
Washington, DC 20530

**INSTRUCTIONS:** A registrant must furnish as an Exhibit 1 oral agreement with his foreign principal, including all the statement of all the circumstances, by reason of which the filed in duplicate for each foreign principal named in the re

Name of Registrant  
Michael K. Deaver and Associates

Check

- ☒ 1 The agreement between the registrant and the foreign principal has been checked, attach two copies of the contract to this
- 2 ☐ There is no formal written contract between the foreign principal has resulted from an exchange of correspondence, including a copy of any initial p
- 3 ☐ The agreement or understanding between the registrant and the foreign principal has resulted from an exchange of correspondence between the registrant and conditions of the oral agreement or understand

4 Describe fully the nature and method of performance

The registrant has been performing and other services as set forth in the attached copy of the International Cultural Society of Korea to the U.S. Department of Justice for such representation to be provided by the International Cultural Society of Korea and the terms set forth in the attached co



## E, CASHING IN

s salesmen, by Eric Alterman

OMB No. 3105-0007  
Approval Expires Oct. 31, 1983

Statement  
Foreign Agents Registration Act of 1938, as amended

Agreement and the terms and conditions of each agreement; or, where no contract exists, a full description of the relationship between the registrant and the agent of a foreign principal. This form shall be signed by or on behalf of the registrant.

Name of Foreign Principal  
International Cultural Society of

Principal is a formal written contract. If this box is checked, attach two copies of all pertinent documents adopted by reference in such correspondence.

Principal is the result of neither a formal written contract nor an oral agreement. If this box is checked, give a complete description below of the terms of the relationship and the fees and the expenses, if any, to be received.

Oral agreement or understanding.

Provide advice, consultation, or other services in connection with the above-named contract to the principal through the International Cultural Society of South Korea. The fees and expenses of the International Cultural Society will be determined as follows:

FORM CRM-155  
AUG 82

The 1938 Foreign Agents Registration Act addressed a perceived rash of "subversive activities" and the "spread of pernicious propaganda" by Soviet and Nazi agents. The law was amended in 1966 to redirect its emphasis toward official lobbyists and foreign commercial agents (they number in the thousands) seeking to shape U.S. policy. Deaver represents something of a new variation: a home-team star who quietly sneaks visiting-team members into the huddle. Along with South Korea, Deaver acted on behalf—on behalf of the *interests*—of Singapore, Mexico, Saudi Arabia, and most notably Canada, whose worries about acid rain he allegedly impressed upon the White House—for \$105,000 a year.

Under the 1978 Ethics in Government Act, Deaver was enjoined from contacting officials in his office—the West Wing of the White House—for one year after leaving government. He was also obliged never to lobby on issues in which he participated "personally and substantially." Although Deaver appears to have blatantly violated the law and its provisions on many occasions, independent counsel Whitney North Seymour got a grand jury to indict him on only five counts of perjury—Deaver is being tried for lying about a "crime" he is not accused of carrying out. Not exactly an onerous charge after ten lawyers and four FBI agents labored on the investigation for ten months. Because the jury must be persuaded that Deaver did not merely lie but *intended to deceive*, a conviction may be hard to come by.

Deaver is no longer earning big fees in return for access. But perhaps that is not justice enough. The Ethics in Government Act remains slippery and largely untested. The revolving door between government and those seeking to do business with government whirs on, spun by former government officials seeking fortune. A bill introduced in the Senate would amend the ethics law to prohibit high-ranking federal officials from lobbying the government in any way for eighteen months after their resignation. Another bill under consideration in the House prohibits important government officials from representing any foreign government until they've been out of federal office four years.

Eric Alterman is a Washington writer and a fellow of the World Policy Institute.

# The way beyond Babel.

Imagine trying to build a railroad system if every locomotive manufacturer used a different track gauge. Every local stretch of railroad had its own code of signals. And in order to ride a train, you needed to know the gauges and the signals and the switching procedures and the route and the conductor's odd pronunciation of the station names.

The business of moving and managing information is in a similar state today. Machines can't always talk to each other. Proprietary systems and networks abound, with suppliers often jockeying to make theirs the de facto standard. The enormous potential of the Information Age is being dissipated by incompatibility.

The solution, as we see it, is common standards which would allow electronic systems in one or many locations to work together. People will be informed and in control, while the systems exchange

process, and act on information automatically.

AT&T is working with national, international, and industry-wide organizations to set up comprehensive, international standards to be shared by everyone who uses and provides information technology. We think it's time for everyone in our industry to commit to developing firm, far-reaching standards. The goal: to provide our customers with maximum flexibility and utility. Then, they can decide how and with whom to work.

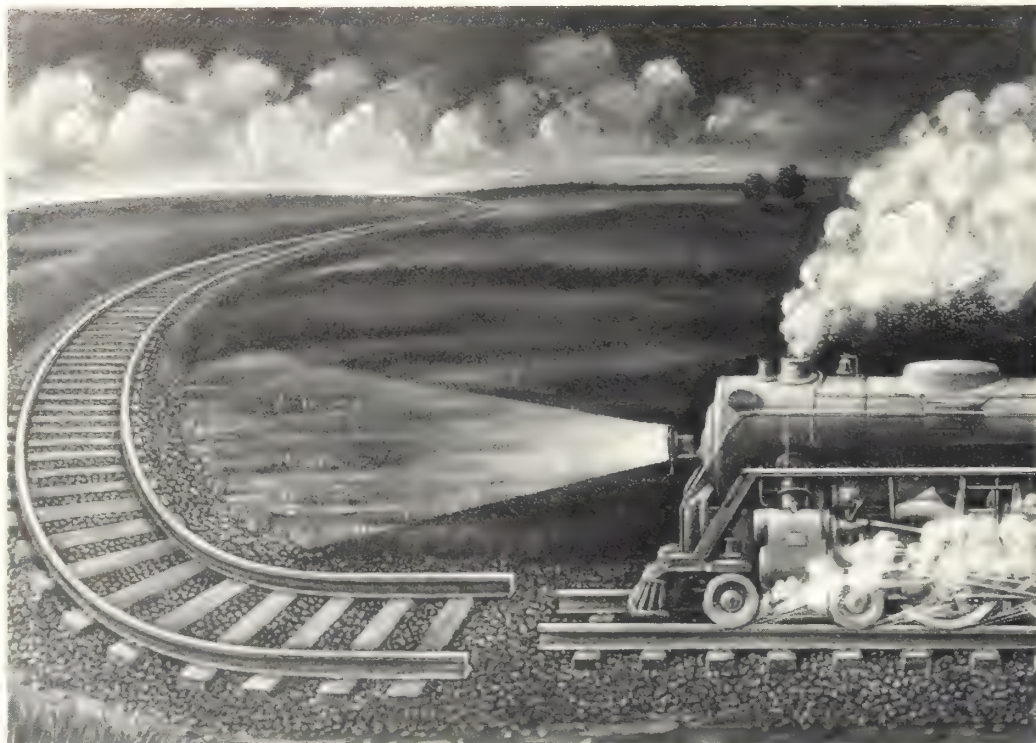
We foresee a time when the promise of the Information Age will be realized. People will participate in a worldwide Telecommunity through a vast, global network of networks, the merging of communications and computers. They'll be able to handle

information in any form—conversation, data, images, text—as easily as they make a phone call today.

The science is here now. The technology is coming along rapidly. But only with compatibility will the barriers to Telecommunity recede.

Telecommunity is our goal.  
Technology is our means.

We're committed to leading the way.





# LANDSCAPES OPEN AND CLOSED

A journey through southern Africa

By Barry Lopez

**I**t would be a hard trip. The plan was to drive west from Johannesburg across the foot of the Kalahari Desert, and then out onto the stone plains of the Namib, a desert where one might hear the voice of God as easily as in the Negev. From there back east and farther to the north, to Etosha Pan, a bare shield of blistering light, ringed by grasslands and bushveld, where, if fortune blessed us, we might find one or two black rhino. From there farther east into a nether region along the Angolan border called the Caprivi Strip, occupied by South African troops. From there south into Botswana, the spectacular game parks that harbor the Okavango Delta and the country south of the Chobe River, which teem with elephant and zebra, with giraffe and wildebeest, with impala, waterbuck, and half a dozen other antelope; and through which, like veins of silver in a granite boulder, move lion and leopard, wild dog, hyena, and cheetah, the killing business of life.

I lay alone in my room on the seventh floor of the Park Lane Hotel in the Hillbrow district of Johannesburg with *Roberts' Birds of Southern Africa* spine up on my chest and my eyes closed in a daydream. Would we see the firecrowned bishop, the lilacbreasted roller, the steelblue widowfinch? Would we be dazzled speechless by the unearthly blue shoulders of the malachite

kingfisher; see maribou storks, heads bowed in ministerial gravity before the hyena-cracked bones of a fallen kudu? Of the melodious lark's threescore songs, would we hear one? Would we see the saurian ostrich plunging across the desert like a beast from the Mesozoic, gunshot bursts of dust at its stride, the quiet hazel eyes searching the country ahead for a way out?

We would see all this. I would see birds I'd never heard of—apalises, eremomelas—and birds whose names I stumbled over—cisticola (sis-TIK-ohla), hoopoe (WHO-poo). Some of what lay ahead I could not at that moment have imagined. Six of us and a guide were to spend nearly four weeks on the road, 5,000 miles in a Land-Rover, all that country and its myriad denizens from elephant grass to puff adder before us. The journey would be exhilarating. I would feel come-to-life in the presence of wild animals, uplifted by the days with them in their own country. What would make the trip hard, I thought, opening my eyes and staring into the sheet of glare from the white stucco wall of the balcony, was the memory of Johannesburg.

I rose to shower. An American newspaper correspondent had offered to take me for a drive through the wealthy northern suburbs of the city and possibly into Alexandra, a black township adjacent to Johannesburg, if we could get past the military barricades. I had no illusion that, in the few days I had set aside for this, I would stumble on some insight into the South African rationale for apartheid; nor did I expect

*Barry Lopez is a contributing editor of Harper's Magazine. His most recent book is Arctic Dreams, for which he won the National Book Award.*

With but a  
simple grasp  
of the  
wretchedness  
of black life,  
one is  
astonished by  
the look of  
oblivion in  
white faces

to emerge from my interviews and experiences with a clear grasp of the trouble that seethes here, a fundamental racism, a terrible violence against human beings skimmed daily, like business news, in the local papers, both black and white. I merely wanted to see, to know briefly the strangeness of it, like a man at the gates of a zoo. I wanted never again to see a wild landscape without this knowledge at my core.

I walked miles in Johannesburg. It is a city of banal architecture and storefront businesses, wary and ham-fisted. Nadine Gordimer, who lives here, has called it "foreboding and fascinating." With even the slightest reading background—Joseph Lelyveld's *Move Your Shadow*, William Finnegan's *Crossing the Line*, Gordimer's short stories, the writings of Steve Biko and Breyten Breytenbach, J.M. Coetzee's *Waiting for the Barbarians* (a book that reverberates wildly here)—with but a simple grasp of the oppression, the wretchedness of black life in this oddly retrograde nation, one is astonished by the look of oblivion in white faces in the streets. Lelyveld, who lived in Johannesburg in the mid-sixties and early eighties, writes of the "wilful obtuseness" of the white populace, that so many appear "deliberately numb to obvious moral issues."

The correspondent I contacted took me first into the northern suburbs—Houghton, Parkwood, Sandton—and then to Alexandra. The patrician homes and the fastidiously manicured grounds of the northern suburbs remind Americans most often of southern California, of Bel Air or Westwood. Alexandra is a warren of garbage-bag yurts and ramshackle sheds, a squalid settlement in which even the rudest amenities—running water, electricity, bald-tire cars—are barely in evidence.

I took my correspondent friend to lunch. He volunteers, from a position that seems calm and detached rather than inured, that what amazes him most in South Africa is the resilience of blacks who are repeatedly jailed and tortured. When I ask, with some apprehension, how conscientious the Bureau of Information is in controlling what writers report, he says, of course, to have nothing to do with them and that their vigilance is not constant, leaving a certain gray area, in which he endeavors to work. It is this capriciousness in law enforcement, he says, that keeps everyone off balance here. Just so had the young soldiers at the entrance to Alexandra allowed us to pass without acknowledgment, no word of admonition or greeting. When I ask my companion if he thinks that at any time soon blacks will be able to vote, to travel freely in the country, he says, with a

slight note of forbearance, "This is not civil rights. This is revolution."

The following day, with another acquaintance, I drive out to a farming town called Delmas, some forty miles east of Johannesburg. Arguably one of the most important political trials in South Africa has been going on here for over a year, though a *Wall Street Journal* reporter found that local people were largely unaware of it. Nineteen middle-aged black men are on trial for murder, treason, and related charges—in short, the prosecution argues, for attempting the violent overthrow of the government of South Africa.

On the face of it, the state's charges seem grandly paranoid; in the view of the foreign correspondents I spoke with, the merits of the case are specious. The men on trial were present at a violent township protest triggered by the implementation of a new system of repressive taxation. A board of black town councilors, elected with virtually no popular support and allegedly controlled by Pretoria, imposed the taxes. Five of the councilors were killed in a riot widely believed to have been provoked and encouraged by the South African police.

The courtroom benches can accommodate about a hundred spectators. There are about eighty here, all black, mostly elderly. My acquaintance and I are the only whites. (Delmas was chosen as a venue partly because it would be easier to secure against demonstrations than a Johannesburg courtroom. It is also so far off in the countryside as to be inconvenient to reporters and beyond the travel means of most blacks. The Lutheran Council of Churches buses parents and relatives of the defendants here every day, a seven-hour round trip.)

I am hardly seated before I am fixed by the rigid and accusatory finger of a South African policeman, sitting before the bench. He rises from his chair and with a snap of his wrist motions for me to leave the room. In the outer hallway he says I am not permitted in the courtroom without a coat and tie. It is obvious to him that I am a visitor, come out from the city, and that I have no coat and tie. It is clear he regards my presence as a show of support for the defendants and he seems pleased that I am foiled. He departs with a summary nod and a self-satisfied smirk.

There are four or five people in the hallway, among them a black man sitting with his wife in front of another courtroom. I ask if he will be here for a while and he says yes. Can I possibly borrow his coat and tie for a few hours? Yes, certainly. The policemen on duty at the doors I have just come through gawk at each other in disbelief like callow adolescents. I nod sharply to them as I pass, to let them know all is now



in order. The officer who asked me to leave offers me a blank stare that hardly disguises his disgust.

To an outsider the proceedings seem arch and sinister. The entire process of adjudication is in the hands of whites; the defendants are all black. The presiding judge, his pale hands moving with foppish annoyance among his documents, glowers balefully, as though he senses insurrection. There is something unmistakably menacing here, but it is derived more from strains of patriotism in the room, the undercurrent of state paranoia, than from any threat of revolution. The defendants sit together quietly, seemingly at ease in the room, smiling occasionally. One of them is testifying in Sotho, through a translator. A ceiling fan turns weakly above the bench. The trial, I am told, is likely to go on another year.

**T**he day before we leave for the desert I go downtown to Khotso House, on De Villiers Street. Six or eight human-rights and resistance groups that help blacks deal with the problems of living in South Africa are housed here, including the South African Council of Churches, the Congress of South African Trade Unions, and the Detainees' Parents Support Committee. My conversations with these people merely confirm the plight, the wretched, dismal existence of the majority of men, women, and children in South Africa. I carry the bewildering reality of this away with me, wondering why I had to confirm it. It is because, like a thousand other visitors to South Africa, I cannot fathom the reality.

On the way back to the hotel, I pass through Joubert Park and stop to watch a chess game. The pieces are half the size of the players; the board, perhaps twenty feet square, is laid out on the pavement. Observers lounge on benches to three sides. The players are two or three moves into the game and one is contemplating his next move. In the distance I can see a tide of blacks streaming toward the railway station and surging around a phalanx of buses that will remove them like a blight from Johannesburg before dusk. Here a black man—one who apparently has permission to stay the night—mulls his strategy. He finally makes his move, king's bishop to king's bishop six. Immediately he loses the piece to king's knight on the other side. The opposing player, a straining irony, is white. I watch the black's next move. It is clear he is going to be soundly thrashed.

I sat in my hotel room that night, reading a long technical paper on black rhino, and remembered something that Joseph Lelyveld had written in *Move Your Shadow*. He stated that people opposed to apartheid in South Africa are

compromised by "the comforts and golden climate" of the country. The door to the balcony was open. I could see a thunderstorm moving across the horizon to the north, eastward toward the high veld. It is, I reflected, a sublime landscape. You could become lost in its beauty.

**I**t is late afternoon. The Angelus light of dusk shimmers on the hills of Kalahari Gemsbok National Park, between Namibia and Botswana. We are two days out of Johannesburg, sitting in the Land-Rover in the middle of a shallow, arid

*Like a thousand other visitors to South Africa, I cannot fathom the reality*



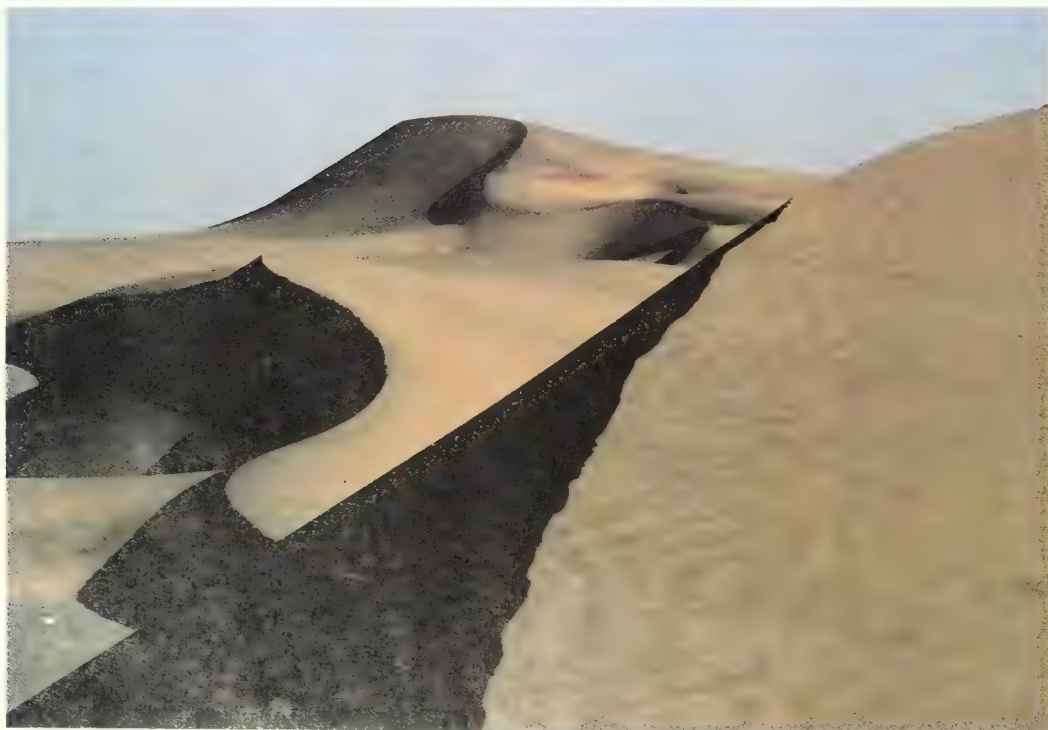
basin, watching springbok graze. They are alert but not alarmed. Under these circumstances I can begin to dismantle the image of springbok in my mind, to penetrate the surface of the name. Springbok, a diminutive antelope, stand about thirty inches at the shoulder. (The name comes from their habit of bolting in a series of prodigious five-foot vertical leaps when they are threatened.) The upper part of its body is a bright cinnamon brown, its underbelly and slender legs a nearly pure white, the two colors separated by a dark reddish-brown band along the flanks. The horns are lyre-shaped.

With binoculars and this opportunity to sit quietly with them, I begin to see that the shading is not uniform: the band on the flanks is browner in the females, redder in the males; and it seems to pale in older animals. The younger

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animals are distinguished by a greater angularity in the line of each horn. The horns of the females are more slender, less massive toward the base. I try to commit these details to memory. I put the binoculars aside and try to distinguish these nuances at a distance with my naked eye. The attempt to do so is an exercise, the desire to do so part of the wish to make a respectful entry into new country.

On the way back to camp we see small herds of blue wildebeest and an animal I feel inexplicably drawn to, a type of oryx called a gemsbok, a large fawn-colored desert antelope. Something I had not pictured to myself, and which would emerge clearly in the days ahead, is the exquisitely complex symmetry of an antelope's head. Look into the face of springbok, male impala, tsessebe, red hartebeest, kudu, roan, and sable antelope and you see an often subtle chiar-



oscuro, a pattern of shade and light that carries upward into the graceful curvature of the horns. Do young mathematicians, I muse, still find their dissertations in the development of such symmetries?

Several days later we are in the Namib Desert, in western Namibia. I have known about this desert since childhood, but there is no way to adequately prepare for such a place. The aplomb that may come with a reading knowledge of it, from a book of photographs, or a documentary film, the feeling that one has a reasonable grasp, is simply undermined. The land is too immense, too intricate always, too resistant to the imposition of boundaries to be

glossed, a characteristic so salient in some landscapes as to be both amusing and intimidating.

The sense that the Namib was suddenly before us came at the western edge of a dry, scrubland plateau called the Namaland. We rose out of a bleak basin, drowsy with the afternoon heat, to find mountain ranges anchored like a convoy of warships on an improbable stone plain. The proportions of the land changed so abruptly the gray mountains seemed not only twice as high but twice as far away as was plausible. The earth gleamed with metallic light, bare-boned, utterly silent. In a gap between two ranges I saw a horizon so far off I felt giddy.

We drove across the black stone desert, a landscape like foundry slag sheathed in bronze light. No color, no blade of grass softened it. And then at the foot of a stone hill we found gemsbok. Eight of them, including one but a

few months old. They riveted us with stares. Where were they bound? And from where on this iron plain had they come? Their robust health seemed incongruous, the wordless stance eloquent.

We camped that evening beneath a large camel thorn tree at a place called Sesriem ("six oxen"), where there was water. The next morning we were up long before sunrise. Our plan was to drive to a place called Sossusvlei, far out in the Namib, a *vlei*, or oasis, where grasses and trees grow in a valley beneath dunes that tower more than a thousand feet, the highest sand dunes

in the world. Occasionally huge flocks of flamingos gather here.

We break an axle in the Land-Rover on the way out, so have some hours to walk. Where the stone plains give way to the dunes I find the footprints of gemsbok and at one point a few dark hairs from a gemsbok's tail. I lift the shells of lizard eggs from the sand. They are so delicate they shatter, no matter the gentleness of my hands.

One hundred miles northeast of Swakopmund, a town on the Namibian coast where we have the axle repaired, lies an isolated range of mountains called the Brandberg. In the Tsisab



Valley here in 1918 a German surveyor named Reinhard Maack found a mural that had been painted, it is generally assumed, several hundred years before by Bushmen. The most famous feature of this rock drawing is the dominating figure of a person called the White Lady. She has a white torso and white legs and is carrying a bow and arrow in her left hand. The mural is painted on a half hemisphere of granite, and the woman, in the middle at the bottom, is surrounded by zebra, a few eland, antelope with human legs behind, and two sorts of people, the diminutive Bushmen and taller Himba people with long, mud-caked hair and clay-smearred bodies.

There are many stories about the mural, its meaning and origin, but I am satisfied to feel its vitality and imagination, to let it provoke rather than verify anything I think. It occurs to me, sitting before it, that I know virtually nothing of the human history of the landscapes we had been traveling through, save, vaguely, that Bushmen (or San people, as they are more respectfully called now) were once here and that the historical tribes include Damara, Ovambo, and Hereo people. This strikes me as odd, my lack of knowledge, until I reflect that much of the country we have been moving through still belongs to the animals.

My companions hike the mile or so back to camp on the south side of the dry Tsisab riverbed. I have discovered leopard tracks at a small water hole and follow them with difficulty across to the north side. I finally lose the spoor but not the feeling of a faint electric current in the air, perhaps days old, that tells of the leopard's passage. On the way back to camp I find the exoskeleton of an enormous ground beetle, nearly three inches long, and the footprints of a small antelope called a klipspringer and of large rodents called rock dassies. Hyena and red rock-rabbit scats. I am delighted with these scraps of intelligence, an occasional bird song, the development of a sense of intimacy here. At one point I find thousands of stone flakes exposed



on an eroded hillside. I examine a dozen or so carefully, looking for telltale marks, until I am satisfied this is the work of human beings. Unbelievably, I have stumbled into what archaeologists call a lithic site, a place where people once made stone tools and weapons.

I course the dry riverbed on the way back to camp, studying it closely. I bend down for the bone of a creature I can't identify—a small mammal. I squat there in the last light, feeling a pervasive satisfaction. This detritus is evidence of the passage of creatures—a hyena's chalky scat, knapped stone, the faint spoor of the leopard.

In the mural, the zebra, the Himba, and the others are striding over the land, in the timeless time.

It is at Etosha Pan that I finally comprehend why the Romans were so flabbergasted by African animals; we have our first long look at giraffe and elephant, and the black rhino. To eyes that know only the animals of the northern hemisphere these creatures seem, indeed, outlandish, behemoths with articulating noses, cartoon necks, the last with a face like a triceratops. And the zebra looks as though someone had given Przewalski's horse to a child to decorate. These thoughts, I know, are rude; but human history is full of such ridicule for all that seems different beyond the refuge of the familiar. It is a frame of mind, I think, that dominates when what is different ceases to be astonishing and becomes banal, or opaque.

On the far-stretched savannahs at Etosha one or two animals found grazing in the distance become, as you draw closer, a dozen animals; the dozen become hundreds, and so on, until you realize you have drawn up on the shores of a sea of them, that there is no "other side." You are on the verge of something different from the human; and the twentieth-century mind knows that what is here is all that is left. It is these animals, here, that must be queried if we are to fathom the divisions of life: springhare, kori bustard, duiker, bat-eared fox, wildebeest, cheetah.

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A lioness rests under a small acacia tree with the gutted and half-eaten carcass of a springbok. Her belly is round with the meal and, head erect, she is dozing on haunches and chest, her right front paw cupped before her sedately. We are but twenty feet away in the Land-Rover; with my binoculars it is as if I were standing beside her. Her yellow eyes have the mottled texture of gooseberries. A fly rises from her paw, lands on the muzzle of the springbok. A red-billed francolin feather rests against the left foreleg of the springbok. A zebra white butterfly flutters past. Within a half mile, herds of zebra, springbok, and wildebeest graze. I have been looking at the lioness for about fifteen minutes before it dawns on me that the closest animal to her, about two hundred yards away, is another springbok, which has been facing her, staring at her all this time, motionless. We drive on.

**I**t had taken some considerable bureaucratic wrangling with the Namibian police to get permission to travel farther to the east, to enter and pass through a militarized zone along the Angolan border. (Namibia is illegally controlled and administered by the Republic of South Africa. South African troops skirmish regularly with members of an independence movement, the South-West Africa People's Organization, and regularly invade Marxist Angola on the pretext of attacking alleged SWAPO training bases there.)

We wish to travel east along the Okavango River, which forms the border with Angola, then, where it turns south, we want to carry on through a virtually uninhabited area called the Caprivi Strip until we reach the Kwando River, at which point we will be south of Zambia and no longer of concern to the authorities. From there we can enter Botswana and the game parks east of the Okavango Delta, which are our destination.

We do finally obtain the necessary papers and clear the roadblocks and checkpoints along the way with little difficulty. It is a somewhat sur-



real part of the journey. The native settlements we pass do not seem so much impoverished but rather human enterprises at the periphery of a terrific storm. More than a few people I see have eye infections or show signs of kwashiorkor, a protein deficiency. The feeling that emanates from those who turn to stare at us is of an enfeebled and besieged people, bewildered by the military vehicles that roar up and down the road, and by people like ourselves, travelers drifting through these corridors like Cleopatra on the Nile. The children laugh and clap and spin wildly in the dust. The adolescents stare with sheepish grins. The older people look on

with blank faces or glance up with exasperation and disapproval from whatever business they have at hand. Some do not even look up as we lumber through.

You can feel the calculation, the strategies for survival being weighed. The breadth of my ignorance, which leaves only these feelings to imagine and decipher, makes me shiver. It is from settlements like these that black men depart with dreams of wealth, to work in the gold mines of South Africa. I feel as if I am looking backward from another century, but I know it is like this almost everywhere in the world, a sad, heroic, and strange indenture.

**T**he days in Botswana's Chobe National Park are the most idyllic of the journey. We camp for three nights at the edge of Savuti Channel, a stream bed that in wet years carries water from the Linyanti swamps in the north southward into Savuti Marsh. Water has not flowed in the channel for six years. It is thick with grasses, through which hyena approach our camp each night. The first evening they make off with several shoes before we are the wiser. They are not amusing, like the easily frightened vervet monkeys who have visited our camps. They are not belligerent and scoffing like baboons. They are eerie—formidable, curious, big-shouldered beasts waiting in silence at the edge of the fire's light. When we retire to our tents they enter



camp. They are looking for food, but the young ones may snatch anything; people who've gone to sleep negligent, with their tent flaps open, have been badly bitten in the foot or head. The sound of hyena laughter in the darkness is terrorizing. They are one of the few animals in all the domains humans have occupied to have struck back, lightly, like this.

Out on Savuti Marsh are shoals of animals: impala, blue wildebeest, Burchell's zebra, elephant, giraffe, cape hunting dog, lion, water buffalo. Early each morning and each evening we drive out among them. To view them from the roof of the Land-Rover, to have that completely unimpeded vision, and to drift slowly across the roadless marsh and through the fringing woodlands from clearing to clearing, water hole to water hole, to do this during the most benign and lucent hours of the day, is to feel an intense sense of pleasure, of appreciation and privilege.

Roberts' *Birds of Southern Africa* lists nearly 900 species. In the first two weeks of the trip I have seen seventy or eighty of them, all new to me. Here on the marsh were great flocks of Abdim's stork and cattle egrets, and five kinds of eagles: tawny, martial, bateleur, brown snake, African hawk. At an impala carcass I watched that many species of vulture at work: whitebacked, hooded, whiteheaded, cape, and several huge (eight-foot wingspans) lappetfaced vultures. These marvelous variations on the straightforward theme of large raptor and vulture were unanticipated.

The most startling moments at Savuti Channel for me were those in which I glimpsed lions. I had never really understood lions. They were not an animal I was drawn to or for which I felt any special admiration. This all changed one morning in the space of less than ten minutes. We encountered two males in open country north of the marsh just after sunrise. They had the bearing of animals early at a rendezvous. They walked short distances slowly and sat, or

stood staring at the horizon. Their manes were full; they were limber, lean-muscled, fully mature animals. At one point the one with a darker mane stood up and walked deliberately toward a herd of impala. In that stillness we heard the impala snort, the evacuation of their bowels. He had their undivided attention.

But he was not interested in impala. The air of both cats was insouciant, becalmed. It was so quiet we could hear one of them breathing. With my binoculars I stared at the scars on their faces and forelegs, at the pattern of color along the rim of the ear, at the sheave and cord of muscle in haunch and shoulder. I began to sketch their heads in my notebook, the bold thrust of the chin, the outsize muzzle.

In the days that followed we met these same two lions again and, in separate groups, the others in this Beach Boys pride (named for white

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beaches along Savuti Channel): another mature male, as imposing as these two; six females, one nursing a month-old cub; and two sets of cubs, three of them about sixteen months old and three about eight months old. We saw a pair of adults mate; we watched the cubs wrestle, chase, ambush, and bash one another. By meeting them under different circumstances at differ-



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ent times over four days, we came to some appreciation of the complex social dimensions of their lives. Staying in one place for a while permitted this. Each morning or evening when we found them, or some trace of them, I understood more clearly the way they fit into this country, into this particular landscape. I felt the first glimmer of an understanding of the African bush.

**W**e moved from Savuti south to an area called Moremi Wildlife Reserve, on the eastern edge of the vast Okavango Delta, an unusual, inland delta that carries the Okavango River out onto the northern edge of the Kalahari Desert, where it disappears.

We set up our camp on the south bank of the Kwaai River. It is dusk and sprinkling rain lightly when we arrive. After making some tea I sit down in the makeshift shelter of a tarp and finish the day's notes. A stunningly beautiful woodland kingfisher perches on a limb of the huge sycamore fig tree at the foot of which we have set up our kitchen. Bats begin to flit about. Vervet monkeys arrive and sit shyly at the periphery of our activities. Burchell's starlings and crested barbets and a single redbilled woodhoopoe cleared from the trees as we arrived; now I hear the voices of two owls, scops and pearlspotted, both quite small.

In a notebook in my lap, in the last light, I can see a set of outlines I have drawn that day to suggest the same four-square pattern in the face of hippo, elephant, and warthog. The last thing I see clearly is a small bird on the railing of the single-lane, wooden bridge over the river, hawking the air for insects. Then, suddenly, fireflies are winking, tens of thousands of them, over the reeds.

From a native settlement on the other side of the river come the sounds of children fretting dogs, the timbre of human voices but no clear word, the sharp, desultory tympanies of human life. (In the morning I will move about in the dimness making breakfast, stoking the fire, thinking again these are the voices I hear. Ian, the young guide, will smile wryly and incline his head, indicating I should listen more closely. It is, in fact, the muttering of large birds called ground hornbills, scouring the grass for insects.)

We are a long ways out. It has taken seven hours to make the eighty or so miles here, in four-wheel drive over a one-lane, two-track road. Another week lies ahead of us, in the Okavango Delta itself and in the Kalahari before we return to Johannesburg. Sitting here in the darkness—the bellowing of hippos, now, comes downriver—and feeling the slight weight of my notebooks in my lap, I am acutely aware

of the sense we wish to derive from the meager bits of information about life that are our lot.

I recall a line from a poem I read before leaving for Africa; "We are filled with affection for things dying." I reflect that the wild animals are really only safe anymore within these refuges, Moremi and Chobe and Etosha. Even there the pressure of poachers can be murderous—and has been for rhino and large elephant. We are to assume, I suppose, that all things will go better if the animals remain here, do not wander. I am saddened by this endless compression of life in the modern world, the steady elimination of possibilities, the sequestering of things for their own good, to protect them from the wrath and desire of others, to hold them away from exploitation, to protect the economies they might threaten.

The owls no longer call. The fireflies continue to wink. I hear a splash and a brief thrashing and turn after a moment to see Ian shift his eyes, extend his chin in the firelight toward me, to acknowledge the mystery. Perhaps a Pel's fishing owl, throttling a young crocodile.

In papers I left in a suitcase back in Johannesburg is an interview with a young South African writer named Njabulo Ndebele. In the words of one reviewer, Ndebele explores in his fiction "the destructive nature of the obsession with injustice," and he himself speaks of the need for a literature "that will outlast the anger."

At this remove from Johannesburg I have the memory of my own sadness and anger, walking the streets of that town; but I am suffused at this moment with the tension and sound of crepuscular life along the edge of the Kwaai River in northern Botswana. I think I know, I am that arrogant to think I know, what Ndebele means by outlasting anger. It is an anger I feel toward anything that stifles other life, that stifles personality.

I rise from the roots of the sycamore fig and stare out over the water. Once, only a few days ago, I saw a flock of birds rise into low angles of morning light from beneath the hooves of a herd of zebra. They were carmine bee-eaters, rose-colored birds with deep blue crowns and muted green rumps. For a split second the sun froze them in a metallic flash against the striped and heavily muscled flanks of the zebra. This image alone, I thought, if you could remember it in its fullness, would carry you beyond anger. With that, or the image of gemsbok, lithe, resplendent in their stone deserts, you could return to Delmas. I had no idea how those men on trial, as composed, as eminent, as dignified in that other stone desert, would survive; but I understood how they could. Without even asking, it is what you are given out here. These gifts, the healing. ■



# THE DYING YEAR

*By Margaret Drabble*

New Year's Eve, and the end of a decade. A portentous moment, for those who pay attention to portents. Guests were invited for nine. Some are already on their way, traveling toward Harley Street from outlying districts, from Oxford and Tonbridge and Wantage, worried already about the drive home. Others are dining, on the cautious assumption that a nine o'clock party might not provide adequate food. Some are uncertainly eating a sandwich or a slice of toast. In front of mirrors women try on dresses, men select ties. As it is a night of many parties, the more social, the more gregarious, the more invited of the guests are wondering whether to go to Harley Street first, or whether to arrive there later, after sampling other offerings. A few are wondering whether to go at all, whether the festive season has not after all been too tiring, whether a night in slippers in front of the television with a bowl of soup might not be a wiser choice than the doubtful prospect of a crowded room. Most of them will go: the communal celebration draws them, they need to gather together to bid farewell to the 1970s, they need to reinforce

their own expectations by witnessing those of others, by observing who is in, who is out, who is up, who is down. They need one another. Liz and Charles Headleand have invited them, and obediently, expectantly, they will go, dragging along their tired flat feet, their aching heads, their overfed bellies and complaining livers, their exhausted opinions, their weary small talk, their professional and personal deformities, their doubts and enmities, their blurring vision and thickening ankles, in the hope of a miracle, in the hope of a midnight transformation, in the hope of a new self, a new life, a new, redeemed decade.

Liz Headleand sits at her dressing table in her dressing room. Her gold watch and her digital clock agree that it is nineteen minutes past eight. At half past eight she will go downstairs to see what is happening in the kitchen, to see if Charles is in his place, to see if any of her children or stepchildren have yet descended, to prepare to receive her guests. Meanwhile, she has eleven minutes in hand. She knows that she ought to ring her mother, that there is still a faint possibility that she might ring her mother, but that possibility is already fading, and as the admonitory red glare of the clock clicks silently to 20.20 it gasps and dies within her. She will

*Margaret Drabble's new novel, The Radiant Way, will be published by Alfred A. Knopf in the fall.*

not ring her mother. She has not time.

Instead, she sits there and for a moment contemplates the prospect of her party, the gathering of her guests. She knows them, their reluctance, their need, their larger hopes. She can hear their conversations, in cars, in bedrooms, in restaurants, at other parties, as time draws them nearer to her, to one another, to her house. She eats a pistachio nut, and fastens her locket. New Year's Eve. A significant night, at least in journalistic terms, and there would be journalists here this evening, no doubt comparing their analyses of the bygone seventies, their predictions for the 1980s. And for her, too, significant in other, superstitious ways. Since childhood, since her early school days, New Year's Eve had possessed for her a mournful terror: she had elected it to represent the Nothingness which was her own life, the solid, cheerful festival which had seemed to be the lives of others. New Year's Eve in those early years had possessed a dull religious sheen, a pewter glimmer, which by much effort and polishing and dedication of the will could bring her a little light, a little hope, a little perseverance: but she had longed for the flames and the candles, the cut glass and the singing. Disproportionately she had longed, in the interminable wastes of adolescence, in the gray and monotonous steppes, and some of the longing had attached itself to this night, this one night of the year, when others (she knew from schoolfriends, from the radio, from novels), when others went to parties and celebrated whatever was about to be. She had longed to be invited to a party, a longing which presented itself to her as a weakness and a wickedness, as well as an impossibility. She had comforted herself with her own severity. Finally, after long years, she had become a partygoer. How those oblong cards with her own name upon them had delighted her! Crazily, disproportionately. And now she was a party giver as well as a partygoer.

Her dressing table glitters and shimmers, it is festive like the night. It is white and gold, quietly ornate. Beneath the protective glass lies, imprisoned, flattened, a circle of Venetian lace, elaborate, fine, rose embossed, cream colored, expensive, handworked, beautiful, useless: a gift, though not of this year's giving. On the table lie a silver-backed hand mirror, a silver-backed brush, an ivory paper knife with a silver handle. Over a little carved corner of the large oval mirror into which she absently stares, not seeing herself, hang necklaces: amber, pearl, paste. She rarely wears them: she wears her little locket, superstitiously. The blond shells of the pistachio nuts, with their seductive little green gleaming cracks, repose in a small Sheffield-plate dish on a stem, an oval dish which echoes,

satisfactorily, elegantly, the shape of the nuts: the surface of its lining is tinily scratched, pitted and polished, golden, antique, dull but shining. Behind the dish stands this year's Christmas gift from her eldest stepson Jonathan: a tiny, cut-glass snowdrop vase which holds a posy of cold hothouse snowdrops, white and green, delicately streaked, fragile, hopeful, a promise of futurity. Liz Headleand is known to like cut glass, so people give it to her, on occasions, pleased to have their gift problem thus simply solved.

Liz Headleand stares into the mirror, as though entranced. She does not see herself or the objects on her dressing table. The clock abruptly jerks to 20.21.

She and Charles have never given a party on New Year's Eve before. They have given many parties in their time, but on New Year's Eve they have always gone out to the gatherings of others—sometimes to several gatherings in the course of the evening, and some years separately, not always meeting even for the magic chimes. A modern marriage, and some of its twenty-one years had been more modern than others. Maybe, Liz reflects (for this is what she contemplates, through the oval mirror), maybe this is why they decided to have such a party, this year, at the end of this decade: as a sign that they had weathered so much, and were now entering a new phase? A phase of tranquillity and knowledge, of acceptance and harmony, when jealousies and rivalries would drop away from them like dead leaves? Well, why not? After twenty-one years, one is allowed a celebration. Charles is fifty, she herself is forty-five. There is a symmetry about this, about their relationship with the clock of the century, that calls for celebration. And therefore grumbling couples complain in cars on their way to Harley Street from the Home Counties and beg one another not to let them drink too much: therefore stepchildren muster and stepparents-in-law assemble: therefore Liz Headleand's mother sits alone, ever alone, untelephoned, distant, uncomprehending, uncomprehended, remote, mad, long mad, imprisoned, secret, silent, silenced, listening to the silence of her house.

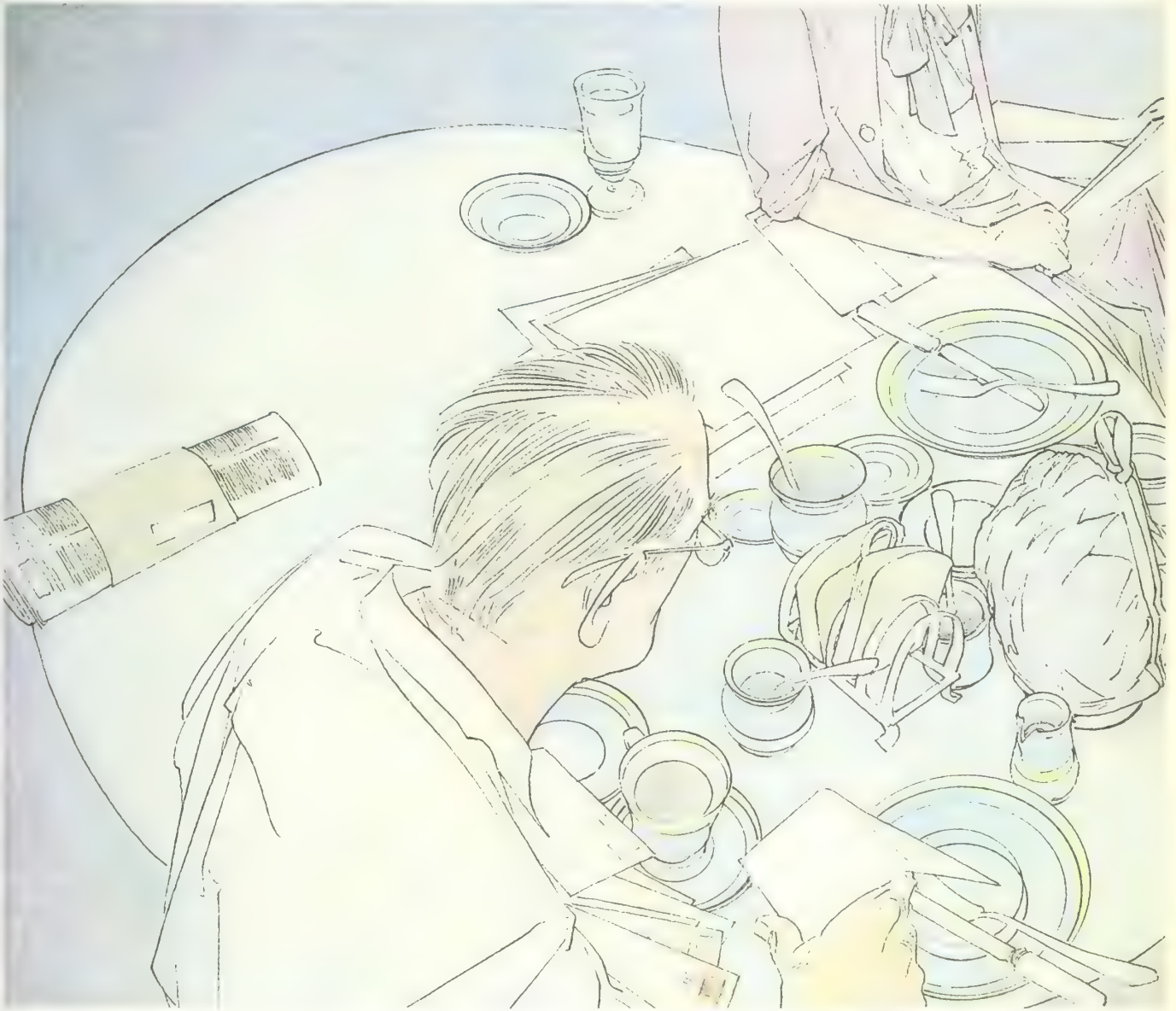
Charles and Liz naturally did not construct the notion of a New Year's Eve party in this spirit, as a portent, as a symbol, as a landmark in the journey of their lives. As far as Liz can remember the idea came upon them rather more casually, one Saturday morning in early November over breakfast. Charles and Liz rarely breakfast together, they are both far too busy: Liz often sees patients at eight in the morning and Charles's working hours are wildly irregular. But at weekends, they attempt to rendezvous over the Oxford marmalade, and on this occa-



sion had succeeded. Charles, eating his toast, opening his mail, had suddenly exclaimed with a parody of fury, "Christ, it's the Venables again!" "What have they done to you now?" she had mildly inquired, looking up from a photocopy of an article on "The Compulsion to Public Prayer: A Study of Religious Neurosis in a Post-Christian Society," which she had just received in her own post, and Charles had said,

Liz smiled. She enjoyed Charles's little displays of anger, especially when she was in sympathy with them—as, on matters such as the Venables, she usually was. A good judge of character, Charles, she would sometimes with surprise reflect.

"I think we should retaliate," she said, a few minutes later, after skimming through the public-prayer paper and the letters page of the



"Asked us to a New Year's Eve party."

"What, now, in November?"

He pushed the invitation over to her: she regarded it with mock distaste.

"It's got pictures of little cocktail glasses and tinsel spots on," she observed.

"I could see that for myself," said Charles.

"I refuse to invite them to dinner," she said.

"Of course we don't have to invite them to dinner. Ludicrous couple. Ludicrous."

Times. "I think we should have a New Year's Eve party of our own. That would serve them right."

"It certainly would," Charles agreed. "Yes, it certainly would." And they smiled at each other, collusively, captivated by this broad new concept of social vengeance, and began to plan their guest list: they owed hospitality to half London, they agreed, it was time for a party, it would kill many birds with one big stone. A vi-

sion of dead, flattened, feathered guests rose in both their minds, as they plotted and planned.

That was how it had been, perhaps that was where it had started, thought Liz, as she stared into past and future before jerking herself back into the present, which now stood at 20.22. The red clock from the bedroom reflected in the dressing-room mirror, at an interesting, an unlikely angle. Her eyes focused upon her own image. She looked all right, she concluded, without much interest. She bared her teeth at herself, pointlessly. Her teeth were quite large, but there was not much she could do about that now. Her interest in cosmetics was minimal, but she decided that it was after all a festive occasion, and she began at this late moment to apply a little mascara. Her mascara container was rarely called upon, and appeared to have dried up. She licked the curved brush, and tried again. A big black dry grainy nodule stuck itself unobliquely to her lashes. Impatiently she reached for a tissue and wiped it off. It left a small black smear. She licked the tissue and removed the black smear, restoring herself to her former state, which had been, and still was, in her own view, quite satisfactory.

20.23. In a few minutes she would go down. She could have borrowed some mascara from her daughter Sally, but it was too late. She should have rung her mother in Northam, but it was too late. Seven minutes of solitude she had, and then she would descend. As she sat there, she experienced a sense of what seemed to be preternatural power. She had summoned these people up, these ghosts would materialize, even now they were converging upon her in their finery at her bidding, each of them willing to surrender a separate self for an evening, to eat, to drink, to talk, to exchange embraces, to wait for the witching hour. Soon their possible presences would become real presences, and here, under this roof, at her command, patterns would form and dissolve and form again, dramas would be enacted, hard and soft words exchanged, friendships formed, acquaintances renewed. The dance would be to her tune. A pity, in a way, that the dancing would be merely metaphorical: this was a house large enough to accommodate dancing, but their friends were not of the dancing classes, would gaze in astonishment, alarm, sophisticated horror, intellectual condemnation, at dancing in a private house . . . another year, perhaps, for the dancing. This year, the dying year, the social dance would suffice.

It would be a large assembly: some two hundred had accepted, and more would come. She had encouraged her stepchildren and her daughter Sally to invite their friends: they would add color, diversion, eccentricity, noise. She liked

the mixing of ages, she even liked a little friction, and friction there would be: Ivan Warner alone was usually enough to raise the temperature of any social gathering to conflagration point, and Ivan in conjunction with Charles's Fleet Street friends and television moguls, with a few publishers and poets and novelists, with an actress or two, with a clutch of psychologists and psychotherapists and art historians and civil servants and lawyers and extremely quarrelsome politicians, would surely manage to set the place on fire. Surely this night the unexpected would happen, surely she had summoned up the unexpected. She had, of late, felt herself uncannily able to predict the next word, the next move, in any dialogue: she could hear and take in three conversations at once: she could see remotely, as through a two-way mirror, the private lives of her patients, sometimes of her friends: she had felt reality to be revealed to her at times in flashes beyond even the possibility of rational calculation: had felt in danger (why danger?) of too much knowledge, of a kind of powerlessness and sadness that is born of knowledge. For these reasons, perhaps, was it that she had decided to multiply the possibilities so recklessly, to construct a situation beyond her own grasping? A situation of which not even she could guess the outcome? Had she wished to test her powers, or, a little, to lose control and stand aside? To be defeated, honorably, by the multiplicity of the unpredictable, instead of living with the power of her knowingness? With the limits of the known?

She had thought, back in November, that the party was merely a celebration, a celebration of having survived, so long, with Charles: twenty-one years, unique in the circle of their acquaintance. Battle and bloodshed and betrayal lay behind them, and now they met peacefully in this large house, and slept peacefully in their separate rooms, and met at weekends over the marmalade, and would continue to do so until Charles's new appointment took him, in a couple of months, to New York. He would return to visit her, she would fly out to visit him, they would speak on the telephone, they would not miss each other. This was understood. Nobody expected Liz to uproot herself, like a woman, like a wife, and follow her husband to America: she was expected to stay where she was, pursuing her own career and pursuing her own inner life, whatever that might be. A modern marriage. Charles and Liz Headleand. Liz knew how they were regarded: as a powerful couple who, by breaking the rules, had become representative. They represented a solidity, a security, a stamp of survival on the unquiet experiments of two decades, a proof that two disparate spirits can wrestle and diverge and



minge and separate and remain distinct, without a loss of brightness, without a loss of self, without emasculation, submission, obligation. And the image, the public image, is not wholly false, although naturally its firm, talismanic outlines conceal a great deal of past pain and confusion, of dirty bargaining, of occasional childishnesses, of outright disagreements: and the present is not wholly peaceful. If it were, it would be dead, Liz tells herself. Conflict is invigorating, it renews energy. So she tells herself. She disapproves of a great deal of Charles's life, these days; she thinks his ambitions misplaced, his goals suspect, his methods dangerous, his new political alignments deplorable; but she is loyal to Charles, to Charles himself, to the man that these manifestations in her view misrepresent. She believes in Charles, in her own fashion, and believes that he believes in her. Their past, with all its secrets, is solid behind them, and cannot be disowned. Their union has a high, embattled, ideological glamour; their dissent is a bond. Her loyalty, she believes, is worth a great deal to Charles: it gives him plausibility.

Or is this line of thought simply a rationalization of the truth, which is that these days she and Charles disagree about almost everything?

A celebration, a farewell party. Charles will be away for at least a year. She is glad he is going, she thinks. The strain of living up to the lofty concept of marriage that they have invented is tiring, at times, and she is a busy woman. A year off will not come amiss. It will give her peace, privacy.

She eats another nut, and needlessly, absently, combs her hair. She finds it hard to think clearly about Charles. The time span of the thinking is too long, it makes the present moment arbitrary, a point on a graph that is in itself meaningless. She looks down at her shopping-and-memo list, to find a nearer focus. *Perrier water, it says. Poinsettia. Prunes. Remind Deirdre about tabasco. Japanese seminar, Metropole Hotel. Ask Ivan about R.P. R.P.? Who or what was R.P.?* She must have known last night, while constructing this list. Maybe it will come back to her, when she sees Ivan. She suspects that Charles suspects that she had once had an affair with Ivan, but of course she had not, though she concedes that Ivan is so unpleasant that only a degree of past sexual intimacy could plausibly explain the kind of relationship that he and Liz have over the years established. Charles had not wished to invite Ivan to the party. Wherever that man goes, there is trouble, he said. But that is the *point* of him, Liz had replied. Liz prided herself on her tolerance of Ivan's appalling behavior. Anyway, she said, we'll have to ask him, or he'll be even

ruder about us in his next article. I don't give a damn about Ivan's ridiculous rag, said Charles, but of course he did, he cared much more than she did, and with reason, for Ivan usually managed to deliver her some backhanded compliment, whereas Charles always got it in the neck: "HEADLEAND CRASHES HEADLONG" had been the headline of Ivan's latest piece of gossip, which had consisted of a dangerous account of Charles's behavior at a meeting of a board of directors, laced with unfounded but inventive innuendo about a country house which he and Liz were said to be purchasing as a tax dodge. There had also been offensive remarks about Charles's aging, toothless bite. Charles had been particularly annoyed about the toothlessness, she could tell, although he tried to conceal it: he had in fact been without his two front teeth that week, while having their thirty-year-old caps replaced, caps that marked a heroic accident long ago in a swimming pool in Sevenoaks. He had proved remarkably (to her, touchingly) sensitive about their temporary absence. Losing two front teeth, even two false front teeth, at the age of fifty, even if only for a week, had distressed him: he had sat opposite her at the breakfast table with a napkin over his mouth, and she knew that it had taken some courage to go to the board meeting at all. No, Charles certainly did object to Ivan's insults, and Ivan's divination of Charles's weak spots was uncannily accurate.

She, for her part, was of the opinion that she did not object to Ivan's insults at all. She saw them as emanations of his own tormented, neurotic, anally fixated personality, and nothing to do with herself. She was convinced that he was in reality quite fond of them both. Particularly of herself. He was grateful to her for her power of forgiveness, she suspected, for the absolution she continued to extend. Such an ugly, red-faced, no, worse, *blue*-faced little man. Small, squashed, snub, stout. She had known him for many years. One would have thought that the principle of people living in glass houses not throwing stones would have warned Ivan off a career as a journalist, gossip, and so-called satirist, but it did not seem to occur to him that he was asking for trouble of a kind that she knew would cause him the most intimate anguish: but in fact, so appalling were Ivan's features and physique that comment on them was rare, even his worst enemies (and he had hundreds) not considering them fair game. Comment on his dreadful behavior, by contrast, flourished. Maybe, she idly wondered, as she drew a daisy by the words "Metropole Hotel," maybe he chooses to be so offensive verbally in order to divert attention from his appearance? An interesting conjecture. Though Ivan claimed success with women, despite or because of his natural handi-

caps, and Liz herself, though she had not slept with him, had on one occasion in the early years of her marriage to Charles found herself, to her own surprise, sitting on a table in a flat in Belsize Park Gardens with Ivan's hand inside her bra. She could remember the incident quite clearly, although the circumstances surrounding it had vanished into oblivion, beyond recall of any form of analysis: it had been early afternoon, so clearly not a party incident—maybe they had had lunch together?—and she had been anxious about picking up children from school. She kept telling Ivan that she had to leave, and he kept telling her that he was a great lover although his prick was only six inches long. Or something to that effect. And all the time his hand had been inside her bra. She could remember the bra, it had been rather a good black lace wired Kayser Bondor, of a line that appeared to have been discontinued, as she'd never been able to find another. But why had they been sitting on a table? And in whose flat? These were mysteries now known only to God.

She had not slept with Ivan, nor ever would, but was deriving a secret satisfaction from the knowledge that present at her party that night would be all the men with whom she had ever slept: or all save one, and he had been from another country, and she had not known his name. There were not so many of them: five, not counting the Dutchman, and one of those was Charles, and another her first husband Edgar Lintot, to whom she had remained married for less than a year. Of the other three, one had been revenge, one an escapade, and one half serious, but all had now merged into a sentimental distance, an affectionate presence. She had set much store by retaining or restoring her relations with these men, and thought she knew why; after the sickening shock of the rapid deterioration of her first, childish marriage, she had been so afraid of ever again being engulfed by hatred and violence that she had maintained a resolute pleasantness even through the worst of times, even with Charles, who was not an easy man. She had called it maturity, this pleasantness. She was determined never again to be a party to the hideous transformation which overcomes the partners of a bad marriage, who grow fangs and horns and sprout black monstrous wolfish hair, who claw and cling and bite and suck. There would be no more of that: she would see the person as he was, and see him steadily, setting aside her own long shadow as it fell. Her success in this enterprise had fortified her in her career as psychotherapist, had given her confidence in her right to pursue it, in the rightness of her pursuing it. Even her first husband she had rescued from that dreadful hin-

derland of marsh and bog and storm cloud: and now they were good friends, she and Edgar, in the sunlight, harmlessly friends, and on some subjects (the National Health Service, the pathology of multiple murderers, the ethics of reporting violent crime) had struck up alliances that excluded, that increasingly and dramatically excluded, her husband Charles.

So there they would be, all friends together. Edgar, Roy, Charles, Philip, and Jules. She had finished with them all. Maybe she had finished with sexual intercourse forever, maybe it was this possibility that gave her this peculiar conviction of strength, this sense of invulnerability, of certainty, of power. They would attack her no more, weaken her no more. She had closed the gates. This was not orthodox, but then, although a Freudian, she was not an orthodox Freudian, and her vision of futurity did not exclude celibacy. From within herself, she would survey. An observer, a non-combatant. As a child, reading her mother's collection of Victorian novels, Edwardian novels, she had wondered how women could bear to renounce their position in the center of the matrimonial stage, the sexual arena, how they could bring themselves to consent to adopt the role of chaperon, to sit at the edge of the dance on little gilt-legged chairs gossiping and watching, spectators, as the younger ones innocently paired, as the older ones not so innocently paired, in the ever-changing formations of the floor. How could one bear to be on the sidelines? Not to be invited to the waltz? Not ever again to be invited to the waltz? But now she could see the charm, could read the meaning, of the observer's role, a meaning inaccessible to a sixteen-year-old, to a thirty-year-old—for the observer was not, as she had from the vantage, the disadvantage, of childhood supposed, charged with an envious and impotent malice, and consumed with a fear of imminent death: no, the observer was filled and informed with a quick and lively and long-established interest in all those who passed before, in all those who moved and circled and wheeled around, was filled with intimate connections and loving memories and hopes and concerns and prospects. Nor was the observer impotent, for it was through the potency of the observer that these children took their being and took the floor. Actual children, children of the heart and the imagination, old friends, new friends, the children of friends, they circle, they weave, and the pattern is both one's own and not one's own, it is of the making of generations. One is no longer the hopeful or the despairing guest: one is host in the house of oneself.

So thought Liz Headleand, as she sat at her dressing table, in her yellow-walled, her yellow



marble-veined dressing room, eating nuts. She put her glasses on to peer once more at the vanished smear of mascara, and was amused to see the print of her face leap into sharp relief: a new trick, for her glasses were quite new. She dabbed again with the tissue. Her glasses amused her. So did the amusing little sag of her incipient double chin, the veining on her cheeks, the slight plump soft dimpling of her upper arms, the

die. She truly believes this. She has good reason to believe it.

20.35 says the little red clock. She has lost five minutes, somewhere. It is time to go downstairs, to see how Deirdre is getting on in the kitchen, to make sure the butlers are not drinking too much. But her real worry was not so much the butlers as the cook, Deirdre Kavanagh, ex-girlfriend of her eldest stepson Jona-



raised veins in the back of her hands, the broadening of her hips, the decreasing flexibility of her joints. These signs of age, of the aging process, she greeted and greets with curiosity, with a resolute welcome. One might as well welcome them, after all: there is not much point in rejecting them. It is all intended, it is all part of the plan. There is a goal to this journey, there will be an arrival, Liz Headleand believes. It is only by refusing to move onward that we truly

than, a mad and dreadful girl with a talent for puff pastry and a conviction that she was a *femme fatale*, a conviction alas supported by her authentic Irish beauty and her seductive Irish brogue.

**B**y half past ten, Deirdre Kavanagh had parted with all her little triangles of tricolored pastry, taken off her apron, drunk a few glasses of champagne, told several guests that broccoli

was out of fashion, and busily engaged in conversation with a television journalist who had just returned from making a program for Charles in Iran. He was telling her about the Ayatollah, and she was telling him about her convent days. Their words fluttered between them like lubricious little doves. At Deirdre's elbow stood the faithless Jonathan Headleand, who was trying to explain to his stepmother's first husband Edgar why he'd decided, after all his protests, to follow in his father's footsteps, while simultaneously trying to keep one eye on Deirdre and the other on his girlfriend Kate Williams, who was being harangued by a Tory backbencher about Marxist infiltration of the Open University. The Open University was also the subject of debate between Alix Bowen and Teddy Lazenby of the Department of Education and Science: Alix's face was expressing a most delicate mixture of disbelief, disapprobation, and polite attention as Teddy, somewhat indiscreetly presuming on their long, if long-interrupted, acquaintance, revealed what were clearly his own opinions on the inadvisability of wasting money on the education of housewives and taxi drivers. In other corners and other rooms, dozens of other topics floated gaily on the lively, slightly choppy waters, their pennants bobbing and fluttering in the end-of-year, the terminal breeze: the approaching steel strike, the brave new era of threatened privatization, the abuse of North Sea oil resources, the situation in Afghanistan, the prospect of a fourth television channel, the viability of Charles's attempt to conquer the United States, the disarray of the Labour Party, the Yorkshire Ripper, the Prince of Wales. In a doorway, wedged between a *Guardian* editorial writer and a Kleinian analyst, Alan Headleand and his ex-tutor Otto Werner were debating with a fine abstraction and a noble disregard of interruption the question as to whether a television program was a primary product or a service, and whether, by implication or extension, Charles's production company, Global Information Network (Telex GIN), was allied in ideological terms with the manufacturing or the service industries: with equal commitment Esther Breuer and Jules Griffin (colleague of Liz Headleand) were discussing the nature of ancestral voices in schizophrenic patients and in Homeric and biblical epic, and the portrayal of the Holy Ghost in Anglo-Saxon manuscripts.

Liz, moving from group to group, surveying from the stairway, engaging and disengaging, tacking and occasionally swooping, was pleased with what she saw. They were mixing and mingling, her guests; the young were speaking to the old, men were speaking to women, left was speaking to right, art unto science. Liz found

herself involuntarily doing a head count of her own stepchildren and children: she could see Jonathan, Alan, and Sally. Her younger daughter Stella was away in Florence studying Italian. But where was her middle stepson Aaron? She had not seen him for an hour or more, he had been here earlier, had he left in a fit of boredom, was he sulking in his bedroom, she asked herself, and on cue he appeared, at the bend of the hall stairs, beneath the fake ancestor, waving down and shouting at her: "Liz, Liz," he called, "it's the telephone, it's Stella, she wants to wish you a happy new year, she's on the upstairs line."

The energy generated from running upstairs and laughing with Stella in distant Florence flowed over into the impulse to ring, in turn, her own mother: a pointless act, but one that nevertheless in the context seemed pious, necessary, propitiatory, and a gesture at least toward her sister, who bore so much heavier a filial burden, who would (in theory at least) be pleased to know that Liz had remembered. When Liz came downstairs again to her party, after a ritual exchange (how could her sister bear such intercourse? how could it go on?), she found that she had lost her velocity. The brisk social wind that had driven her lightly from guest to guest had dropped, stilled by telephonic contact with the tiny scratching clicking silence of the voiceless house of the long ordeal of her childhood: she found herself becalmed, for a whole dull stretch, talking to old Peter Binns, a charming old boy, but a bore, and so slow of speech that Liz could hardly restrain herself from finishing all of his ponderous sentences. When she finally shook herself away, she found herself sailing into yet more stagnant waters, for there, directly in her way, unavoidable, smiling passively, uncomfortably, yet unavoidably, was Lady Henrietta, dutifully offering herself for an exchange with her hostess. Lady Henrietta knew what was right: everything about her was right, from her tightly bound dark hair to her dark-blue satin slippers. The sight of her filled Liz with a subdued and dreary panic. Henrietta (Hetty to her friends, of whom Liz was not one) embarrassed her, she could never say why: she represented pain, failure, tedium, though not in her own person: somehow, magically, she managed to transfer these attributes to those with whom she conversed, while herself remaining poised and indeed complacent, secure of admiration. Liz had never admired, and had at times expressed somewhat freely (and in her own view wittily) her lack of response to Henrietta's frigid style and vapid conversation, but nevertheless felt herself, in Henrietta's presence, rendered almost as dull as Henrietta, and moreover uneasily aware that in other houses, in other mi-



lieux, at a distance, in other circles, she had seen Henrietta sparkling, laughing, surrounded by life—vacuous life, feverish small talk, no doubt, but life—a life that froze in Liz as she contemplated her guest's stiff blue taffeta gown (this was surely a gown, not a dress, and not even English, probably French), her exposed white bosom, her diamond necklace (well, probably diamonds, why not?), her high white forehead, her thin dark-red lips. Henrietta's brow was high, and her hair was scraped back from it and secured by an intricate velvet ribbon in a smooth, elaborate chignon: a Bambi head, a skull head, a too, too thin head, an overbred head, a painful head. Liz's own forehead was villainously low, coarsely low. She did not know how to address Henrietta, she felt the fault her own, she knew herself to be disadvantaged. A chill, heavy waste of water lay between them, and in it floated the drowned empty skins of past attempts at rapport. Across this, the neat Henrietta politely presented a hand and a cheek. Cheek brushed against cheek. Each muttered some conventional phrase. It appeared that more was required, and Liz, resenting the inanity thus forced upon her even as it passed her lips, found herself saying, "And how are you looking forward to the 1980s?"

"Oh yes," said Henrietta, smiling meaninglessly, confirming Liz's view that she never listened to a word that Liz said to her. Silence fell, during which Liz inspected Henrietta's blue dress: it was poutily, boldly cut, made of the kind of stiff, shiny, non-absorbent fabric that Liz herself avoided, for it made her sweat; indeed, it made her sweat to look at it. She was given to sweat: Henrietta, clearly, not. Perhaps the upper classes did not sweat? She was herself, biologically, a peasant, but was rarely made to feel this to be an eccentricity, as she now felt. Gazing at the blue fabric, she noted that Ivan, ever present when least wanted, was intently watching this less than interesting encounter from a position just behind and below Henrietta's left shoulder. His frankly delighted countenance spurred her on to effort: "I myself," she heard herself saying, "am very much looking forward to going to Japan for the first time. Have you ever been to Japan?"

"No," said Lady Henrietta, unhelpfully. Ivan laughed.

"I am attending," continued Liz, "a conference."

"Really?" said Lady Henrietta. "How long do you go for?"

This seemingly innocuous question acted upon Liz with the effect of an instant anesthetic: as she began to answer, she could feel her jaw growing rigid in mid-word. "Two weeks," she managed to articulate, and then stood there,

mouth clamped, feet rooted, as though turned to a pillar of salt, as though the deep deep boredom of childhood had reclaimed her, had rendered her helpless and speechless and powerless, the child in the attic, praying for time to pass and blood to flow. Which, of course, momentarily, it did: "Two weeks," she boldly and brightly continued, breaking the trancelike stillness with a frisky movement of her head and braceleted right arm, "yes, two weeks, in Kyoto and Osaka, it should be quite fascinating, quite an opportunity to see a completely different culture, of course it relates to our own work at the institute in a very particular way, it seems that there has been a considerable amount of research done in the department we are visiting on the problems of adoption and stepparents. . . ." And on she prattled, watching with some satisfaction the slight tightening, professional impatience of Lady Henrietta's lip and the altering glaze of her china-blue eyes. Honor was satisfied, the courtesies had been observed, they could smile and part. Though I really cannot imagine, thought Liz, as she turned away, rubbing her hands together as though the cold had truly bitten her, as though the Ice Queen had truly touched her, why we continue to ask her round. Is it just because everyone else does, because she is the kind of person that people ask to parties, because her name inscribes itself by automatic writing on guest lists? Are Charles and I really so susceptible to propriety, to the conventional? Do we like to have people with titles at our parties? What on earth is her title? Who is she? What a mystery it is, the way we

carry on, thought Liz, as she moved on to more congenial entertainment.

Conventional, unconventional: in the last half-hour of 1979 several of Liz and Charles Headleand's guests attempted to formulate what, for them, had seemed to be the conventions of an eclectic, fragmented, purposeless decade; some attempted to prophesy for the next. The house was full of trend spotters, from gossip columnist Ivan Warner and irritable feminist Kate Armstrong to Treasury adviser Philip, worried about pension projections in an increasingly elderly society: from information vendor Charles Headleand to epidemiologist Ted Stennett, across whose horizon the science-fiction disease of AIDS was already casting a faint red ominous glow: from forensic psychiatrist Edgar Lintot (who had not yet heard of AIDS, but who had heard rumors about changing views in high places on the sentencing of the criminally insane) to Alix Bowen, worried on a mundane level about the future funding of her own job and on a less selfish level about the implications for the rehabilitation of female offenders of cuts

in that funding: from theater director Alison Peacock, anxious about her Arts Council subsidy, to Representative Public Figure Sir Anthony Bland, the aptly named chairman (or so Ivan alleged) of the Royal Commission on Royal Commissions, who was thinking that for various reasons he might have to resign, and from more bodies than one, before the jostling and the hinting pushed him into an undignified retreat.

Not all were anxious, apprehensive, ill at ease. Many congratulated themselves on having found a new sense of purpose, a new realism: after years of drifting, of idle ebb and flow, there seemed to be a current. Tentatively, some dipped their toes to test the water. Others had already leaped boldly in the expectation that others would follow, that it would prove wise to have been seen to take the plunge first. Old opinions were shed, stuffy woolly shabby old liberal vests and comforters were left piled on the shore. Some shivered in the cold breeze of change: others struck out boldly, with a sense of freedom, glad to be unencumbered by out-of-date gear and padding, glad to cast off notions that had never seemed to be smart or necessary: naked into the stream, exhilarated, the new emerging race. Cutting, paring, slimming, reducing, rationalizing: out swam the slim hard new streamlined man, in the emperor's new clothes, out of the gritty carapace, the muddy camouflaged swoon, casting off the old ways, the old crawling, sinking ways. The conventions were changing, assumptions were changing, though not everybody was to enjoy or to survive the metamorphosis, the plunge, the leap into water or air.

"Mother, it's ten to midnight!" called Sally from the doorway, and Liz, looking around the confusion she had summoned into being, the scattered earth, the scattered people, the murmuring, the singing, the clustering, thought yes, this was a party, yes, this was living rather than not living, this was permitted, this was planned disorder, this was cathartic, this was therapeutic, this was admired misrule. "Piano, Aaron, piano!" she called, and her middle stepson, with his mobile thin white clown's face, emerged from the crowd and seated himself at the instrument, as Liz called to Deirdre and the butlers to fill glasses and then join the guests for a toast: Jonathan turned on the radio, the eagle-crowned clock over the marble mantelshelf struck, some joined hands and some did not, Aaron struck up "Auld Lang Syne," Big Ben struck, some sang and some did not, voices rose straggling, pure and impure, strong and weak, tuneful and tuneless, there were cries and embraces. Two hundred people, solitude and self dispelled, Liz, at the magic moment, found herself unexpectedly clutching the hot hand of

Ivan Warner, which seemed wrong but ordained: she looked for Charles, and saw that the poor man had managed to find himself in the icy palm of Lady Henrietta. Such were the random dispositions of fate. Should old acquaintance be forgot, they sang, bravely, recklessly, tunelessly, and as the singing stopped, Ivan kissed Liz's hand. "Liz," he said, "Liz, I've always admired your style, but this was something else."

She took it, for the moment, as a tribute, beneath the chandelier.

**B**eneath the chandelier. From it fell refracted light, on balding heads and shaven heads, on Mohican plumes and gelled spikes, on neatly barbered and dressed locks, on neglected middle-aged wispy bobs, on plaits and loops and layered body waves. The plural, the eclectic seventies. Dark suits, pale blue shirts, Indian *kurtas* worn not exclusively by Indians, striped mother-knitted pullovers, designer-monogrammed pullovers, cheap ethnic dresses, expensive ethnic dresses, long skirts, short skirts, exclusive French dresses, hand-stitched English dresses, prim high mandarin collars, plunging necklines, slit skirts, glimpses of suspender belts, clown pantaloons, dungarees, studded belts, limp leather belts, crackling metal belts, belts slung round waists, hips, bellies. Disparate, disparate, a hundred opinions, a hundred crosscurrents, in this blond Georgian drawing room: ancestral echoes of ancient Victorian philanthropy mingled with *louche* ghosts of Bloomsbury, public-school public servants held hands with hybrid tieless entrepreneurs of the television aristocracy, new modes of moneyed brutality addressed old shrinking brutality, the educated sons (well, let us not exaggerate, one educated son) of one skilled manual worker maintained an exchange with one exhausted feudal Northumbrian homosexual neurosurgeon. There they gathered, the employee who lacks employment, the faithless priest, the investor about to hang himself in the expectation of plenty, the physician who will not be able to heal herself, the director who lacks all direction, the historian who denies the existence of history, the Jewish scholar of early Renaissance Christian iconography, the deaf man who hears voices, the woman about to be taken in adultery. A mingling, of a sort, in this exclusive, this eclectic room, this room full of riddles.

Looking back, Liz would try to remember the moment at which she had known rather than not known: she would have liked to have thought that she had known always, that there was no moment of shock, that knowledge had lain within her (the all-knowing), that she had never truly been deceived, that at the very worst she had connived at her own deceit. Surely



Ivan's first sentence of the new year had alerted her? (Though that would have been late, late, late.) Surely she had taken it as an ill omen? But no, she had taken it at its face value: from Ivan, of all people, who spread malice as his trade. She had thought herself exempt. Slow she had been; unbearably slow, she who could hear many strands of speech at once: trusting she had been, she who had been reared in the bosom of suspicion. She had thought herself invulnerable. She had been possessed by pride.

Hints, glances, sliding words, oblique smiles, incomprehensible references. Why had she not received them earlier? Had she been too preoccupied with butlers, with introductions, with orchestration, with champagne? Messages had been sent forth, and she had received none of them, had continued to consider herself in charge, in control, the prime mover. Until, under the mirror, after many a circle and feint, after many a playful retreat and renewed approach, Ivan at last cornered her, and even before he opened his mouth she felt the smell of fear from herself: her pores broke open, she stood there panting slightly, her hair rising on the back of her neck in terror, her heated skin covered in icy sweat: "And when," asked Ivan pleasantly, "are you two going to make the announcement? Is it to be tonight, or do we wait?"

The words meant nothing, or should have meant nothing. She smiled foolishly. Her mind leaped. It ran, it leaped, it scrambled for cover. It turned.

"And why not tonight?" she said.

"You've kept your own plans very dark," said Ivan.

"Ah well, you know me," she said, knowing nothing.

"I can't say I'm surprised," said Ivan. "I think you two stuck it out pretty well, in the circumstances. How long has it been? Twenty years?"

The utterly expected, the utterly unexpected, can they be the same thing, she wondered?

"Your name," Ivan continued, "has been linked with Gabriel Denham's, but I don't even see him here tonight."

She stood there: he stared at her. She could say nothing. A pillar of salt. She was dependent on him. She could not move until he released her.

"Whereas Henrietta, I see," Ivan continued with a remorseless pity, "is very much at home here."

"Henrietta?" Liz echoed. It was the moment she was most to regret. It betrayed ignorance. Only a second's ignorance, but ignorance. Had Ivan noticed? Desperate, she found again the faculty of speech, heard her own voice, familiar, natural, even powerful: "Ah yes, Henrietta. Yes, we see a good deal of Henrietta." She had

no notion of what her words meant, but they sounded good, they fortified her, and she continued bravely, "But as for Gabriel, whose name has not been linked with Gabriel's? I think you must find a more interesting candidate than Gabriel. What about, for example—" and she cast her eyes around her assembly, seeing reprieve in the approaching form of Edgar Lintot, her first husband, "what about Edgar? Now that *would* be an interesting plot, for us at least. I see a great deal of Edgar these days, you know. We often lunch together. Well,"—and the plausibility of her own tone, at the moment, amazed her—"sometimes."

"What's all this?" said tall, beaky, dedicated Edgar. "Gossip, is it? I've come to say good night, Lizzie. I've got a long drive tomorrow. Very nice party, very nice. See you at the meeting."

"Yes, gossip," said Ivan tenaciously. "We were talking about Charles and Henrietta. I wonder what New York will make of Henrietta."

Edgar was not listening. Ivan did not interest him, gossip did not interest him, he had given up the personal life. He kissed Liz on the cheek. "I think it's on the thirtieth, isn't it? Have a good time with the Japanese tomorrow. Don't say I didn't warn you."

"Give my love to your mother," said Liz. She managed to edge herself out of her corner, away from Ivan, back into the current. She followed Edgar a few paces across the room. Ivan, behind her, was accosted by a fellow journalist. He wanted to retain her, to keep her, to tease her, to worry her, to kill her, but he could not: she escaped. Escaped to a comforting, numbing succession of thanks and farewells, for the party was beginning to break up: "Happy New Year," echoed again and again, as Liz searched vaguely for Charles but could not find him, Happy New Year, see you soon, goodbye, say goodbye to Charles for me, goodbye. And there, in a conspicuous lull, was Lady Henrietta herself, extending her hand and cheek. Seeing her, Liz saw it all. The certainty inspired her. She drew breath.

"And when," she asked politely, "do you go to New York?"

Henrietta looked back, with a frigid calm, beneath which lay a hesitation.

"Ah," she said. "Yes. I thought February."

"Yes," said Liz.

"Perhaps we could talk some time? . . . May I ring you? We could have lunch?"

"Yes," said Liz. She had won, temporarily: she had managed to give the impression that she knew. Though what it was that she knew, she could not at that moment have said.

The two women kissed, again, and drew apart. ■

# A NEW AND AWFUL SILENCE

Serious music is losing its measure

By Bernard Holland

**T**he electric clocks in my house keep better time than the ones I wind, yet I scarcely look at them. It is the ticking, I think, that comforts me. I like to lean my ear against these various pendulums and, back and forth, gently rock my life away.

These ticks and tocks give a meter to the passage of the day; they are a metaphor for silence. Silence, after all, is not an absence of noise but a subtle acknowledgment of this metronomic beat, the force that both brings new life and inscribes tomorrow's obituaries. There is luxury and terror in this act of resignation, this silent attention to the ticking of our lives.

Silence's most eloquent contradiction is music—not because music *breaks* silence with its sounds but because it interrupts its motion. All the arts do this: books freeze events between two covers, pictures pin them against a wall. But music goes viscerally to the source of our mortality. It stops time in its tracks and reinvents it. What a supernatural act it is to command a tempo and a rhythm, to set time in motion and bring it to a halt. In a life of temporal endlessness, the musician who makes time start and stop plays at being God. This is music's comfort and its triumph: that somewhere there exists an antidote for decay.

Music scarcely exists anymore, having multi-

plied itself into silence. This probably makes no sense at all to you, but let me try to explain. To call music an interruption is also to say it is an event, something that can seize our attention only if it is preceded by uneventfulness, and then succeeded by it. When I first heard Bach's B minor Mass some thirty-five years ago, that's how I experienced it—like a monolith rising out of an empty plain, a magisterial presence defined by the emptiness around it.

I fear I shall never have that sensation again. The plain is no longer empty. Developers have taken it over. On my FM radio the B minor Mass is now but a commercial break away from the *Goldberg Variations* and the *St. Matthew Passion*. My days have become chains of such great events.

The technologies of the ear (the radio, the record player, the compact disc) both give and take away. How marvelous that Mozart's twenty-seven piano concertos, Beethoven's nine symphonies, and Bartók's six quartets are only fingertips away. And how horrible. It is a cruel trick that the wondrous accessibility of these great works has rendered them invisible.

We have, of course, only ourselves to blame. Science and the arts once met in a world of mutual congratulation. Stars moved to the music of the spheres; ancient musicians sang to the Pythagorean scales, serenely conscious of their geometric purity. But science is no longer as

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sure of its answers. Solutions retreat as we approach them. Thus we calculate our progress in degrees.

This calculation has made of us a society of measures—how tensile the steel, how quick the 100-meter dash, how slow the drip from the ketchup bottle. *How well* has given way to *how much, how many*.

So it should not surprise us that music has become quantitative too. One record on my shelf fills me with wisdom; three more records multiply it. One of my colleagues claims more than 50,000 items in his collection, and I know hardly any in my business with fewer than 10,000. Such a privilege—to have in one's home the capacity to hear Brahms's Fourth Symphony played nineteen different ways!

In the South of my youth, where concerts were as rare as eclipses of the moon and Ernest Tubb ruled the airwaves, each new long-playing record was a discovery; the ecstasy was in that first moment, never to be relived. Listening machines and their paraphernalia advertise to us what they cannot fulfill—a reenactment of epiphanies. Each new Brahms Fourth promises such a rediscovery. Will Toscanini via RCA, or Bruno Walter according to CBS, bring us close enough to touch that first thrill again? Some avenues bring us nearer than others, but none near enough. We measure these nearnesses one against the other, and ask: who shall be first among Brahms Fourths?

Fishing in my pitiful collection of records the other day (my filing system is of the I Ching persuasion), I did find a recording of Brahms's Fourth. I put it back on the shelf, I'm not quite sure where. I am not worried. I know how it goes—the key of E minor, two beats to the measure, upbeat swoops down, upbeat swoops up, very beautiful in its austere way. This is how I relive (and therefore live) this music—in my imagination.

The imagination is our great healer. It is also the world's leading interpreter of the Brahms Fourth Symphony. The nineteen performances that other critics have at their fingertips seem

puny beside it. And my imagination does other things—it calms the wow in my turntable, smooths the distortion of my woofer.

The walls of records in my colleagues' homes, arranged, catalogued, cross-catalogued; the giant loudspeakers the size of refrigerators looming in their living rooms—all help explain to me why musical masterpieces no longer move me as they once did. The technological prowess of these new instruments of music is amazing. But they cost dearly: they usurp our capacity to dream. As a young man, I cherished the B minor Mass, the *Quartet for the End of Time*, the *Symphony of Psalms* principally as voices speaking

within me. On my shelf today, they are measured like real estate, by the frontage foot.

The ear plots its escape, but fails. Even the streets are not safe, and subway platforms ring with Bach's solo violin sonatas or the Spanish guitar. New England villages worthy of two gas pumps now add summer music festivals to their inventories. One approaches their outskirts apprehensive, car windows rolled shut. In restaurants, Mozart serves as aural garnish for the fish of the day.

We are strangled by the very volume of our resources, dwarfed by them too. I think back to my friend with his

claim to 50,000 records. How small he seems beside them, like a computer scientist facing an immensely potent machine that he does not quite know how to address. Modern science instructs us—shames us with the fact—that the universe has become very big and we very small. Beethoven, you will remember, promised us to take fate by the throat; one wonders if its size today might not exceed his grasp.

Music, indeed, seems to have become that popular science-fiction nightmare—the man-made creature that grows beyond expectations, seizes autonomy, and smothers its masters. The quartets, the masses, the songs and sonatas that once rose as isolated protests against the vastness of time have become something very different. They have swollen, then merged and melted into time's fabric. They have become a form of silence themselves. ■

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# GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

Power, ideology, and other beltway hobbies

By Fred Reed

**R**ecently I attended a costume party of what appeared to be several hundred Republicans from the Reagan Administration, which took place in a pricey, forested suburb of Washington. The guests were a mixture of Somewhat Important People and a few Very Important People, by which is meant that had they vanished without trace, nobody would ever have noticed. This is a curious aspect of importance, that it varies inversely with the damage that would follow upon one's loss: when the plumbers strike, chaos results, but if the National Security Council ceased to come to work, nothing would happen.

Anyway, I found myself standing in a glossy kitchen covering several acres. Next to me stood an enormous pink rabbit, who perhaps devised economic policy for the nation, clutching a Heineken and chatting with the Lone Ranger, who doubtless hailed from the State Department—which would explain a lot. In the foreground, silhouetted against a writhing sea of varicolored ears, antennae, tentacles, feathers, and further Heineken bottles, was what appeared to be a male prostitute from the plummier days of the Weimar Republic. (Certain recent administrations have been able to achieve the overall effect without costumes.) I wrapped myself around my drink for security, like an anchovy around its caper.

A short, cherubic lady came ooching toward me through the crowd. My

recollection is that she was dressed as an inflatable boat, but this can't be right. Was it true, she asked eagerly, that I was a Military Writer? Some thought so, I replied, and others didn't. Oh, *wonderful*, how very *perfect*, and did I know the Afghan guerrillas were her hobby? Perhaps this wasn't her word, but it was what she meant; at any rate, the revelation did not bode well for the guerrillas. And had I heard of her scheme to help them? The idea was to fly them freeze-dried backpackers' rations in military aircraft extorted from the Air Force under an obscure provision of the law providing for charitable flights in times of national catastrophe. Why this would have any particular effect on the war was not clear to me.

Having to say something, I said that in my estimation the proper study of Russian-kind was Russia, and that the Soviets could work much good by paddling back across the Oxus and raising goats. Or not raising them. The boat, if such she was, decided that I was a fellow spirit and bared her soul to me. In this unveiling I had no choice: she went at it with the reticence of an exotic dancer who wanted dollars stuffed into her garter. Such terrible things are happening in Afghanistan, she said, as indeed they are. The plight of the Pathans aroused her maternal instincts, she said. Soon she was cooing as if to a hurt puppy: "Oh, those poor, poor people, how I feel for them, poor dears . . . oh, my little fuzzy ducks."

Her little . . . what? I thought about it carefully. Yes, that was what she had said. Ducks.

Now, I have known a good many of these guerrillas, and rather like them. They are among the few people mean enough to stand up to the Russians, being courageous, not too complex, joyfully murderous, and quite capable of skinning a prisoner this week and killing him the next. Whatever one thinks of the war, events in that somber land are not amusing, not a fit subject for dilettantes with too little to do. Perhaps a guerrilla movement is not the best focus for the maternal drives of a woman who badly needs a child or a cat.

**A**n astonishing amount of policy in this city is made by people with the complacent arrogance of the rubber boat, people willing to prescribe for baffling problems they do not understand in remote regions they cannot find on a map. The truth is that few in this Administration could distinguish between a helicopter and a hand grenade in fewer than a half-dozen guesses. I am reminded of the cartoon showing a literary fop saying indignantly to his mother, "One doesn't write *about* anything, Mother, one simply writes."

There is nothing particularly Republican about the woman's colossal fatuity. Hobbyism runs rampant everywhere in Washington. The underlying premise here, as important in its utility in saving labor as was the cotton gin in the old South, is that at the higher levels one does not need to understand anything; indeed, the time spent in learning is better used in self-promotion.

*Fred Reed is a Washington editor of Harper's Magazine.*



For example, an acquaintance of mine is a catamaran liberal, the sort of Presbyterian minister who has a sailboat, believes that God is a pervasive force for community organization, and yearns to boycott South Africa, wherever it is. The man is positively Newtonian in his predictability, a boiling, narcissistic assault on the doctrine of free will. A sort of jackleg sociology I favor holds that a Methodist is a Baptist with shoes, a Presbyterian a Methodist with a Buick, and an Episcopalian a Presbyterian with a stock portfolio. Somewhere between shoes and Buick, politics tilts from right toward left, a repressed and angry vanity discovers that celebrity is after all possible, God is quietly dropped as an embarrassment, and crusades fill the gap. Besides, it's boring out in the suburbs. Here is the origin, and substance, of liberal religious politics.

The minister and his wife know nothing whatsoever about anything at all, fervently attend rallies for Nicaragua, and have all sorts of indignant bumper stickers, which I suspect they view as reference works. I once showed them some slides I had taken of the Marines in Lebanon before the advent of the unfortunate truck. "How awful," she said. "Lebanon . . . and what ocean is that on?" One simply writes.

Slipping toward the bar through the surging extraterrestrials, I heard someone say, "Dick Allen. Did you see Dick Allen? . . . Dick Allen was here, I think he left . . . Lyn Nofziger. Did you see Nofziger?" I didn't have a clue who Dick Allen was, although the name Nofziger brought to mind a particular sort of beard, presumably attached to Nofziger, that I had once seen on television. It didn't really matter who Allen was, or Nofziger. Every couple of years there is a new Dick Allen, who struts and frets, flings his arrows, and dives back into the law firm. The Dick Allens of the world are the generic debris of campaigns, the bits of wood and old bottles that float in and out on the tides of politics.

To normal people, the terrible importance of knowing Dick Allen is hard to grasp. An administration

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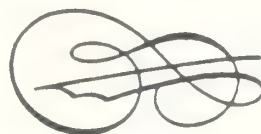
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**audio-grammar**

does not consist of normal people. The people who make up an administration seem to have no existence of their own, no particular qualities other than a consuming desire to be obviously important. The danger is that such derivative people, measuring themselves as they do by their propinquity to the radiant candle of the presidency, consumed by a desire not to do anything but merely to have influence or its appearance, will not make reasonable decisions. And, of course, the closer to the president they are, the better. Thus the prevalent photographs of Me in the Oval Office, shaking hands with the latest haberdasher to rule the country. Never mind that most presidents, on their merits, would seldom be invited to more than a Shriners' barbeque.

I talked for a moment to a pleasant fellow, a giant clam, who on President Reagan's long march from Sacramento had been a technician of some sort—an advance man, a poll-someone in the mechanical trades. (People do not make good clams, even when they are from California. At bottom, clams do not have legs.) He was young and vivacious, pleased with his lot, and bright without having a thought in his head. I tried to talk about Nicaragua but found he knew nothing of the Third World, tried to talk of Star Wars but found that he thought it extremely important without knowing what it was, tried... without success. "I'm just a politician, I guess," he finally said, clearly proud of being just a politician. He seemed quite aware of having the world by the handles, of having inexplicably but wonderfully reached the top of the heap, and he was having a lot of fun. After spending a few years as minor lawyers and politicians, such as he sweep into office on some presidential bow wave. And they make the great discovery that the exercise of power requires no qualifications. All you need is the power.

Years ago I thought of such people as being Ostrogoths, fingering with brash incomprehension the scrolls of Rome. Now I think it fairer to regard them as children who have taken over the controls of the amusement park.

It is not true that Democrats cannot be distinguished from Republicans. Republicans these days seem brighter than Democrats, and crazier, or at least crazy in ways promising a high yield.

"Don't you think the MX is crucial?" I heard someone say at the ball.

"Why?" came the sumptuary response. "We haven't even used the missiles we've got yet."

The remark was original with John Lofton, I think, but in any event epitomized a certain outlaw brashness of the current occupiers of Washington. No Democrat would have ventured such a luminously fey thought. The reason is probably that the Democrats must genuflect to so many solemnities as to make mental movement difficult, and a decent insanity virtually impossible. They must reverence the poor and the black while going to great lengths to avoid them; curtsy to the old, the brown, and the female; pretend insouciance with regard to money while accumulating as much of it as possible; eschew elitism while furiously practicing it; and condemn any foreign policy more virile than the international distribution of powdered milk—although, come to think of it, they are against powdered milk. Theirs is a hard row to hoe.

Further, I decided, a Republican always looks expensively dressed, even when disguised as an octopus. Democrats look like dope dealers.

Having made a last foray to the hors d'oeuvres tray (it is possible in Washington to live entirely on hors d'oeuvres), I left. Enough is enough, and sometimes too much. If government is not possible, I reflected, neither perhaps is it necessary. And if the citizenry knew how they were governed, and by whom, those with a sense of humor would buy tickets and the rest head straight for the Mexican border.

A high school student in sport jacket and bow tie got my car, looking as I suppose Christopher Buckle must. It was true, we had not yet used all the missiles we had, and there was much of worth to ponder in the ornithological interpretation of the Afghan war: all those little fuzzy ducks grim of mien and bent under machine guns, quacking toward Qandahar.



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## LETTERS

Continued from page 9

mity was nameless and I had to hide myself in the shame of it. Süskind's willingness to publicly expose this condition has given me the camaraderie and support necessary to better face it in myself. Perhaps we can start support groups akin to Alcoholics Anonymous.

I wish I could offer Süskind some advice (even if he were promptly to forget it), but I have yet to discover any cures or palliatives that can keep the newest reading from forcing something else out of the seemingly shrinking storage bin of my brain. Not only is it my long-term memory that suffers; I find it increasingly more difficult to retain what I read this morning. I had to write this letter now, because by evening I will have forgotten reading the article.

Leslie Bender

Ohio Northern University  
Ada, Ohio

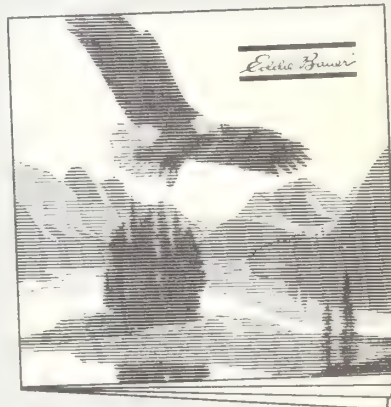
## Soldier Talk

I was glad to learn from the April issue of *Harper's Magazine* [Readings, "Calling All Soldiers"] that the army has decided to stop calling soldiers SMs.

The term "SM" (Service Member) is a poor example of the bureaucrat's art. A bureaucrat worthy of the name would have come up with something like SAMCU (Semi-Autonomous Mobile Combat Unit) for the folks who actually do the shooting. Cooks, bakers, medics, and supply people would be SAMCSUs (Semi-Autonomous Mobile Combat Support Units). Officers below the rank of colonel would be SAMCUMs (Semi-Autonomous Mobile Combat Unit Managers) or, if they were in the Supply Corps, SAMC-SUMs. Colonels and above, of course, are executives: they would have to be called SAMCUEs and SAMCSUEs.

Since these acronyms don't distinguish among branches of service, the true bureaucrat would have us add Service Designators. The army general whose memo you quoted would be a SAMCUE/A; his counterparts would be a SAMCUE/N, a SAMCUE/AF

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# Israel and South Africa

## Does Israel support the apartheid regime?

You have heard about the relationship between Israel and South Africa, and you may have reached the conclusion that Israel is the main support of the South African regime, its principal weapons supplier, most important trading partner, purveyor of atomic technology, and much more. And that apartheid—the odious suppression of Blacks—might cease if Israel were only to withdraw its support from South Africa.

### What are the facts?

■ Israel is a multi-racial society. Its citizens, most of them "immigrants", or children and grandchildren of immigrants, come from all corners of the globe. More than 55% are what we would call "non-Caucasians". In the last few years, the government has expended much effort and money to ingather the Black Jews of Ethiopia. The concept of apartheid, of race discrimination, is repugnant to Israelis and to the Jewish religion. Condemnation of apartheid has been publicly expressed by every Israeli Prime Minister, beginning with David Ben Gurion.

■ Israel is not a significant factor in the arms trade with South Africa. The main suppliers of weaponry to that country are France, Britain, Canada, West Germany, Italy, India, and the United States. But South Africa has its own arms industry. It entered into a \$1 billion barter deal with Iran, by which it would supply weapons—mostly light and heavy artillery and shells—in exchange for oil. Ironically, but not surprisingly, a similar barter contract—for \$750 million—was signed with Iraq.

■ Oil is the life blood of South Africa's economy. All of it is imported, and not a drop comes from Israel, of course. Virtually every barrel of the approximately \$2 billion of yearly oil import comes from the Arabs—most of it from Saudi Arabia.

■ How about trade in general? The principal trading partners of South Africa in 1986 were in that order: U.S.A., \$3.4 billion (exports and imports); Japan, \$2.9 billion;

Germany, \$2.8 billion; U.K., \$2.6 billion—with Israel far in the rear with a total trade of \$0.2 billion, less than 1% of South Africa's total trade. And that does not take into account South Africa's vast (unrecorded) trade with the Black African countries, its collusive trading relationships in diamonds and precious metals with the Soviet Union, and its huge barter trade for oil with the Arab countries and Iran.

■ The Arab countries (with the exception of Egypt) consider themselves to be in a state of war with Israel. They do not trade with Israel at all. Other major countries such as Japan, India, China, Pakistan, Indonesia, Malaysia are in sympathy with the Arabs or afraid of Arab reprisals. They do not trade with Israel either or only to a negligible extent. Israel, in order to survive, cannot be too choosy with whom to trade. But, in any case, political approval would not seem to be a requirement for trade. After all, the United States and other Western democracies deal with South Africa, with the Soviet Union, and with other countries of whose politics they disapprove.

■ Israel has been repeatedly singled out and condemned for alleged nuclear collaboration with South Africa. It is a charge that Israel has denied categorically and constantly. A recent U.N. document—"South Africa's Nuclear Weapons Capability"—mentions certain countries in connection with nuclear collaboration with South Africa. Israel is not among them.

The facts are clear: Israel is a very minor player in trade and military relations with South Africa, has no nuclear cooperation, and has at all times condemned and denounced apartheid. In formulating policy towards South Africa, Israel, just as in its dealings with the Soviet Union, must take into account the vulnerable position of that country's large Jewish community. The perception that Israel has a particularly close relationship with South Africa is fostered by the Arabs, is based on distortion, and stems from hostility to Israel. A Congressional Committee and the Black Caucus of Congress have commended Israel for its government's resolution of March 18, 1987, regarding its relations with South Africa. Critics of Israel would also do well to judge it position on racism by its prodigious 20-year record of unprecedented development aid programs in 31 Black African countries.

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and a SAMCUE/M. And, for statistical reporting only, we would need GDs: a female lieutenant in the Air Force Supply Corps would be a SAMCUM/AF(F).

That's far more descriptive than "soldier," don't you think?

James A. Bornn  
SAMCU/N(M), retired  
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### Correction

The April Harper's Index incorrectly reported the amount of charitable contributions made by the Shriners in 1984. The two Index lines concerning the Shriners should have read: "Proceeds of the 175 circuses held by the Shriners in 1984: \$17,500,000/Amount of that the Shriners donated to their children's hospitals in 1984: \$182,000."

### July Index Sources

1 U.S. Agency for International Development; 2 The White House; 3 House Select Committee to Investigate Covert Arms Transactions with Iran; 4, 5 *Salvador* (Mexico City); 6 U.S. Navy; 7 U.S. Mission to the United Nations (New York City); 8 *Econometrix* (Johannesburg); 9, 10 Ministry of Transport (Tokyo); 11 *Technology Review* (Cambridge, Mass.); 12 Public Citizen (Washington, D.C.); 13 U.S. Bureau of Land Management; 14 National Audubon Society (Washington, D.C.); 15 Tim Robinson, editor in chief, *National Law Journal* (New York City); 16 Dow Jones (New York City); 17 Associated Press (New York City); 18 Sar Levitan, Department of Economics, George Washington University; 19, 20 Wharton Econometrics (Bala Cynwyd, Pa.); 21, 22 Worldwatch Institute (Washington, D.C.); 23 Statue of Liberty-Ellis Island Foundation (New York City); 24 Commission on the Bicentennial of the United States Constitution (Washington, D.C.); 25, 26 U.S. Census Bureau; 27 Polk County Clerk's Office (Dallas, Ore.); 28 *Des Moines Register and Tribune*; 29 U.S. Bureau of Justice Statistics; 30 National Highway Traffic Safety Administration; 31 Worldwatch Institute; 32 Tea Council of the United States (New York City); 33 *Esquire*; 34 Steve Pezman, publisher, *Surfer Magazine* (San Juan Capistrano, Calif.); 35, 36 United States Croquet Association (N.Y.C.); 37 *Outside* (Chicago); 38, 39 Yellowstone Park.



# DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 55

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 79.

## CLUES

A. Opposing

53 82 92 123 102

B. Goldenrod

170 179 61 21 119

C. Most snazzy or terrific

195 113 72 161 183

D. Unstable, precarious

134 165 104 9 54 95 154 159

E. Author of 84, *Charing Cross Road*

118 46 4 155 192

F. Uninteresting; tasteless

141 51 129 194 121 71 180

G. Cetacean donation to perfumery

87 7 47 26 43 185 30 147

H. Irish

2 68 181 55 133 108 15 97 115

I. Muse of music and lyric poetry

20 35 101 10 57 13 89

J. Changes the customary position of

122 166 138 19 59 176 17

K. Cap. of Saône-et-Loire; red or white burgundy

143 100 41 145 178

L. Impressions produced

76 131 18 31 91 24 150

M. Affirmation by negation of the contrary

169 62 25 191 50 132 149

N. Prominence, stress

162 28 58 105 125 146 93 114

O. Confection of sweet paste and nuts

137 60 142 84 103 1

P. Express willingness; be at hand

152 63 171 187 157

Q. Shadow; offense

12 193 22 182 188 5 33

R. One of Frederick Oppen's absurdly courteous Frenchmen in his early comic strip

174 110 32 109 40 153

S. Impede

39 136 106 14 23 163

T. Name of 4 kings of anc. Egypt of the 18th dynasty

8 164 177 88 135 127 99 74 120

U. Stringed instrument popular in early jazz and ragtime

81 130 111 77 156

V. "An — curse would drag to hell / A spirit from on high" (Coleridge, "The Ancient Mariner")

29 27 186 85 66 184 94

W. Bearing or resembling a nail or claw

52 96 124 49 173 189 78 126 139 86 44

X. "Load and bless / With fruit — that round the thatcheaves run" (2 wds.; Keats, "To Autumn")

80 175 107 75 151 70 37 6

Y. Asteraceous plant sometimes used as a tonic and astringent

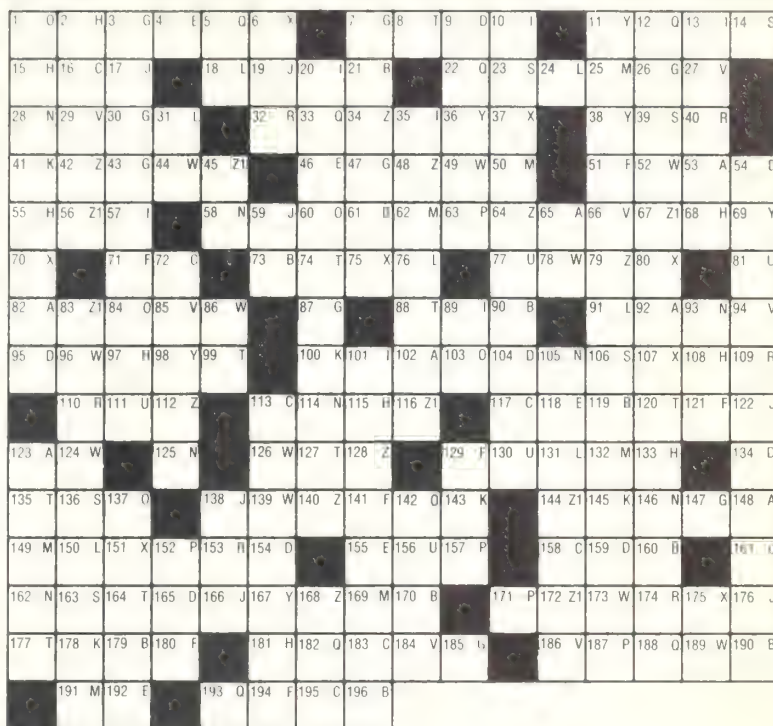
11 167 98 36 69 38

Z. Falstaff's original name

48 168 112 34 42 79 128 140

Z1. Parvenu

83 144 45 67 56 172 116



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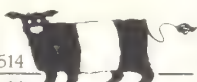
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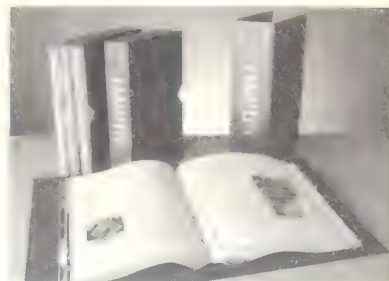
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## NOTES FOR "SPRING PLANTING"

Note: Names of trees concealed in Across answers were removed and inserted as Down entries. ACROSS: 1. RE-PROS(e); 6. REP(L)IC (anagram)-A; 11. ABE-CEDEARIAN (anagram); 12. L (over)-IE-GE (reversal); 14. B(A-C-K)OFF; 15. ODS, anagram; 16. B(A-REF)OOT; 19. F(I)RET-RAP; 21. BALDER-DASH; 22. INROADS, anagram; 24. SPEAR CARRIERS, anagram; 25. F(IS)...C; 27. CROAK, anagram; 28. S(Y)OT, reversed; 31. THE(r)e; 32. PEP-LUM(p); 33. HE-L-MET'S; 34. EYEWITNESSES, anagram; 38. LOW-B-ALL; 39. SPINET, "spin it"; 40. S(L)EPT, anagram; 43. STEM-WARE, "wear"; 45. (a)IDA; 46. BIG BANG, anagram; 49. EXUL(reversal)-T; 50. (g)LAMOUR; 51. GREMLIN, anagram; 52. THIN-GUMMY. DOWN: 1. RAB(reversal)-BIS; 2. E-B-B; 4. R-ICED; 8. LEFT, anagram; 10. AU-SPICE; 13. GORSIEST, hidden; 18. TOR-T(illa); 20. (mass)ACRE; 21. BATTLE-AX, anagram; 26. WE(c)PS, reversed; 27. CHASING, hidden; 30. SI(reversal)-BS; 36. SH(ERR)Y; 39. SWAM-I; 42. L-LOT, reversed; 44. (c)ANON; 47. BA(r)II.

**SOLUTION TO JUNE DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 54).** MARGARET ATWOOD: (THE) HANDMAID'S TALE. Men... there's something missing in them... It's like they're permanently absent-minded. They look at the sky too much. They aren't a patch on a woman except they're better at fixing cars and playing football, just what we need for the improvement of the human race, right?

**CONTEST RULES:** Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 55, Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to Harper's Magazine, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by July 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's Magazine. The solution will be printed in the August issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 53 (May) are Velma Biddle, Holyoke, Colorado; William S. Greer, Salt Lake City, Utah; Michael Miller, New York, New York.

# PUZZLE

## Aaabcdeeinr

By E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

**F**ollowing the title's example, enter each clue answer, letter by letter, in alphabetical order.

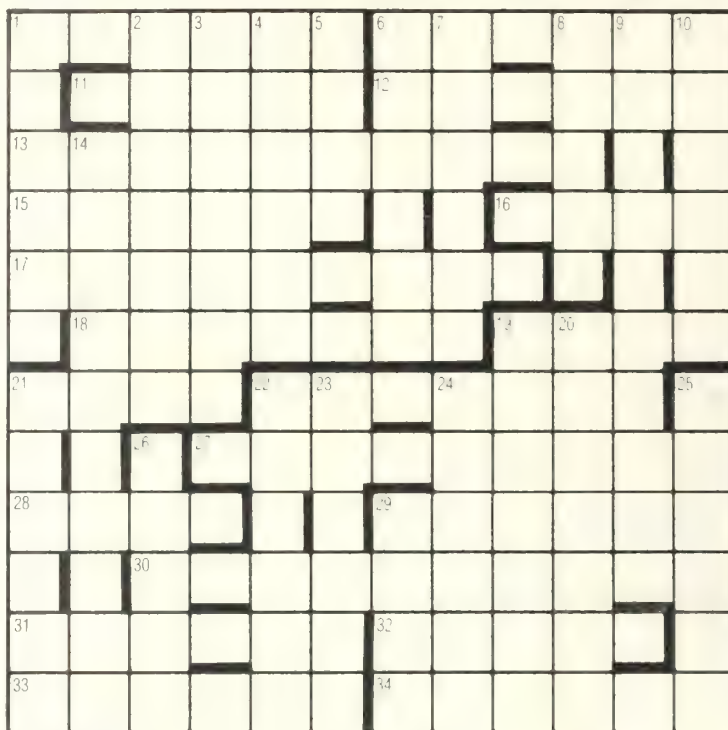
Answers include three proper nouns and one foreign word. The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 79.

### Across

1. Bachelor filling in for year in daybed is touched (6)
6. Hurt woman holds onto silver (6)
11. A Democrat nabbed by G-man turned pale (5)
12. Poor choice of sound reproduction (6)
13. Personal servant in demand . . . unfortunately, husband has one first (10)
15. Trade Center is, in part, just so-so (6)
16. Do fashionable Poles stay here? (4)
17. At sea, got cord in rigging (9)
18. Mule left without straw? On the contrary! (7)
19. *Goyim* almost converted by mystic (4)
21. Name awareness? Almost (4)
22. Piebald stumbles on two feet (7)
27. Making an outline for support for back inside (9)
28. I'm upset with liberal Democratic moderate (4)
29. Undo confusion in writing heaps (6)
30. Dull Monday chafed on us, too (10)
31. Time once spent in Rome puts me in trouble (6)
32. Ship's purser conceals motives (5)
33. South American has intimate relations in old English county (6)
34. Inmate gets time out of practice (6)

### Down

1. From the middle of Santa Clara, an American spies flowering shrub (6)
2. Foundation being taken in by doctor of divinity? Quite the opposite! (7)



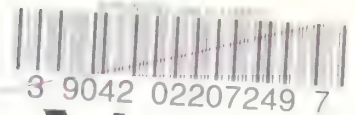
3. Made a puzzle full of holes (7)
4. Wrote in prison? (6)
5. Import freight that could be made from this rig (4)
6. What the Greeks speak . . . or am I confused by Catholic (6)
7. Gets stuffed full of port . . . stomach trouble (6)
8. Attention! This holds comedian's last name? Yes and no (5)
9. Delaying sitting for one's photo around Pont-Neuf (10)
10. Male, caught in lie, full of fury (6)
14. Bugs about revised lead in "When Knighthood Was in Flower" (10, two words)
19. Pitting tongs in riot (7)
20. He plays alone, and therefore denied embracing me (7)
21. Engineer ceded a set of X (6)
22. North: "All for nothing" (6)
23. Sail back to outskirts of Oahu with ten fancy items (6)
24. Bit of code: dot-dash-dot-dot (6)
25. Sumptuous living, but awful unruly when name is unknown (6)
26. Reading through palimpsest is proceeding with difficulty (5)
29. Egg-drop soup (4)

### Contest Rules

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FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 275, NO. 1647  
AUGUST 1987

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# LETTERS

## Great Minds Thinking About Sex

Lately, everyone who reads and writes has noticed that there is no longer a common culture. One cannot make any unidentified allusion, and even an identified one is apt to crease the not-so-common reader's brow. I was discouraged to read the admirable Edmund White's remark that "If Yeats was right in thinking sex and death were the only two topics worthy of adult consideration..." ["The Artist and AIDS," *Readings, Harper's Magazine*, May]. I am not a Yeats scholar, but I doubt very much that he said any such thing. It was George Bernard Shaw who wrote that politics and religion are the only two subjects worthy of etc. . . . He deplored the social taboo against discussing either in polite circles. (Years ago, I published a book of essays, *Sex, Death and Money*, in which I advert to Shaw.) Then White remarks, "Maybe Foucault was right in saying there are homosexual acts but not homosexual people." Foucault grasped this at Gallic length, but the words and the thought are mine, written by me repeatedly over the past thirty years,

and much quoted, always with astonishment. I know a French name makes shine an insight, but the home team ought not to be so blithely ignored.

Gore Vidal  
Salerno, Italy

## American Sin

Lewis H. Lapham's June column [Notebook, "Love or Money"] was well-timed, written before and appearing after Gary Hart's alleged affair with a young actress and model was found out, and he abandoned his race for President. Hart, still burdened with debts from his 1984 campaign for the Democratic nomination, has retired to his mountaintop home. The young woman doubtless will appear in a fall episode of *Dynasty*.

I think the American view of sin is more complicated than merely condoning avarice and condemning lust, as Lapham argues. It is that whatever one does, one is accountable, particularly when someone else is involved. Witness the outrage when John Hinckley Jr. was found not accountable by reason of insanity in the attempted murder of the President. Also, while the government does not begrudge a mineral-depletion allowance for a mine, it invokes penalties when miners die because the owner considered proper ventilating equipment an unnecessary expense.

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.



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# Nuclear energy helped America achieve its energy balance. Is it a balance we can keep?

**T**he 1973 Arab oil embargo forced America to turn to alternatives to foreign oil. Reliable alternatives. America increased its use of electricity from nuclear energy and coal and began to make important strides toward energy independence.

We have since let our guard down. Oil imports are rising steadily and now rival 1973's. The implications of this foreign dependence are clear. So are the solutions.

## A dangerous rise in oil imports

America imported four million barrels of oil a day in 1985. In 1986, that figure jumped to over five million barrels a day. By 1990, we will most likely rely on imports for nearly half our needs. Some say as much as 75%. Compare that to 35% in 1973.

What happens when we become too dependent on foreign sources? We lose our balance. It's the first misstep toward losing our

energy security. In 1973, that meant short supplies, long gas lines, expensive fuels and critical damage to our economy.

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America has over one-fourth of the world's uranium. We have over 100 plants to convert it to electricity. According to energy analysts at Science Concepts, Inc., U.S. nuclear plants saved over two billion barrels of oil between 1973 and 1986. That's roughly one-fourth of the total amount of oil imported from Arab OPEC countries during the same period.

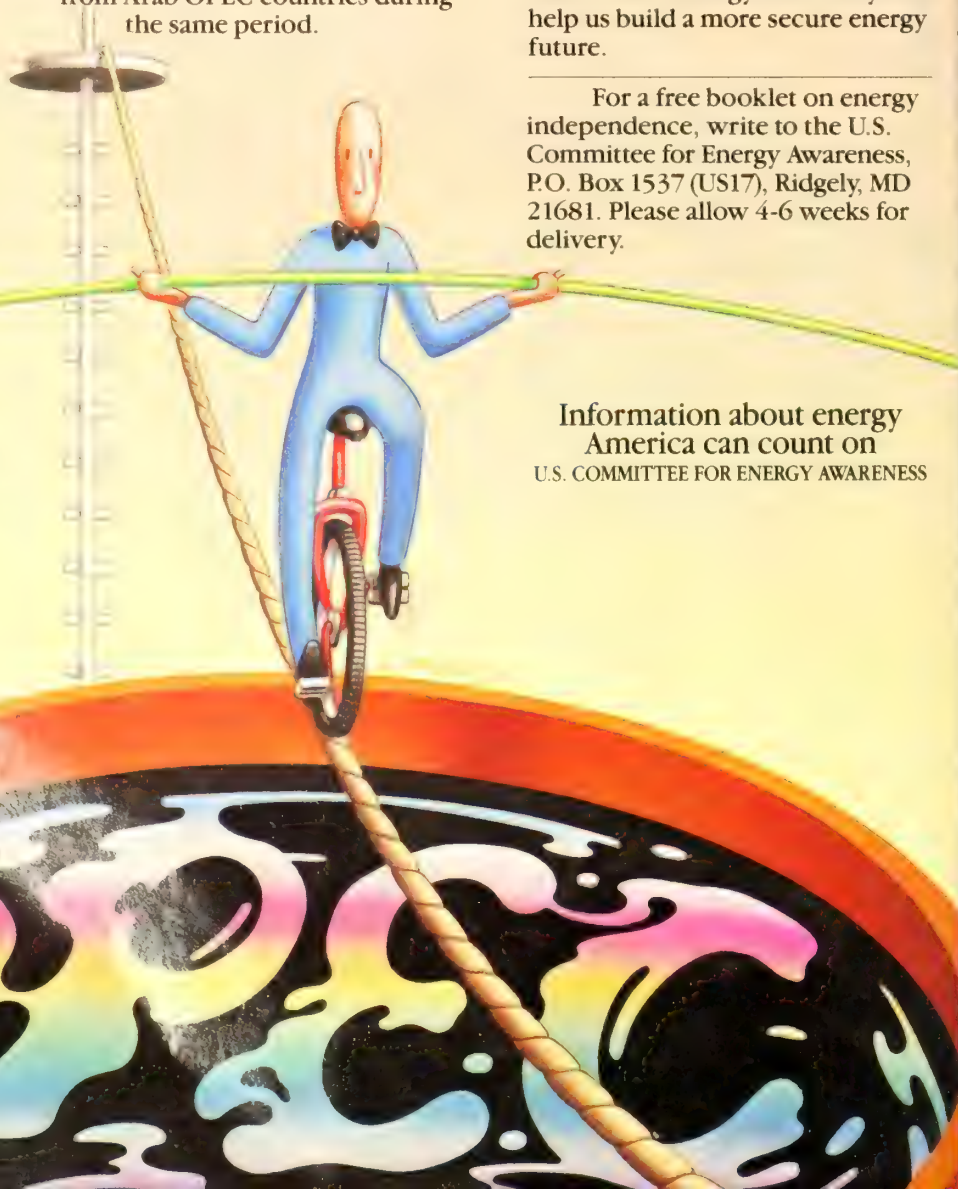
And, while our use of oil and natural gas is down from 1973 levels, we now use about 45% more coal and almost 400% more nuclear energy than we did then.

## Nuclear energy for a secure future

Obviously, nuclear energy can't completely replace oil here. And our own limited oil resources will force us to continue to rely on foreign suppliers. The good news is nuclear energy and coal, America's two leading sources of electricity, have helped us establish a more secure energy mix. They can help us build a more secure energy future.

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We attach financial significance to sexual transgressions because we want to quantify the results, and money seems to be a handy measure: possibly \$180 million for a new embassy in Moscow, \$250,000 for Jessica Hahn to reveal nothing, and \$500,000 for Fawn Hall to reveal everything. We cannot gauge the anguish of Jim Bakker's flock, the accused marines' families, or the Gary Hart volunteers.

Perhaps by now Hart has discovered how to capitalize on his downfall. He has written two novels to date; he certainly could get a healthy advance on a *roman à clef* about the downfall of a prominent politician. It might even be turned into a miniseries paying enough to erase his campaign debts. I'd watch.

Alfred Veerhoff  
Chevy Chase, Md.

## The Artist as Moralist

William Gass's essay ["Goodness Knows Nothing of Beauty," *Harper's Magazine*, April] on the distance between morality and art poses that old question about rescuing the masterpiece or the baby, a choice that favors morality, I think.

This reminds me of a similar question put to Alberto Giacometti some years ago. Someone asked the great artist which he would save in a burning museum hall, a priceless Rembrandt at one end or a kitten at the other, if he could only rescue one. He answered that he would save the kitten, and when they reached safety, he would set it free.

I wonder what Mr. Gass would have to say about that.

David B. Zoellner  
Evanston, Ill.

Has William Gass read George Orwell's "Politics and the English Language"? Would he acknowledge the truth of Orwell's observation that when a polemical writer uses abstractions—*moralist*, *artist*—and conveniently leaves them undefined, that writer denies responsibility for what he or she has written? Gass's diction is opaque, the language of the press

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conference. I would ask him whether Orwell, say, was a moralist or an artist. If he was both, then Gass's bigger-than-life terms would seem artificial, academic. Was Shakespeare a moralist or an artist when he gave us *Cordelia*? Is Gass a moralist or an artist? Or neither? And, if he deplores either/or reasoning, why does he wield it so vociferously?

Matt Becker

Huntington Beach, Calif.

I think that if William Gass's argument about the separation of morality and art had been more coherent it would have self-destructed. As it was, in his scramble to have things as many ways as possible, the implications of his position were lost in alliteration and clever examples. The philosopher Ananda Coomaraswamy has made much the same argument, but in a more forthright, less stylish fashion. Coomaraswamy claims that a bomb can be a beautiful object—an artistic creation—but only if it kills and destroys precisely as it was designed to do. No moral squeamishness here: pulped people and crumpled cars are outside the artistic purview.

This is the position of Gass and, although he stops, the logic runs on. Morality has no more place in commercial activity than in artistic activity, and the arguments for the separation of the good and the profitable are exactly the same as for the separation of the good and the beautiful. Morality is a foreign element in military, scientific, political, and academic thought. And the William Gasses in the Pentagon, the lab, and the academy will be the first to tell you so.

It is perfectly reasonable to distinguish logically between the aesthetic and moral qualities of a bomb or a business deal, but to do so misses the point of the distinction. Moral values are *always* intrusive. They are always on alien turf, always irrelevant to the job at hand. For Gass to point this out, as he does at great length, is to superficially discuss the obvious.

John Sumser

Stony Brook, N.Y.

## Panic Reconsidered

L. J. Davis undoubtedly is right about the financial smashup looming just down the road [The Next Panic," *Harper's Magazine*, May]. However, his ominous image of stockbrokers and investment bankers "gather[ing] in small nervous knots under the curbside plane trees" in Brooklyn to confer about the specter of a market collapse seems a little overblown. Actually, they were kicking around the concept of taking public a bicoastal syndicate of AIDS-free singles clubs. Or perhaps chuckling approvingly over the price of car condominiums in the Park Slope section of Brooklyn ("forget everything you think you know about Brooklyn," indeed!).

But whispering worriedly about an impending bear market? Preposterous. Every hotshot trader fully intends to short-index futures into oblivion when the market finally cracks, thus doubling his capital during the cataclysm. Moreover, those dollars will go a lot further then, with hapless consumers, going under for the third time in a sea of installment debt, heaving up assets at ten cents on the dollar.

It's going to be a lovely depression.

Michael Browning

Fair Lawn, N.J.

I loved L. J. Davis's article. I'm a gloom-and-doom type myself, a longtime Marxist now hiding out in a fast-track computer company. Surrounded as I am by macho investors making more from their stocks than from their paychecks, I'm painfully aware of the downside of expecting a crash—you don't make any money on the market.

I suspect Davis's analysis is more or less correct, but I can't make myself cash out the money I have in stock funds. Like everyone else, I'm hoping I'll have enough luck to get out in time.

What I would like to know is where Davis keeps his money.

Tom Athanasiou

San Francisco, Calif.

Continued on page 74



# NOTEBOOK

## Corporate etiquette

By Lewis H. Lapham

*Without the aid of prejudice and custom, I should not be able to find my way across the room.*

—William Hazlitt

**A**t least twice a year one or another of the nation's leading pollsters announces yet again that American institutions have achieved a new low in the public esteem. The percentages of trust—in business and government as well as in the media, the courts, and the medical professions—continue to fall as steadily as a winter rain. Every after-dinner speaker says something about "the loss of leadership" and bemoans the lack of respect for property and persons of consequence. The attorney general looses the agents of the Justice Department like a pack of hounds on the scent of any free or careless expression, and the mayor of New York, amplifying the fear of an AIDS epidemic, recommends chastity as a government policy. The remnant of the intelligentsia (for the most part comfortably employed as fuglemen of the ideological right) publishes a ceaseless spate of sermons against the voluptuousness of the popular culture. The nation's editorial writers give voice to the alarm that Claude Manceron, speaking of Louis XVI's foreign minister, ascribed to "the born conservative's fear of anything that moves."

Alas, nothing seems to do much good. No matter how stern the adjectives or how repressive the laws, not enough people out there in the streets have the common courtesy to kneel in the presence of their betters. As a remedy against this disturbing trend I think the civil authorities might give some thought to the success of the military services. Against the trend of the past ten years only the military has improved its standing in the popular

mind. It's hard to know why. Certainly the nation's armies and navies haven't distinguished themselves in battle. The Marines couldn't hold a position in Beirut; the space shuttles have ceased to operate; the fleet in the Persian Gulf has trouble telling the difference between its enemies and its friends. Nor has the nation's officer class presented an impressive show of character. During the Iran-contra hearings a tawdry parade of military witnesses has entertained Congress with tales of dishonesty, ignorance, and schoolboy zeal. Listening to them tell their stories of how they tried to rescue the free world from the chains of communism, I think of vaudeville clowns hitting one another over the head with rubber bats. In Iran they dressed up as parachutists and thought to win the Ayatollah Khomeini to their cause by offering him a Bible and a cake. In Switzerland they deposited \$10 million in the wrong bank account. In Nicaragua they hired drunken aircraft mechanics and dropped munitions in the wrong jungles.

And yet, despite these reversals, the military services continue to enjoy the admiration of the media and to receive, against all reason, lavish monetary gifts from a somnolent but still ambulatory Congress.

Maybe it's because of the uniforms. The armed forces may not be very effective in the conduct of the nation's wars, but they know how to stage a wedding or deploy a band. They present the spectacle of a handsomely illustrated class system, and it is their gift for pageantry that the civil authorities might do well to imitate. The public has been waiting impatiently for something along these lines ever since it first saw, during the Kennedy Administration, what things

could be like if only Presidents had the wit to play the role of princes. President Reagan understands the sentiment well enough to know that he must dress himself up in the airs and graces of a citizen monarch. It isn't a very literate performance, but then neither is the television audience a very literate public. Having been formed by the ethos of Hollywood, Reagan offers a miniseries rendition of Kennedy's Camelot, comic farce instead of sentimental grand opera, an imitation of Napoleon III instead of Napoleon I.

The lack of trust measured in the opinion polls reflects a feeling of dissatisfaction not with the competence of American institutions—the general state of incompetence being taken for granted by everybody over the age of twelve who doesn't write newspaper editorials—but with their seediness and lack of pomp. A restoration of the nation's feeling for hierarchy might promote a revivification of its morals. The authorities should place less of their faith in the police and more of their hope in tailors.

Before setting up a class system, of course, it would be necessary to amend the reputation of the word "elitist." In the alphabet of opprobrium, this epithet clearly stands well above the lesser and preliminary insults expressed in the terms "fascist," "racist," "communist," and "sexist pig." To denounce a fellow citizen as an elitist is to give the cut direct, to pronounce the all-American anathema and the final excommunication from the assembly of the ideologically pure in spirit.

The pejorative use of so vague a word as this always has seemed to me both humorous and perverse. I don't think I've ever met an American who didn't consider himself a member of

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an elite, if only an elite of one. As long ago as 1866 William Dean Howells observed that "inequality is as dear to the American heart as liberty itself."

The orthodox theory of democracy holds that all citizens possess equal rights and opportunities, that they succeed or fail according to their individual merits, that nobody is better than anybody else. The doctrine is patently false, and most Americans spend most of their lives trying to join one of the several hundred thousand elites disguised as clubs, associations, residential neighborhoods, and social registers. When everything is more or less the same, and when everybody can compete on the same footing for the same inventories of reward, then the slightest variation of result produces a sickness of heart.

Never has the world seen a nation so preoccupied with the buying and selling of the emblems of elitism. The sale of luxury goods in the nation's better department stores rests on an appeal to snobbery that would do credit to a British duke. The advertisements for cosmetics and real estate glitter with the promises of admission to the lost Eden. Let the customer buy the white shoes, and she will walk on marble terraces at Newport and Palm Beach; let the customer drive an elite car, drink an elite cognac, eat elite food in elite restaurants, travel on elite airplanes to elite resorts on elite oceans, and he will find himself transformed from egalitarian frog into celebrity prince.

In colonial America it was customary to arrange the order of dancing in accordance with the net worth of the young ladies present in the ballroom. The principal guest, usually a British peer or naval officer, danced first with the richest girl, then with the next richest girl, and so forth through the protocol of wealth. Were such customs to be revived in New York, Los Angeles, and Washington, I can imagine the presiding oligarchs reserving the right to wear rich and luxurious colors—purple, vermillion, emerald green—as well as the more costly silks and furs. The servants in the important fiscal households—the Mobil Corporation, say, or the Washington Post—might be permitted to

wear liveries trimmed in gold.

To the extent that the world has become subject to the rule of images, the people who succeed in business, government, and the media display an aptitude for the arts of the seventeenth-century courtier. They know how to laugh at the chairman's jokes, how to charm the ambassadors from CBS and Time, how to sit on ornamental commissions and stay awake at international conferences, how to speak the several languages of euphemism in which the larger and more subtle organizations conduct the business of larceny and fraud.

Within most large institutions these days the most urgent questions center on the refinements of etiquette—who gets the office with the view of the river, who rides in the chairman's limousine or travels on the company airplane, who goes to Barbados for the annual meeting and finds his name on the list of recipients for important memoranda. Recognizing these distinctions as essential to the preservation of the theories of "democracy" and the "free market," the society ought to encourage its ambitious young men and women to study dancing and small talk instead of accounting or mechanical drawing.

As has been remarked by a generation of public-relations counsel, the titles "Mr. President" and "Mr. Chairman" sound entirely too common. They lack resonance and could as easily be applied to a clerk in charge of a small-town savings-and-loan association. Corporations holding assets in excess of \$1 billion ought to be permitted to endow their senior management with sonorous titles similar to those bestowed on country clubs (say, Balmoral, River Oaks, Fairlawn). The title couldn't pass from parent to child, but it would carry the irrevocable right to inscribe a coat of arms on one's stationery, cuff links, and tennis racquet.

The badges of rank would make it easier to know when and toward whom to show proper respect. Outfitted in a velvet hat or ermine robe, Edwin Meese might find it easier to revise the nation's laws. Let Dan Rather carry a falcon on his wrist, and his audience might think that he was telling the truth.



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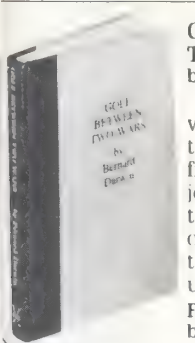


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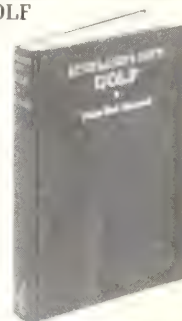


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# HARPER'S INDEX

- Percentage increase in 1986 in the number of Americans who own gold : 60
- Percentage increase in 1986 in foreign deposits in Luxembourg banks : 40
- Average earnings of the ten most prosperous Wall Street professionals in 1986 : \$68,800,000
- Average annual percentage increase, since 1981, in the productivity of U.S. manufacturing workers : 4
- Average annual percentage increase, since 1981, in the hourly wage of U.S. manufacturing workers : 0.8
- Percentage of 30- to 34-year-old heads of households who owned their own homes in 1975 : 62.2
- Percentage who own their own homes today : 53.2
- Number of Palestinian homes in the West Bank that have been demolished or sealed by Israel since 1967 : 1,500
- Number of mosques in the Gaza Strip in 1967 : 71
- Today : 153
- Percentage increase in South Africa's 1988 defense budget : 30
- Percentage increase in its 1988 police budget : 50
- Percentage of prison inmates in the United States in 1925 who were black : 23
- Percentage today : 46
- Campaign contributions made by lawyers in the Pennzoil-Texaco lawsuit to Texas judges : \$387,900
- Campaign contributions made by George Bush's PAC to Iowa and New Hampshire state candidates in 1986 : \$80,000
- Percentage of Republican Party donors who say they could not support George Bush for the presidency : 2
- Amount the Iowa Democratic Party charges candidates for a list of the state's registered Democrats : \$10,000
- Acres of lawn in the United States : 25,000,000
- Total acres in Indiana : 23,158,400
- Percentage of California's almond crop exported to Japan and Europe in the last year : 81
- Amount the Tobacco Institute donated to underwrite the antidrug booklet *Helping Youth Say No* : \$70,000
- Record-store clerks arrested this year on obscenity charges for selling certain albums to minors : 1
- Hours that *Leave It to Beaver* is on the air each week in Des Moines : 6
- Number of TV broadcasters who have lost their license due to a Fairness Doctrine violation : 0
- Price of a copy of *Jim & Tammy Bakker*, the authorized history of the PTL Club, in 1986 : \$100
- Today : \$20
- Market value of Dwight Gooden's rookie-year baseball card last fall : \$120
- Today : \$70
- Vials of bleach that will be distributed to IV-drug users in San Francisco this year : 14,000 (see page 17)
- Condoms that New York City will distribute at singles bars, porn theaters, and massage parlors this year : 500,000
- Estimated amount Americans will spend on bogus AIDS treatment in 1987 : \$1,000,000,000
- Percentage of Americans who say they have altered their plans because of astrology reports : 7
- Percentage of women's bathing suits sold in 1977 that were bikinis : 51
- In 1986 : 19
- Items in the L.L. Bean Women's Outdoor catalogue offered in various shades of pink : 57
- Blossoms needed to supply nectar for one hummingbird each day : 1,600
- Takes required to film Tip O'Neill's Miller Lite commercial : 79
- Times New York Times columnist A.M. Rosenthal's office door was painted before he was happy with the color : 4

Figures cited are the latest available as of June 1987. Sources are listed on page 76.

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# HOW TO HELP SAVE LIVES AND REDUCE INJURIES AUTOMATICALLY

THREE-POINT PASSIVE SAFETY BELT SYSTEMS ARE AN EFFECTIVE  
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General Motors is equipping 10% of its 1987 model cars with automatic lap/shoulder belt systems for the driver and for the right-hand front seat passenger. It is the first step in meeting a federal requirement to phase in passive restraints.

**The automatic systems will be standard equipment** on most 1987 models of the Pontiac Grand Am and Bonneville, Buick Somerset, Skylark, and LeSabre, and Oldsmobile Calais and Delta 88. By 1990 we plan to equip all GM cars with passive restraint systems.

The belts in the GM system will be connected to the car at three anchor points—one toward the center of the front seat, and two on the front door.

**Three-point automatic lap/shoulder belt systems offer the same advantages as GM's current three-point manual systems.** Lap and

shoulder belts allow you to "ride down" the crash as the vehicle absorbs the impact. They also help prevent you from being thrown from the car in an accident, where you are more likely to be killed or seriously injured.

**Safety belts have proved effective in reducing injuries and fatalities.** That's why GM supports belt-use laws. Automatic lap/shoulder belt systems will make it even easier for people to comply with these laws.

Opening the door pulls the belts forward for entry. Closing it brings the belts into their operating position. A single push button at the center anchor point releases the system in an emergency. Retractors pull the released belts into storage positions on the door.

**Extra attachment points will be built into cars** equipped with these systems so you can secure most child restraint systems with an auxiliary lap belt.

General Motors is pursuing other programs that will help reduce the number and

severity of injuries caused by accidents. We are designing energy-absorbing interiors. We are phasing in rear-seat lap/shoulder belts, beginning with some 1987 models—kits will be made available through GM dealers to retrofit most older cars with these systems. And we will be equipping some 1988 model cars with driver-side air bags to supplement safety belts.

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# READINGS

[Press Guidelines]

## THE NEWS FROM SEOUL

From "Guiding the Press," in the May Index on Censorship. Below are examples of the "requests for cooperation" issued daily by the South Korean Ministry of Culture and Information to all newspapers in the country. The memos were originally published last fall in South Korea in *Mal* ("Words"), a publication of the Council for Democratic Press Movement. Several thousand copies of the issue in which the memos appeared were seized by the government, and five members of the council were arrested. Two were given suspended sentences for violating South Korea's National Security Law. The others were released.

19 OCTOBER 1985

Do not report on:

(1) The alleged torture of Kim Keun Tae [former president of the Youth Federation of Democratization Movements], Hong In Hae [president of the Students General Council of Korea University], and others discussed by Kim Soo Han [a member of the New Korea Democratic Party] in the National Assembly.

(2) The fact that a total of 15,000 farmers staged demonstrations on thirty-two occasions this year, the largest resistance movement of farmers since the revolt of the Tonghak Party.

(3) Reports that 95 percent of the people want a civilian, not a military government.

25 OCTOBER 1985

Do not report the statement of National Assembly Speaker Lee Jae Hyung, who said that the government should not follow, wiretap, or harass members of the National Assembly.

1 NOVEMBER 1985

Do not report the *Financial Times* story that says South Korea and Communist China are setting up a joint venture.

Treat the demonstrations of Seoul National University students critically.

Do not carry any photos of Kim Dae Jung, Kim Young Sam, and Lee Min Woo [opposition party leaders] at today's meeting.

5 NOVEMBER 1985

Do not report sporadic student demonstrations one by one, but sum up such demonstrations in a proper length.

6 NOVEMBER 1985

Do not write that the import of cigarettes was forced on South Korea by the U.S.A.

12 NOVEMBER 1985

In connection with the sit-in of the Council for the Promotion of Democracy, do not report the sit-in, the moves of the two Kims [Kim Dae Jung and Kim Young Sam] and Kim Dong Young, or the street blockade in the neighborhood either in a straight news story or in a profile.

15 NOVEMBER 1985

Of the questions raised by Ryu Jun Sang [NKPD National Assembly member] in the budget committee, do not report the following, concerning the government's policy on the mass media:

(1) Whether the authorities warned Choe Il Nam and Kim Dhong Shin [members of the editorial board of *Dong-A Ilbo*, South Korea's largest independent daily] and Chang Myung Soo [a reporter with *Hankook Ilbo*] regarding the contents of their columns.

(2) Whether members of the Culture and Information Ministry, the National Security Planning Agency, and the Counter-Intelligence

Command are posted at the companies of mass communication media on a permanent basis.

19 NOVEMBER 1985

About reports on the investigation of the students who attacked the training center of the Democratic Justice Party: Do not use any photographs of the scene. Do not use the words "House search without an arrest warrant."

12 DECEMBER 1985

For the end of the year or special New Year's editions, do not write on the following:

(1) Hasty conclusions or prospects regarding the South Korea–North Korea dialogues.

(2) Present state of the opposition circles.

(3) Interviews with the two Kims.

(4) The questions regarding TV rights to the 1988 Olympics.

23 DECEMBER 1985

Do not report the UPI story on the possibility of South Korea's economy worsening in 1986.

25 DECEMBER 1985

Do not report the story in *Yomiuri Shimbun* [a Japanese newspaper] on the ranking of 100 world leaders this year—in which President Doo Hwan Chun ranks twentieth (second last year) while Kim Dae Jung is placed sixth.

6 JANUARY 1986

Do not report Jack Anderson's column about the civil war in Nicaragua in which he says that the Taiwan government and the Unification Church are supporting the *contras*.

31 JANUARY 1986

Regarding the kidnapping of a South Korean diplomat in Lebanon, do not speculate on what terrorist faction did this. Report the incident in such a way as to create the impression that it was done by North Korea.

7 FEBRUARY 1986

Do not put on the front page reports on the Philippines election, but carry them on foreign news pages. Do not use such headlines as "The Philippines at a Crossroads of the Destiny of Democracy."

8 FEBRUARY 1986

About the first anniversary of Kim Dae Jung's return home, his statements about his life in the past year, and his meeting with Kim Young Sam: Report these facts only in a one-column story. Do not use the words "house arrest" of Kim Dae Jung, but write instead "protective measures."

15 FEBRUARY 1986

Headline the story about the results of the search of the office of the National Association of University Students "Molotov Cocktails and

Firearms Confiscated" instead of "Oil and Printed Matter."

21 FEBRUARY 1986

Do not report an AFP dispatch from Athens saying that the Olympic torch will pass through North Korea.

24 FEBRUARY 1986

Do not report the fact that Stephen Solarz, chair of the U.S. Congress's Subcommittee on Asian Affairs, sent a letter to President Chun urging him not to suppress the signature collection campaigns of the opposition parties for constitutional amendment.

27 FEBRUARY 1986

On the situation in the Philippines:

(1) Do not emphasize or compare the civil disobedience movement with our own reality in comments or forums.

(2) Do not publish serials such as "Serials on the World's Dictators," "The Footsteps of the Dictatorial Regimes," or "Marcos's Twenty-Year Dictatorship."

Do report prominently the news of President Chun's visit to Europe at the top of the front page, in editorials, and in special editions.

5 MARCH 1986

Do not report the activities of the Council for the Defence of Democracy.

6 MARCH 1986

Put to the front pages a four or more column statement to the effect that South Korea differs from the Philippines, made by the spokesman of the U.S. State Department in the press briefing and by Wolfowitz in his farewell remarks as Assistant Secretary for East Asian Affairs.

14 MARCH 1986

Give prominence to the statements on the importance of South Korea's security by Secretary of State George Shultz and the Commander of the United States Armed Forces in the Pacific.

14 MAY 1986

The 13 May editorial in *Rodong Shinmun* [a North Korean newspaper], encouraging South Korean student demonstrations, should be carried prominently.

The news of the students circulating papers carrying the North Korean encouragement must go to the side of the front page or top of the national pages.

27 JULY 1986

In Kyongdong Mine in Samchok, the miners and their families are negotiating with the company, requesting payment of the wage for June and holidays. It is absolutely impossible to report this matter at all, as this will cause social disturbances.





From the Buffalo News.

[Essay]

## BLOWING SMOKE

From "I'm Too Understanding to Mind," by Roberta Sandler, an ex-smoker, in the Spring 1987 issue of Philip Morris Magazine, a quarterly for smokers published by the tobacco company.

People today often ask if I mind whether they smoke. No, I don't mind. Because I like the smell of cigarette smoke. I like the way it triumphantly, insouciantly glides through the air.

I like the look and feel of cigarettes. They're streamlined and look like they're weight conscious. There were times when they felt smooth and sexy between my fingers.

One day, I decided to quit smoking. No reason. I just felt like it. At times, I dearly missed that cylinder of tobacco fashionably wardrobe in white.

Just like a modern woman, who fears she's become too dependent on her man, I was curious to find out whether I was liberated enough to live apart from my carton and my lighter. I've been unattached, so to speak, since then. One

day, I'll probably renew the relationship. For now, I'm a loner.

On the other hand, my husband will never end his affair with cigarettes. He's devoted to them as deeply and sincerely as he's committed to me. I don't mind. I'm an understanding wife. I know how it is to want something, to find pleasure in it, to be grateful that it delivers on its promises.

I find the odor of cigarette smoke no less appealing than the aroma of perfume. It reminds me that my husband is nearby. The scent teases his clothing and our bed linens. Confidentially, I think it's a turn-on.

Smokers and nonsmokers think I'm strange because I don't object to entering an office where people are permitted to smoke. To me, the smoke creates an atmosphere of industriousness, of assertiveness, and sometimes of a macho presence.

When I stopped smoking, my friends were uncomfortable. "Will it bother you if I smoke in front of you?" they solicitously inquired. I laughed.

"It would bother me if you *didn't*," I told them. I know what it's like to enjoy smoking yet

to feel obligated to deny yourself the pleasure because you're amidst nonsmokers.

When I'm in the passenger seat of our car, I don't order my husband, "Open a window!" When I'm driving, and a friend who smokes is seated alongside me, I immediately put her at ease by pulling open the dashboard ashtray and saying, "Feel free. It doesn't bother me." In those close surroundings, I anticipate the wafts of smoke that will drift my way. Ahh, yes.

Perhaps I'm merely a temporary ex-smoker. Nevertheless, I continue to be amazed and amused that I offend *other* ex-smokers when I lean toward smokers, inhale deeply, and say with a broad smile, "Could you blow it in my face?"

[Statement]

## CALIFORNIA ESTEEMIN'

*From a statement of goals and objectives of the California Task Force to Promote Self-Esteem, and Personal and Social Responsibility, published in the June issue of the group's newsletter, "Esteem." The task force was established by the California State Legislature last fall.*

**Mission Statement:** Seek to determine whether self-esteem, and personal and social responsibility are the keys to unlocking the secrets of healthy human development so that we can get to the roots of and develop effective solutions for major social problems; to develop and provide for every Californian the latest knowledge and practices regarding the significance of self-esteem, and personal and social responsibility.

1. GOAL: Compile and evaluate current scientific literature and the world's most credible and contemporary research regarding self-esteem, and personal and social responsibility.

**Objectives:**

1.1 Develop criteria for evaluating research and program information.

1.2 Compile and evaluate the research concerning the causal relationship between healthy self-esteem, personal and social responsibility, and the following social problems:

- a. Crime, violence, and recidivism
- b. Alcoholism and drug abuse
- c. Welfare dependency
- d. Teenage pregnancy
- e. Child and spousal abuse
- f. Children failing to learn in school

1.3 Survey government, public and private institutions, and families to determine whether the manner in which they relate to people serves to dehumanize persons.

2. GOAL: Propose a plan for furthering the work of the task force and for promotion of self-esteem, and personal and social responsibility, especially as it is related to a partnership between public and private entities.

**Objectives:**

2.1 Determine ways in which government and private institutions, and parents, families, and individuals, can be more supportive of the development and perpetuation of healthy self-esteem, and personal and social responsibility.

2.2 Suggest ways in which the news media, TV, radio, and movie industries can support the themes and recommendations of the task force in their ongoing programming.

3. GOAL: Provide the California public with information about self-esteem, and personal and social responsibility so that each Californian can personally benefit in his or her own life, relationships, family, and community.

4. GOAL: Develop an effective working relationship and information sharing with local task forces on self-esteem, and personal and social responsibility.

[Letter]

## DISOWNING THE SURGEON GENERAL

*From a letter signed by Phyllis Schlafly and Paul Weyrich and sent in April to the fifty-seven members of the sponsoring committee of a banquet honoring Surgeon General C. Everett Koop. The May 19 dinner was held by the United Senior Americans, a conservative lobby. In response to the letter, which asked the fifty-seven to reconsider their sponsorship because of Koop's position on AIDS, eleven withdrew support, including Senator Robert Dole, Representative Jack Kemp, and former governor Pierre du Pont.*

**W**e are very surprised to see that you are listed as a member of the dinner committee for the "Salute to the Surgeon General of the United States, C. Everett Koop." You must be unaware of the circumstances surrounding Dr. Koop and this dinner.

When Dr. Koop was nominated as surgeon



[Label]  
BLEACH AID



This label (or a Spanish version) is affixed to one-ounce vials of household bleach distributed by the MidCity Consortium to Combat AIDS to IV-drug users in San Francisco. The clinics plan to give away 14,000 vials this year. A recent survey of San Francisco's IV-drug users found that 91 percent were aware that bleach could kill the AIDS virus on a hypodermic syringe; 68 percent said they used bleach for that purpose regularly.

general, we worked at least as hard as anyone else to secure his confirmation. He was an outspoken advocate for the right to life and seemed to be a good representative of pro-family values.

In the last several months, however, for whatever reasons, Dr. Koop has been no friend to the ideas and people that won him confirmation. He has been promoting condoms as an effective measure against AIDS without differentiating between adults who deliberately engage in high-risk behavior at bathhouses and what may properly and legally be taught to children in the public schools. He has urged sex education "at the lowest grade possible" that includes "information on heterosexual and homosexual relationships" and the "risk behaviors that expose them to infection with the AIDS virus." And he has said publicly that abortion is a "legal option" for pregnant women with AIDS.

If someone had suggested honoring him a year or two ago, we would have agreed enthusiastically. But to do so now is a big mistake for the conservative and pro-family movement.

Not only has Koop publicly departed from pro-life principles, but many believe that his statements about AIDS are a cover for the homosexual community. His report on AIDS issued last November read as though it were edited by the National Gay Task Force. He has refused to call for legislation and regulations that would stop those who are infected with AIDS from spreading the virus, while repeatedly urging that public schools institute classroom curricula that are morally offensive to parents. Dr. Koop's proposals for stopping AIDS represent the ho-

mosexuals' views, not those of the pro-family movement.

We hope you will reevaluate your apparent sponsorship of a testimonial to C. Everett Koop. This dinner will clearly play right into the hands of those promoting the gay-rights agenda, which is to teach children how to use condoms for premarital promiscuity with either sex while opposing the measures that are desperately needed to protect the uninfected from the infected.

[Request for Spousal Support]

## I MARRIED ALEXIS

*Excerpted from the "Declaration of Peter Holm in Support of Respondent's Request for Spousal Support," filed in California Superior Court on March 27. Joan Collins filed for divorce from Holm in December, after thirteen months of marriage.*

### STANDARD OF LIVING OF THE PARTIES PRIOR TO THE MARRIAGE

One afternoon in July 1983, I met Joan Collins. She noticed me and, through a third party, invited me to escort her that evening to the world premier of the film *Superman*. We shared a wonderful evening. After the screening, we went to the most famous and chic London dis-cothèque, TRAMPS, where we danced together all through the night. This was the evening in which I fell in love with Joan. We had both fall-



From *American Prospects*, photographs by Joel Sternfeld, published by Times Books. Sternfeld's photographs were exhibited this spring at the Museum of Fine Arts in Houston.

en in love. Joan left that following morning for Los Angeles. We parted, and the final words Joan said to me—after giving me her phone number and address in Beverly Hills—were: “Please come and visit me in Los Angeles.” I was greatly affected by that wonderful evening, for it was the first time I had fallen in love. A couple of days later, I telephoned Joan in America. I was missing her terribly. Joan asked me when I would be visiting America, so that we might see each other again. I made arrangements immediately to take a plane at the end of the week.

I arrived in Los Angeles, where Joan's driver picked me up at the airport and took me to the house at Bowmont Drive. I was surprised that Joan's main car was a ten-year-old Mercedes. I said to myself that Joan should have a brand new Rolls-Royce. It was a happy and loving reunion. That evening Joan and I dined at MA MAISON and attended a party at Hugh Hefner's PLAYBOY MANSION. Once again Joan and I danced into the early hours of the morning. We fell even more in love. That night, in consideration of Joan's daughter, Katy, I slept in a guest room at Bowmont. I had only taken one week's

holiday, but the time was flying away as we spent every minute we could together. Joan had to work at the studio on the *Dynasty* set, which I visited just to be close to her. When the week's holiday was up, I extended my holiday for another two weeks. Joan and I were together all of this time. We enjoyed and loved each other. We made love for the first time, and we got to know each other more and more. Then, unfortunately, I had to return to England to attend to my businesses. After only a week away from each other, Joan flew over to England to be with me. It was during this week that we decided we wanted to be together, wherever that was. Joan had to be in L.A. because of her work, so I decided to join her. We flew back to Los Angeles together, and I lived with her at Bowmont Drive. My businesses in England suffered greatly as a result of this move, and finally I had no option but to sell them in order that I might spend my time with Joan.

As the days went by, I had to comfort Joan, as she had so many financial and business problems that were making her unhappy. It seems that Joan wasn't capable of being an actress and a businesswoman at the same time. It became



clear to me when I asked Joan if she knew how much money she was spending and earning, that Joan needed help. As she didn't know, I decided to help Joan in whatever way I could. I couldn't stand to see my sweetheart being unhappy.

Christmas 1984, Joan and I became engaged. I proposed marriage to Joan because we were living together and I was happy in my own mind that we would always be together. It would be my first marriage. I proposed to Joan on the island of Antigua, in the Caribbean. I gave Joan a five-carat diamond solitaire ring. Almost a year later, Joan and I married in Las Vegas on November 6, 1985. It proved an exciting week for both of us. Not only did we fly by private jet to Las Vegas and get married, but later that week, in Florida, we met and danced with Prince Charles and Lady Diana.

I felt that Joan had such great talent and good taste that I thought we should jointly produce television movies. I initiated and negotiated the seven-hour CBS miniseries called *Sins*, which had production costs of \$14,000,000. During the production we stayed in a six-room suite at the RITZ in PARIS, the world's most exclusive and expensive hotel. We stayed there for three months at a cost of approximately \$200,000, which was paid for by the production company. The project was very profitable for Joan and myself, and was also a great ratings success. Together, we were the executive producers. From the initial idea to the completed project, Joan and I worked happily and proudly together. It was the ideal situation for two people so in love.

During all these years, Joan and I were inseparable. When Joan was in Europe, I was with her. Every social function, private function, business function, we were always together. I am pleased that our relationship has not only been wonderful and romantic but also that our joint efforts have resulted in a gross income in excess of \$5,200,000 during our marriage, up until December 8, 1986.

#### STANDARD OF LIVING OF THE PARTIES DURING THE COURSE OF THE MARRIAGE

The Petitioner and I have always traveled extensively during our marriage. Many of the expenses were paid for by other entities. However, we have paid for a good portion of our travel expenses during the marriage. For example, we have two houses in Beverly Hills and two houses in the south of France. I travel to the south of France frequently.

We both have friends and business acquaintances throughout Europe and the United States. We have been entertained by PRESIDENT REAGAN and were invited on December 4, 1984, to the White House.

During the summer of 1986, while visiting LONDON, we enjoyed the company of HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, QUEEN ELIZABETH II, PRINCE CHARLES and LADY DIANA, and SIR GORDON WHITE at the famous ASCOT RACES.

During the summer of 1986, I attended a private cocktail party with PRINCESS CAROLINE and PRINCE ALBERT—at the ROYAL PALACE in MONTE CARLO. Unfortunately, the Petitioner could not join us.

We dined out at restaurants on an average of five or six nights per week, at an average cost of \$100 per person.

#### RESTAURANTS IN EUROPE

Annabel's, Connaught Hotel, Harry's Bar, Langan's Brasserie, Mr. Chow, Mr. Kai, San Lorenzo, Trader Vics, Tramps, White Elephant, Maxim's

#### RESTAURANTS IN CALIFORNIA

Bistro Garden, Bombay Palace, Chasen's, La Scala, La Serre, Ma Maison, Mr. Chow, Morton's, Nicky Blair, Nipper's, Pastel, Scandia, Spago, Studio Grill, Tramps, Trumps

We were always part of the local HOLLYWOOD party scene and attended parties at the homes of, or with: Johnny Carson, Roger Moore, Linda Evans, Jackie Bisset, Sammy Cahn, Michael Caine, Dyan Cannon, Allan Carr, Barbara Carrera, Diahann Carroll, Chris Cazanove, Marvin Davis, Sammy Davis Jr., Kirk Douglas, Timothy Dalton, Morgan Fairchild, James Farentino, Freddie Fields, John Forsythe, Eva Gabor, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Regine, Larry Hagman, George Hamilton, David Hasselhoff, Hugh Hefner, Lauren Hutton, Julio Iglesias, John James, Don Johnson, Gene Kelly, Irving Lazar, Michele Lee, Liza Minnelli, Michael Nader, Catherine Oxenberg, Ryan O'Neal, Farrah Fawcett, Gregory Peck, Joanna Poirier, Stefanie Powers, Norman Parkinson, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jane Seymour, Robert Wagner, Esther Williams, Raquel Welch, Joan Rivers, Harold Robbins, Adnan Khashoggi.

Because of this life style we always had to wear very expensive designer clothing and jewelry, and use limousine services, luxury cars, and private drivers.

We entertained in our Bowmont home on average once every ten days and held a major event every month. We employed extra staff—caterers, car valets, and extra security—for these parties. We catered to our friends' expensive tastes. Provisions included Russian caviar, smoked salmon, and champagne, vintage wines, and liquor by the crate.

I currently enjoy the use of two luxury automobiles, a custom-built and -designed Spartan (purchased at approximately \$40,000) and a BMW 635CSI. However, the latter vehicle was removed from my control and possession by the

## Exhibit A

The following estimates of my present monthly expenses are based on actual expenses for the calendar year 1986.

### *Projected new residence.*

Rent	\$16,500.00
Household Salaries	7,000.00
Payroll Taxes	1,400.00
Household Cash	300.00
Household Supplies	
General	700.00
Groceries	1,900.00
Hardware, etc.	200.00
Miscellaneous	500.00
Maintenance	500.00
Utilities	600.00
Telephone	1,300.00
TV Cable and Video Supplies	670.00
Dry Cleaning	100.00
Insurance	300.00
Security—Bel Air Patrol	200.00
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>32,170.00</b>

### *Car expenses.*

Leasing of 1984 BMW	3,910.00
Gas	160.00
Repairs and Maintenance	1,300.00
Depreciation	1,500.00
Insurance	400.00
Registration	25.00
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>7,295.00</b>

### *Other*

Club Membership and Dues	400.00
Newspapers and Magazines	100.00
Personal Grooming	200.00
Medical Expenses	250.00
Gifts	1,650.00
Audio Supplies	400.00
Computer Equipment and Supplies	3,000.00
Freight and Messengers	100.00
Office Expenses	1,125.00
Books	280.00
Clothing and Accessories	12,000.00
Photos and Supplies	800.00
Subscriptions	36.00
Maintenance and Taxes (Port Grimaud)	1,500.00
Advertising	250.00
Entertainment	6,000.00
Cash Draws	8,000.00
Travel and Lodging	4,000.00
Limousine Expenses	500.00
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>40,591.00</b>

**GRAND TOTAL**      **\$80,056.00**

Petitioner and hidden from me despite the court order of February 17, 1987, which stated that I should have exclusive temporary use of my BMW 635CSI. In order to maintain properly both vehicles, the cost is approximately \$2,800 per month, due to their luxury nature.

During our marriage we purchased a second family home, located at 1196 Cabrillo Drive, Beverly Hills, for \$1,950,000 cash, which we paid for with some funds earned during our marriage. The home comprises 13,000 square feet of living space, including a huge master bedroom suite, a separate guest house, and numerous other amenities—including room to park twenty cars, a large pool and fountains, an extensive lawn, and terraced walks throughout the estate.

In order to maintain my current life style I have begun looking for a permanent residence in the area. I realize that to live in a property like the Cabrillo residence may be unrealistic for me at this time. However, I have looked at residences about half the size of the Cabrillo property that would be suitable to me and find that the monthly rent is \$16,500.

Throughout our marriage I have dressed stylishly. I have spent large sums updating my wardrobe to enhance my wife's and my public image. I spent approximately \$20,000 per month on clothing and accessories. I purchased an extensive amount of clothing while I traveled (always first class) in Europe during our marriage. In fact, during our marriage we withdrew over \$600,000 in cash for these kinds of expenditures.

Shopping was one of our favorite pastimes and we patronized such places as RODEO DRIVE in Beverly Hills. We both have expensive tastes in our choice of wardrobes. Our life style demands that we wear quality clothing at all times, including expensive leather and fur jackets, ties, watches, shoes, and silk shirts. For instance, I wear \$2,000 leather jackets, \$400 crocodile shoes, and tens of thousands of dollars worth of jewelry.

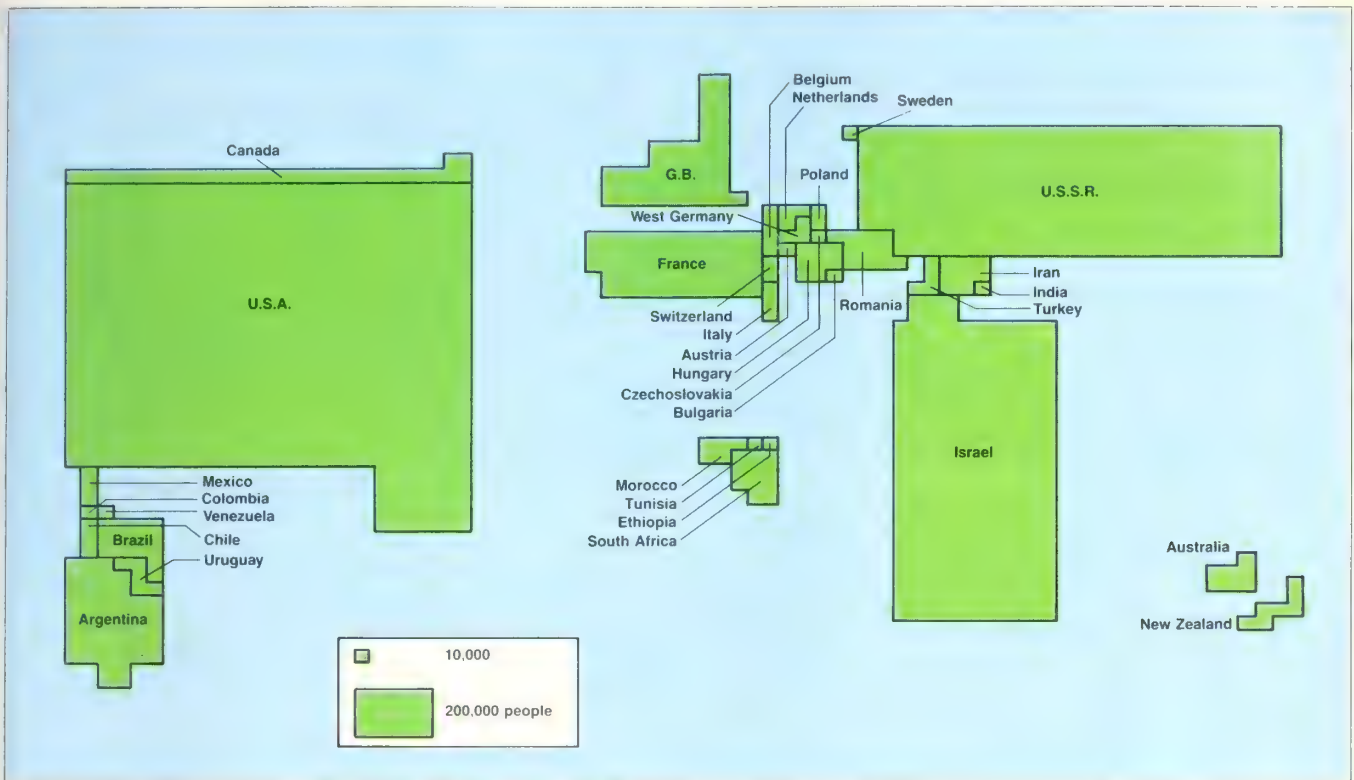
While our income and expenses may seem extraordinary to the average person, the fact of the matter is that to us, it is our normal way of life and is typical of those depicted in the television series *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous*, on which we have been featured several times.

Because I am presently unemployed, and all savings during the marriage were invested in our Cabrillo home, my cash flow is, at present, zero. Therefore, I am requesting \$80,000 per month *pendente lite* support in order that I can maintain my standard of living which I have enjoyed previous to and during our marriage. Petitioner's income is more than sufficient to support my request for temporary support while maintaining her life style and standard of living.



[Map]

## MAPPING THE DIASPORA, 1987



From *Atlas of the World Today*, compiled by Neil Grant and Nick Middleton, published by Perennial Library/Harper & Row. This map shows the distribution of the world's Jews.

[Interview]

### POLAND'S 'JEWISH PROBLEM'

From an interview with Dr. Marek Edelman, in the Spring issue of *Across Frontiers*, a quarterly journal of writing from Eastern Europe. Edelman, who is a cardiologist and Solidarity activist in Lodz, is the last surviving leader of the 1944 Warsaw ghetto uprising. An excerpt from his memoir, *Shielding the Flame*, appeared in the July 1986 issue of Harper's Magazine.

What do you think of the revived interest in the Jewish problem among Poles? Catholic journals devote a good deal of attention to Jewish culture.

The Jews are a very important theme in Poland. Not from the point of view of the present, since there are no more Jews, but from that of the past and future. Because the church behaved abominably to the Jews, particularly in the twenty years leading up to the last war. I'm not talking about today's church, which is against the state and where 100,000 people

come to masses for Father Popieluszko. And that Pope whose portrait hangs at the Gdansk shipyard, he's no church Pope, but the patron of freedom. The interest in the Jewish problem can be interpreted as a mark of opposition to the idea of Communism. If the Commies are against the Jews then I'm for them!

But it does have something to do with religion...

With religion? Nonsense! With security, yes! Understand that, my friend! You are naive. Do you remember when it was that people used to go to church most frequently? It was from 1945 to 1948, to show the Reds. And when was there culture in the church? In 1968 and today, when people are being beaten. The church is one place where the people can take refuge. Don't be childish. It's a matter of politics.

I'll repeat my question once again. How do you interpret the interest of the Polish Catholic press in Jewish problems? Is it the need to make amends for past wrongs?

In a certain sense it is. I suppose that these people are ashamed of the church as it existed here between the wars.

*On the other hand there's an interest within society as well...*

I don't know. Maybe there is some interest, but you have to admit that this society no longer knows any Jews, since there aren't any left.

*What do you think it means to be a Jew nowadays?*

Where? Here in Poland? It means to be on the side of the weak, not of the government. The government here always beat the Jews, just like Solidarity is beaten today. I think that irrespective of who is being beaten you have to side with them. You should give them a place to stay, let them take refuge in your basement. You should not be afraid of them, and in general you should oppose those who are doing the beating. And that's the only thing that makes a Jew a Jew today. Polish Jewry has perished. That great Jewish culture is dead and gone and will never return.

*But it hasn't totally perished. There's still the memory of what used to be.*

No, there's nothing left. Even if something has survived in people's memories or in Polish literature, the sense of presence is gone and will never return.

*In that case, could you tell us what it means to be a Jew, not just here in Poland but in general?*

That's very hard to define precisely. Jewry was the basin between the Vistula and the Dnieper. That's all. What existed in America, in France, in England didn't create Jewish culture. What is a people anyway? A people is a group of individuals who create a common culture, a sense of progress. It's not necessary or sufficient for a people to have a common ideology or religion. There are millions of Moslems in the world, but they're not all of the same culture. Those 5 million Jews from Odessa to Warsaw had a single culture, even the same economic conditions. And that no longer exists.

*Yet there does exist the state of Israel.*

The state of Israel has a totally different culture. Even if it survives, after a certain amount of time it will become culturally Arabic. And there's no way around that. You see, it's not a Jewish state but a mosaic state. Jews were brought to Israel from Ethiopia, Egypt, China. Apart from sharing the faith of Moses they have nothing at all in common with each other. And so if they do hold out, a new people, a new culture will eventually arise that won't have anything to do with Europe, with Chagall, with the Jewry that used to exist here.

*What do you think people who call themselves Jews ought to identify with? Where should these people look to find their place in the world?*

If they think of themselves as European Jews,

then they'll always be against the state. A Jew always has a sense of community with the very weakest.

*In that case, is there any difference between a Jew who is on the side of the weak and those who are weak but not Jewish?*

No, none. Bujak, Kuron, Michnik, Jaworski, Lis, Frasiński—they are the Jews of this system.

[Marketing Plan]

## THE ALL NEW, IMPROVED CONTRAS!

*From "Public Relations Campaign for the Freedom Fighters," a memorandum written in February 1985 by Robert Owen for Lieut. Col. Oliver North. In this memo, Owen, who was North's liaison to the contras, outlined ways to improve the contras' image in order to help secure congressional funding. A copy of the memo was made public recently by the congressional committees investigating the Iran-contra affair.*

### PUBLICITY TOOLS FOR THE COALITION

The question of the word *contra* to describe the fighters should be attacked head on. Perhaps it can be turned around and used to our advantage. Here are some ideas:

- ☐ Begin calling the anti-Sandinista war the *New Revolution*;
- ☐ Begin calling the freedom fighters the *Revolutionary Contras*, or the *New Revolutionaries*;
- ☐ Rename the cause *Revolutionary Counter-Communism*.

The adoption of a symbol by the coalition to signify a unified effort against the Sandinista form of government would be a great help. Possibilities include:

- ☐ A torch raised high by a hand, perhaps a shackled hand. It would signify a torch of freedom, like the Statue of Liberty's or the Olympic torch or the light of freedom at the end of the tunnel of darkness of communism. A torch could even be superimposed on the Nicaraguan flag. When protests begin against the government there, as they will have to, a torch is an easy symbol to carry.
- ☐ The depiction of a mountain range with five peaks, as seen on some Nicaraguan coins. Each mountain could signify the dream of the Nicaraguan people: Faith, Hope, Freedom, Liberty, and Democracy.



At the press conference announcing the coalition, whatever symbol is chosen should be presented in a prominent way, and every time thereafter, be it at a press conference, meeting, a news release, or whatever, it should be worn and mentioned over and over again.

Lapel buttons can be made and handed out as symbols of unity; T-shirts can even be printed. One could be given to President Reagan if there is ever a meeting with him. They can be given to the troops and to people inside Nicaragua.

The symbol and new terminology should continually be used by everyone, and everyone should speak of the same goals and aspirations.

Letting egos and past prejudices get in the way now will only hurt the chance of success. Everyone must work together and speak with one voice. The unity effort must snowball and must carry on right up to and after the congressional vote.

An idea that may sound crazy but could have some merit as far as getting publicity down the road is having a song written about the freedom fighters and their struggle for freedom and democracy. Ideally, one that could be translated into both a Spanish and an English version and sung by an American artist. It could be made into a hit like the "Ballad of the Green Berets." Such a song could generate publicity, especially if sung by a country-and-western star. Admittedly this is hokey, but it could sell.

[Memoir]

## LEARNING TO HIT BACK

*From "Hitting Back," by Padgett Powell, in A World Unsuspected: Portraits of Southern Childhood. The collection, edited by Alex Harris, will be published next month by the University of North Carolina Press. Harris asked eleven Southern writers to contribute childhood photographs and a memoir inspired by them. Powell was born in Gainesville, Florida, in 1952. He has published two novels, Edisto and A Woman Named Drown.*

I am impressed with the way the photos of my childhood seem to contain, or telegraph, later character. In one particular shot, I am at a party, wearing one of my favorite suits. (I will be well dressed until college, when my mother can no longer coordinate and set out my clothes so that they don't clash.) Off to the side stands a sailor-suited boy, Don, who appears particularly disapproving as the rest of us party down. He has gone on to live something of a troubled life,

I hear. And I, to something more like a well-adjusted partying life. There is a longer story in this picture, which speaks to the matter of respect for folk, showing it and claiming it.

One day, wearing this natty outfit or one like it, I played with my disapproving friend, and afterward, inside, discovered dog shit in the pocket of my handsome blouse. What was particularly galling was my mistaking it for dirt until virtually tasting it in the course of my assay. I

[List]

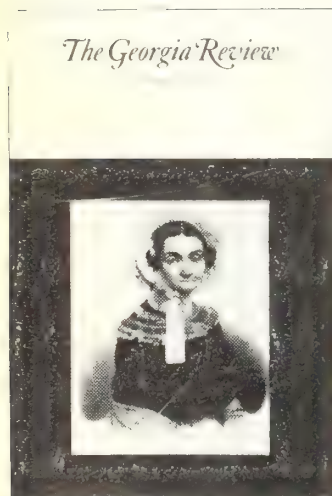
## OR YOU CAN TURN THE PAGE

*From a mailing by Daniel Janzen, professor of biology at the University of Pennsylvania, soliciting money to reestablish a dry forest in northwestern Costa Rica. In concert with the government of Costa Rica and several environmental groups, Janzen is seeking to purchase 160 square kilometers of farm land, which will become part of the Guanacaste National Park. As a restorative ecologist, Janzen's goal is not simply to preserve the farmland but to restore it to its original dry forest state. He is asking for donations of \$300, the going rate for a hectare of land. Below are some of the items that an average hectare in the area contains.*

0.001 jaguar  
0.005 tapir  
0.04 anteater  
0.05 curassow  
0.01 white-lipped peccary  
0.1 agouti  
0.1 adult guanacaste tree  
0.25 tinamou  
0.4 adult guapinol tree  
0.5 parrot  
1 rattlesnake  
5 meters of river bank  
20 toads  
25 spiny pocket mice  
100 scorpions  
200 vines  
200 orchids  
200 sphinx-moth caterpillars  
400 dung beetles  
5,000 bruchid beetles  
10,000 mushrooms  
125,000 acorns  
1,000,000 ants  
3,000,000 unspecified organisms

# Magazines that matter

The Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines is a unifying organization to these and over 350 other literary publications.



**ACM** (Another Chicago Magazine): "A consistently exciting and valuable magazine,"—Brown Miller, *San Francisco Review of Books*. James Bertolino, Clayton Eshleman, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Pablo Neruda, Ezra Pound. \$9/yr.

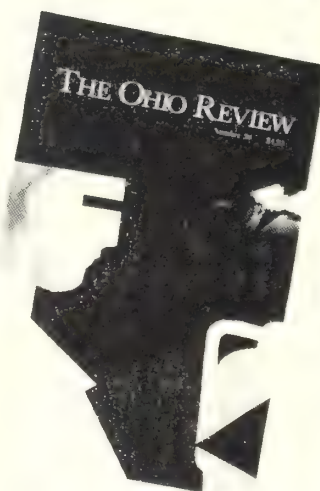
**Confrontation**, a magazine of poetry, fiction, essays. Special Editions issue includes Jacob Javits, Jerzy Kosinski, Arthur Miller, Cynthia Ozick, I.B. Singer, and Derek Walcott. \$8/yr.

**Prairie Schooner**, now in its 61st year of publication, is "one of the top magazines in America,"—*Literary Magazine Review*. Coming: Rita Dove, Brigit Peegun Kelly, Howard Nemerov, Robert Pack. Best fiction by beginning writers in Winter. Poetry, fiction, essays and book reviews. \$11/yr.

**Poetry East** "should be considered one of the best current journals of poetry,"—*Choice*. Winner of the 1985 CCLM Editors Award for Excellence. Baraka, Bly, Forché, Hass, Kinnell, Kunitz, Levertov, Levine, Olds, Simic. \$10/yr.



**The Ohio Review** "is quality, plain and simple. Not only is the poet superior... but the prose and reviews are equally fine. No wonder this is one of the leading dozen reviews in America,"—Bill Katz, *Library Journal*. Frederick Busch, Donald Hall, Greg Kuzma, W.S. Merwin, Louis Simpson, Kim Stafford, Bruce Wetters. \$12/yr.; \$30/3 yrs.



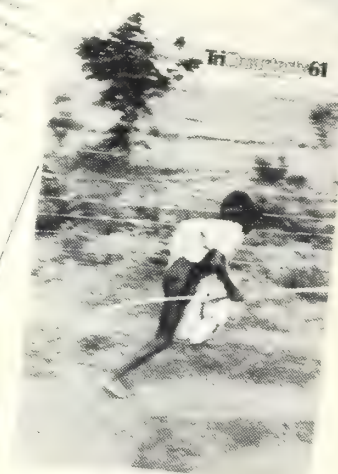
"I often have to write a hundred pages or more before there's a paragraph that's alive. Okay, I say to myself, that's your beginning, start there; that's the first paragraph of the book,"—Philip Roth in **The Paris Review**. Fiction, poetry, interviews, art. \$16/yr. (4 issues).

**tnr** "is noted for a thought-provoking blend of opinions and ideas, consistently fine fiction and poetry and a staunch commitment to the visual arts,"—*The Christian Science Monitor*. Recognized for 1986-1988 as a Leader in the Arts by Massachusetts Council on the Arts and Humanities. "An extraordinary publishing effort,"—*Small Press*. \$20/6 issues.

International in scope, **Pequot** is "one of the freshest and more approachable examples of the little magazine... a contemporary anthology..."—DeWitt Henry, *Wilson Library Newsletter*. Michelangelo Antonioni, Paul Auster, Maurice Blanchot, William Bronk, Louise Gluck, Jorie Graham. \$9/yr. ind.; \$15/yr. inst.

**The Georgia Review** "is physically the most attractive and intellectually the most adventurous of the bunch... it outshines every comparable periodical in the United States,"—Fred Chappell. Winner of 1986 National Magazine Award in Fiction, also features engaging interdisciplinary essays, book reviews, poetry, and graphics. \$9/yr.; \$15/2 yrs.

**The Kenyon Review** attracts broad range of tastes in fiction, essays, memoir, poetry, book reviews. Welcomes newly emerging, as well as established, writers. Recent awards: O. Henry, Pushcart, Ticknor & Fields Best American Essay and Best American Short Story, G.E. Foundation Award for Younger Writers, CCLM Editor's Grant. \$15/4 issues.







concluded that Don had put the shit in my shirt; it must have slid off the hoe he hit me on the head with. That—being struck—was regular and acceptable. But this fouling of one's wardrobe was a bit wide of beam, perhaps even my mother was besmirched, and I recall this moment as my very first instance of moral outrage. I did nothing about it.

I did nothing about it until my father did something about it, and it wasn't the shit in my pocket that motivated him, it was the screaming. My friend, as I say, was accustomed to hitting me, unprovoked, and I would repair home crying. Some time shortly after the fouled-pocket affair, I received a particularly gratuitous, open-palmed slap to the center of my back, and ran into the house wailing. My father grabbed me and told me not to worry so much anymore about Don hitting me, because if it happened again and I did not hit back, *he* would hit me. He was a belt man, and fast. I knew his promise to be genuine, and calculated that I'd be wasting time if I waited for Don to strike again. Emboldened by the larger fear of my father, giddy to discover it correct to clobber someone, perhaps shamed by the discovery that in being polite I had acted cowardly, and not unmindful of my nice yellow suit top with its pocket recently full of shit, I went next door to Don's house, stopping a moment in our carport for a tool.

I asked to see Don. He presented himself, and

opened the screen door. I grabbed his arm and jerked him out, down, and across the concrete steps, and began to whale away at the small of his back with a claw hammer. His mother pulled me off before I could seriously hurt him. It worked. Don never struck me again, and we spent another off-and-on ten years together.

My father used this magical I'll-hit-you formula three times. I am afraid it worked only this first time—if assault with a deadly weapon can be construed a workable solution (and I think it can). The second time was during my first at-bat in my first Little League ball game. I was on a team of scrubs, a consolation team made up of boys too young or small or crummy to be on a competitive squad. In the batter's box, I discovered I had a natural step, as the pitcher threw, with my rear leg, moving it back and away from the plate, which took me out of hitting range and indicated scared batter. In this craven position, I watched two perfect strikes zip by and was bodily lifted from the batter's box by my father. He applied the formula: "If you step out one more time, you don't have to worry about the *ball* hitting you." I knew the rest.

"It's going to hit me."

"No it's not."

"It is, Daddy."

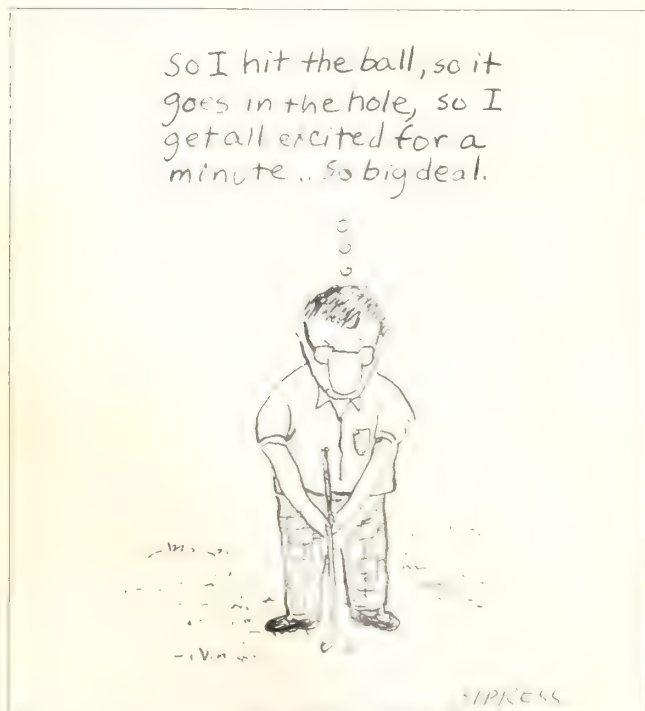
"No, God dammit. It's not."

He returned to the stands. "It is," I said. I squared back in, bat held back and high like a good Latin hitter (I was a superbly coached coward), watched the pitcher wind up, and closed my eyes so I could not move away—like a horse in a barn fire with a sack on its head. The ball hit me cleanly in the head with enough force to put me on the very plate, breathing clay.

"You've killed him, you son of a bitch!" my mother is alleged to have screamed, hitting my father. I was awarded first base and so became my team's only base runner all season, as I recall. I did not score.

The final application of the formula was not *ad hoc* but *in genere*. I was promised that if I ever got a whipping at school, I would get a further, worse one at home. This made a pretty good boy of me. In fact I have even today a fear of appointed authority that might seem more appropriate in Moscow. I pay unmerited invoices. I never contest parking tickets. I volunteer for Breathalyzers lest the police think ill of me.

In the ninth grade I sat one day with a girl on the school bus rather than, as the rules stipulated, with boys, for the simple reason that boys were three to a seat and you could sit two to a seat on the less crowded girls' side. Ahead of me another boy also sat with a girl. This was not an altogether irregular infraction, but on this particular morning the driver asked us to separate. We did not. We were summoned, the fellow



From *Wishful Thinking*, cartoons by David Sipress, published by Perennial Library/Harper & Row.



ahead of me and I, to the office of the Dean of Boys.

There it was alleged that we had been told by the driver to move, had done so to his satisfaction (the driver was honest in his assumption), and had then had the temerity to move back. "No, sir," I said, digging our grave a bit deeper with my ever-honest teeth. "We never moved."

"You *never* moved?" the dean asked.

"No, sir," we both said.

We explained that the segregated-sex rule made no sense to us because of the crowding on the male half of the bus. Our interrogator here turned in his oak swivel chair and stared out the window for a full three minutes, leaving us standing in front of his desk. During his study of the outdoors, he sighed heavily and rubbed his stubble. At last he swung around.

"Boys, do you know *why* we have this rule?"

That was precisely it! We couldn't begin to know. "No, sir."

"Well, I'll tell you." More face-rubbing—his beard, at 10:30, was as heavy as card teeth for cleaning files. "This year, you know, we are *integrated*."

"Yes, sir," one of us must have said, allowing the other to work on this surprising tack.

"Well, how would you feel," the dean said to Greg (Greg Strontem, whose real name I'll use on pain of suit to honor the small heroism he was about to effect), "how would you feel if one of them *sat with your sister*?"

(It had come out in prior testimony that I was sitting with Greg's sister, a fact we naively submitted in the hope that our crime would somehow be mitigated by the sister-brother complicity.)

To the dean's question, Greg replied, "I wouldn't mind, if he was a nice guy."

"I didn't *ask* you what kind of guy he was! How would you *feel*?" The Dean of Boys was right worked up. We were oddly calmed by his seething—relieved to discover, I suppose, a larger issue in all of this than our simple disobedience.

Calmly, Greg again started: "Well, if he was a nice guy and all—"

"I *don't care what kind of guy he is!*" the dean shouted.

I was at this point a virtual spectator, in a kind of intellectually and sexually rapt state: *it was me*, I was thinking, *I'm the guy*. If I were black, what more harm might I have done? I was horny enough at this age to do sufficient harm, you may be sure, and perhaps I was amused at this, but to state I was lost in complex and moral speculations is not correct. I was taking, simply, an odd pleasure standing on these junior-high gallows for my imaginary foil, thinking it would be nice to . . . whatever with

Greg's sister, thinking maybe I wasn't *nearly* so nice as our imaginary Negro, and enjoying my accidental subbing for him.

Meanwhile, the dean was steaming, nostrils burning, when Greg said, "I wouldn't care."

"You wouldn't care."

"No, sir."

[Poem]

## THE KAMA SUTRA ACCORDING TO FIAT

By David St. John, in *Pequod*, no. 22. St. John's most recent volume of poems is *No Heaven*. *Pequod* is published by New York University.

Up on the Gianicolo  
In cars painfully *piccolo*,

The view is a pretext  
When sex is the full text;

Beneath night's starry webbing  
All of Rome is out petting.

A Fiat's micro-conditions  
Force the oddest positions:

Arms and legs in the air,  
As each lover must dare

Those slow, floorless dances  
When making advances.

The "baby-shoes" *Cinquecentoes*,  
Though only meant to

Go skating down roads  
Are now littered with clothes;

And in the grander sedans  
There's a groping of hands

That's just as preposterous  
Among the quite prosperous.

Still there's nothing obscene  
On the sky's black screen,

And nothing appalling  
In cars rocking and stalling;

It's all quite delightful,  
Out, getting a nightful . . .

And of sexual particulars  
In manuals vehicular

By far the best we've got  
Is the Kama Sutra by Fiat.

"How about you?" the dean said to me.  
"I wouldn't care. I was the one sitting—"  
"God damn! That's not the point!"

We stood there, waiting for the point. Here it came.

"You can take swats or bus suspension."

I asked how many swats versus how many days off the bus, and the dean asked me if there was something *wrong* with me, and I said no, I'd just like to know. It came out to three swats or three weeks, and that was too long to ride a bike ten miles every day, so we got our asses blasted smartly three times with a polished one-by-two wielded by a state-funded, certified, pensioned redneck.

I went home and kept all of this a secret, and still don't know what might have happened had I revealed it. I suspect the I'll-hit-you double jeopardy would have obtained, but I also like to think I might have gotten the bastard fired. Of all one's dumb days, of all the stupid things one has said and done and keeps saying and doing, of all one's small retreats from honor, this is one event I would yet like to play differently. I would like to get a hammer and go back and repay the dean. I wish I had said to him that I'd accept neither punishment until I called the NAACP and both our parents, for starters, and my family's lawyer, and seen what might have happened.

And I do not feel so hot today because I suspect that we are yet being told by brutes to sit against the wall while the nonmeek inherit the earth, to not sit with the girls for reasons we'll never guess. One gets the large feeling of returning home most days without hitting back. That little nausea is at the root, perhaps, of deciding to write—deciding at last, however feebly, to defend oneself, to hit back.

[Short Story]

## A LITTLE TATTER OF SKY

By Peter Heller. From the Spring issue of *Stonefence Review*, the literary magazine of Dartmouth College. Heller lives in Vermont.

She didn't hear mourning, she heard moaning, she heard sex in the pigeon's chesty coos. Her aunt said, "It always sounds like somebody's kicking the bucket. I wake up thinking about black lace." She meant lace for veils. Cindy thought that the only black lace pigeons intimated came in little underthings. Whippoorwills were funereal birds. And frightening loons.

Pigeons stirred the blood, languorous and fat, flouting of easy pleasure. She closed her book, *The Therapeutic Community*, and let it rest on the table. Her aunt said, "Whippoorwills remind me of marching bands. Big bassoons. Ball fields. When I hear a loon I think of the Marx Brothers."

Cindy looked at her sideways and said, "You're upside down."

Aunt Val was chopping onions on the other side of the counter and wiping the tears out of her eyes with the back of her hand. "Oh, ohh," she said.

"If you do that under running water you won't cry."

"Onions make me so sad. I feel the tears on my cheeks and my mouth quivers in sympathy, and right after that, about onion three, I am grieving."

"Do it under the faucet."

"Too practical, thanks."

Cindy swiveled her hazel-green eyes to the big plate window. It was raining, misting. She watched with pleasure as a greasy jay peeled out of the dripping pines and scattered the chickadees at the bird feeder.

"What about a blue jay?"

"What? What does it mean?" Aunt Val dried her hands.

"Yeah."

"A little tatter of sky."

"Jesus."

"What's wrong with that?"

"How about a cardinal?"

"The first time a boy kissed you."

"Man." Cindy shook her head.

"What?"

"My flat aunt."

Aunt Val put her hands on her hips and arched her bosom forward and wagged twice slowly, like a stripper.

"Am not at all."

"You're predictable. A flat character."

Val's smile faded. Her chest shrank. Cindy's eyes flicked to her aunt's face and caught the light like cut stones.

"I didn't mean it."

"What does a blue jay mean to you?"

"Nothing. I was just joking."

"You weren't. What does it mean?"

"I don't know. A tatter of sky's not bad."

Cindy could see her aunt's eyes moistening. She would remember not to tease her while she was cutting onions.

"Tell me."

"I don't know. Kind of a cross between Bob Dylan and a city councilman who takes kickbacks."

This evidently pleased Aunt Val.

"Really?"



# IRAN

Contra

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[Auction Catalogue]

## DESIGNER BIRDHOUSES



From the catalogue of Architects Design Birdhouses, for an auction held last spring to benefit the Parrish Art Museum in Southampton, New York. From left: William J. Reese, A Wren House; R. M. Kliment and Frances Halsband, Copper Beech House for a Bluebird; Butler Rogers Baskett, House for Bluebird; Jonathan S. Foster, House for Wren; Cesar Pelli and Associates, House for Chickadees, Nuthatches and Wrens; Pasanella + Klein, House for Robin and Bluebird.

"Sure." Her own imagination gave Cindy a tingle of pride. It was always surprising her, an external virtue that presented itself like a singing telegram.

Her aunt leaned over the counter. "Ask me another one."

Cindy hesitated.

"Go on. I want to see."

"A goose."

Val took up a small pad and pencil from the counter, the one she used for grocery lists, and after a moment closing her eyes, scribbled on it.

"There. Now tell me what you think I'll say."

Cindy's diaphragm suddenly felt like boot leather. "Come on. I didn't mean that before."

"Just for fun. Honestly. Tell me what you'd guess."

"Auntie!"

"Don't auntie me."

Cindy turned to the window. The chickadees were back at the feeder. The blue jays were jerks. She thought that things would be more enter-

taining if the jays had little missiles mounted under their wing tips. "All right," she said.

She closed her eyes. She let the field go black, night, and then across the sound of wind came the steady whirring, beating of the wings. A white goose sheared onto the mat of sky, startling, neck outstretched. She watched it, a small figure standing below. She was a child. The goose worked the dark around him with a constant whispering, whipping it into unseen peaks, pushing it foaming behind him. He was whiter than the flare of a welder's torch, fast as a gale wind, seeming to steadily descend as he took in the curve of the invisible earth.

Then she imagined she was her aunt. Still a child, Aunt Val, following with a slowly turning head the flight of the white goose. Her perception was a net, yielding and transparent as spider silk. From her eyes spun the web. The white goose beat into it. His wings slowed. From his head came a muted resonant bleating like a horn in fog. More and more difficult became the



tempo, more sticky the dark, until he was a nearly stationary white will suspended in molasses. Surrendering with a fatal dignity, he held his wings at last still, aloft.

At that moment the web dissolved and he was gliding, rippling the air, gliding down and down into the dark. The down-curved wings, released, held motionless. Down he sailed. Her eyes became huge, great light-gathering disks as she watched the animal descend. Suddenly, momentarily, the image broke: his wings arched back in a double stroke, a flurry of power, and he settled onto the unseen water with the sound of an hourglass.

Cindy opened her eyes. It was still raining and the chickadees were still darting around the feeder.

"To you," she said, "a goose is death."

She swiveled around in the chair. Her aunt was leaning over the counter, watching her with indulgent eyes. In one hand she crumpled the paper.

"That's not what I wrote. But it is."

"What is?"

"A goose. You're right. A goose is death."

"Come off it."

Cindy looked hard at her aunt and felt a weightlessness, as if she were on a plane and it was just leaving the ground.

[Lecture]

## RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE POET

Excerpted from "Responsibilities of the Poet," by Robert Pinsky, in the Spring 1987 issue of *Critical Inquiry*, a quarterly published by the University of Chicago Press. The essay was first delivered as a "craft lecture" at the Napa Poetry Conference. Pinsky's most recent volume of poetry, *History of My Heart*, was awarded the William Carlos Williams Prize in 1984. Pinsky teaches at the University of California, Berkeley.

Certain general ideas come up repeatedly, in various guises, when contemporary poetry is discussed. One of these might be described as the question of what, if anything, is our social responsibility as poets. That is, there are things a poet may owe the art of poetry—work, perhaps. And in a sense there are things writers owe themselves—emotional truthfulness, attention toward one's own feelings. But what can a poet be said to owe other people in general, considered as a community? For what is the poet answerable? This is a more immediate—though

more limited—way of putting the question than such familiar terms as "political poetry."

Another recurring topic is what might be called Poetry Gloom. I mean the sourness and kvetching that sometimes come into our feelings about our art: the mysterious disaffections, the querulous doubts, the dispirited mood in which we ask ourselves, has contemporary poetry gone downhill, does anyone at all read it, has poetry become a mere hobby, do only one's friends do it well, and so forth. This matter often comes up in the form of questions about the

[Poem]

## DROPPING ACID AT AUNT BEA'S

"*Dropping Acid at Aunt Bea and Uncle Harry's 40th Wedding Anniversary Celebration*," by Baron Wormser, in the Spring *Paris Review*. Wormser, the author of *Good Trembling*, lives in Mercer, Maine.

The little candles which dot the rosette-bedecked  
Sheetcake sway so demurely that the happy  
Huffing and puffing comes as a cosmic surprise,  
An operatic act of gods. What a wind is this breath!  
Their eccentric niece, the one who went out West  
But flew back for the party, still can see the flames  
But tells no one. The flames are Aunt Bea and Uncle  
Harry.

They stand slightly wavering in the draught of the  
years

But lambent nonetheless, pleased to have survived  
When others just as notable and kind have died.  
When they kiss their errant niece, she is burnt but it  
Feels good to be branded by these reconciled lives.  
Each plastic glass contains a rolling sea.  
Each hors d'oeuvres plate is green and greasy.  
Bea's sister, Dora, is crying passionately, staring  
From her folding seat into an abyss of joy.  
Soon it will be time for dancing.

This means a bald accordionist and  
A toupeed, still Sinatra-smitten vocalist.

The niece starts tapping her spoon on a coffee cup.  
She knows that the room will dance in that earnest  
Way that rooms dance. The building will kick in too  
And the street won't want to be left out nor will  
The automobiles which have been standing around  
For hours patiently waiting—they love locomotion.  
Bea and Harry take the first steps and it feels  
Like the dance of life: feet beating the floor,  
Arms entwined, bulging torsos bearing rhythm.  
Everyone is suffused with music.

The niece forgets her extremities, her rises and falls.  
Everything is actual, for once and for all.

"popularity" or "audience" of poetry.

Possibly the appetite for poetry really was greater in the good old days, in other societies. After the total disaster at Syracuse, when the Athenians, their great imperialist adventure failed, were being massacred, or branded as slaves with the image of a horse burned into the forehead, a few were saved for the sake of Euripides, whose work, it seems, was well thought of by the Syracusans. According to Plutarch:

Many of the captives who got safe back to Athens are said, after they reached home, to have gone and made their acknowledgments to Euripides, relating how some of them had been released from their slavery by teaching what they could remember of his poems and others, when straggling after the fight, had been relieved with meat and drink for repeating some of his lyrics.

This is enviable. But I think that at some vital level our answer must be, *So what?* Randall Jarrell wrote about those people who say they "just can't read modern poetry" in a tone that implies their happiest hours are spent in front of the fireplace with a volume of Blake or Racine. To court such readers, or to envy Euripides, would be understandable, but futile, impulses.

And I think they are even frivolous impulses, beside the point. Of course every artist is in competition with the movies, in the sense that art tries to be as interesting as it can. But tailoring one's work to an audience any less hungry for one's art than oneself probably makes for bad movies and bad poems. And whether that is true or not, most poets would be bad at such tailoring anyway. Daydreams aside, more urgent questions are: What is our job? and, What are the roots of our good and bad morale about it?

The second question is strange, if I am right in supposing that poetry is the very art of being interesting. The two most interesting things in the world, for our species, are ideas and the individual human body, two elements that poetry uniquely joins together. It is the nature of poetry to emphasize constantly that the physical sounds of words come from a particular body, one at a time, in a certain order. In memorizing lines of Euripides, the Athenian soldiers had incorporated certain precise shades of conception. This dual concern, bodily and conceptual, is what Pound means when he says that poetry is a centaur: prose hits the target with its arrow; poetry does the same from horseback. If you are too stupid, or too cerebral, you miss half of it.

Here I arrive at the relation between the two questions, morale and responsibility, in the root sense of the glamourless word *responsibility*, people crave not only answers but also answerabil-

ity. Involving a promise or engagement, the word is related to *sponsor* and *spouse*. We want our answers to be craved as in the testing and reassuring of any animal parent and child, or the mutual nudge and call of two liturgical voices. The corporeal, memorizable quality of verse carries with it a sense of social exchange. The image of the horse burned into the living human body says one thing; the memorized cadence of words, without exactly contradicting that image, answers it with another.

An artist needs not so much an audience as to feel a need to answer, to respond. The response may be a contradiction, it may be unwanted, it may go unheeded, it may be embraced but twisted (William Blake, the most quoted author in the modern House of Commons!)—but it is owed, and the sense that it is owed is a basic requirement for the poet's good feeling about the art. This need to answer, as firm as a borrowed object or a cash debt, is the ground where the centaur walks.

A critic, a passionate writer on poetry, culture, and politics, once said to me, "When I ask American poets if they are concerned about United States foreign policy in Latin America, they all say yes, they are. But practically none of them write about it: why not?"

My response to this question was not dazzling. "I don't know," I said. "It certainly isn't that they don't want to." The desire to make a good work, or the desire to deal with a given subject—in theory, the desire to deal with every subject—isn't automatically fulfilled.

The desire to see, and the desire to feel obliged to answer, are valuable, perhaps indispensable parts of the poet's feelings about the art. But in themselves they are not enough. In some way, before an artist can see a subject—foreign policy or any other subject—the artist must transform it: answer the received cultural imagination of the subject with something utterly different. This need to answer by transforming is primary; it comes before everything else.

Something of the kind may explain the interesting phenomenon of bad work by good artists. Even a gifted, hard-working writer with a large and appreciative audience may write badly, I think, if this sense of an obligation to answer—a promised pushing-back or re-responding—is lacking. Irresponsibility subtly deadens the work. Conversely, a dutiful editorializing work, devoid of the kind of transformation I mean, may also be dead.

**A**s poets, one of our responsibilities is to mediate between the dead and the unborn: we must feel ready to answer, as if asked by the dead if we have handed on what they gave us, or



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asked by the unborn what we have for them. This is one answer, the great conservative answer, to the question of what responsibility the poet bears to society. By practicing an art learned partly from the dead, one keeps it alive for the unborn. Arts do, after all, die. In a way it is their survival that is surprising.

So one great task we have to answer for is the keeping of an art that we did not invent but were given, so that others who come after us can have it if they want it, as free to choose it and change it as we have been. A second task has been defined by Carolyn Forché, in a remarkable essay, as a "poetry of witness": we must use the art to behold the actual evidence before us. We must answer for what we see.

Witness may or may not involve advocacy and the line dividing the two is rarely sharp, but the strange truth about witness is that though it may include both advocacy and judgment, it includes more than them as well. If political or moral advocacy were all we had to answer for, that would be almost easy. Witness goes further, I think, because it involves the challenge of not flinching from the evidence. It proceeds from judgment to testimony.

In the most uncompromising sense, this means that whatever important experience seems least poetic to me is likely to be my job. Working as a journalist in El Salvador, Forché found she:

could not keep El Salvador from my poems because it had become so much a part of my life. I was cautioned to avoid mixing art and politics. . . . It was some time before I realized that "political poetry" often means the poetry of protest, accused of polemical didacticism, and not the poetry which implicitly celebrates politically acceptable values.

That is, the poet realized that what had seemed "unpoetic" or fit only for journalism because it was supposedly contaminated with particular political implications was her task. The "contamination" of politics was her responsibility, what she had to answer for as if she had promised something about it when she undertook the art of poetry. A corollary realization is that "all poetry is political": what is politically acceptable to some particular observer may seem unpolitical to that observer.

Where does the debilitating falseness come from that tempts us to look away from evidence, or fit it into some allegedly "poetic" pattern, with the inevitable result of Poetry Gloom?

The need to notice, to include the evidence as a true and reliable witness, can be confused and dulled by the other, conserving responsibility of mediation between the dead and the unborn. And just as society can vaguely, quietly diffuse an invisible, apparently apolitical politi-

cal ideology, culture can efficiently assimilate and enforce an invisible idea of what is poetic. In a dim view of the dialectic, it seems that society's tribute to poetry is to incorporate each new, at first resisted sense of the poetic, and so to spread it—and blunt it—for each new generation. Even while seeming not to taste each new poetic, the world swallows it.

Two nearly paradoxical formulations emerge from this process. First, only the challenge of what may seem unpoetic, that which has not already been made poetic by the tradition, can keep the art truly pure and alive. Put to no new use, the art rots. Second, the habits and visions of the art itself, which we are responsible for keeping alive, can seem to conspire against that act of use or witness. The material or rhetoric that seems already, on the face of it, proper to poetry may have been made poetic already by Baudelaire or Wordsworth or Rilke or Neruda.

To put it simply, and only a little fancifully, we have in our care and for our use and pleasure a valuable gift, and we must answer both for preserving it and for changing it. And the moment we fail to make good our answer on either score, the gift stops giving pleasure, and makes us feel bad instead.

Since there is no way to say what evidence will seem pressing but difficult to a given artist—Central America, the human body, taking care of one's paraplegic sister, theology, farming, American electoral politics, the art of domestic design—no subject ever is forbidden. Society depends on the poet to witness something, and yet the poet can discover that thing only by looking away from what society has learned to see poetically.

Thus, there is a dialectic between the poet and his culture: the culture presents us with poetry, and with implicit definitions of what materials and means are poetic. The answer we must promise to give is "No." Real works revise the received idea of what poetry is; by mysterious cultural means the revisions are assimilated and then presented as the next definition to be resisted, violated, and renewed. What poets must answer for is the unpoetic. And before we can identify it, or witness it, an act of judgment is necessary. That act of judgment is a social judgment because it always embodies a resistance or transformation of communal values. In that sense, all poetry is political.

The poet's first social responsibility, to continue the art, can be filled only through the second, opposed responsibility to change the terms of the art as given—and it is given socially, which is to say politically. What this will mean in the next poem anyone writes is by definition unknowable, with all the possibility of art. ■



# OLD ROSES AND BIRDSONG

On the senses of summer

By Donald Hall

**T**he longest day is the best day, when June twenty-second's pale light lasts into evening. In New Hampshire we are north enough to believe rumors from Scandinavia and Shakespeare about the madness of midsummer night's eve. Even contemporary England turns wild. In the fifties and sixties I lived for a while in an East Anglian village where the Morris Men performed the Abbots Bromley Horn Dance on midsummer night's eve. They waited until the ghostly late twilight of ten-thirty to wend down from the immense church on the hill—fifteenth century, with holy carving in stone and wood—through the graveyard already straggly with weeds; past the chestnut tree, almost as huge and old as the church; down Stony Lane, past beetling medieval cottages that stonemasons working on the church inhabited for five generations. First danced the vicar, playing a fife, followed by fiddlers in green, a dancing man suited up as a deer wearing green, two others carrying stag's horns, and at the rear two dancers with bows and arrows. Clearly the old religion survived at the solstice and the green man dressed like a deer would be pierced by an arrow like William Rufus mistaken for a hind. I spent one year there in a 1485 house opposite the Guild Hall and from the balcony watched the old troupe emerge from Stony Lane jigging to the eldritch tune. I sat with a poet friend visiting from England's north whose hair stood up as straight as grass. The next day as we walked near the church a black cat streaked across our path and my friend leapt in the air; it was, he explained, the vicar.

The old religion stays underground in New Hampshire, or deep in the woods with Goodman Brown; but even here, June twenty-second lofts gently out of this world. It begins early in the spirit-light of three forty-five or so. When we are lucky the whippoorwill wakes us with his three syllables as brilliant as crystal, calling again, answering the call of a distant other, from the grass beside our bedroom window. The insistent triad continues for twenty minutes—*wake-up-now, wake-up-now*—and sets slugabeds cursing

*Donald Hall's most recent book is The Ideal Bakery (North Point Press), a collection of stories. His essays on winter and fall appeared in the February and October 1986 issues of Harper's Magazine, respectively.*

*Summer morning has  
its birdsong, and its  
clear pitchforks of  
energy. As the day  
lengthens in silence,  
we work at our desks*

on every dirt road in New Hampshire. But if late sleepers erupt from their beds with mayhem on their minds, they are out of luck. The whippoorwill is elusive and we seldom catch glimpse of it: brown, un-pretty, it soars away to doze in its ground nest through sunlit hours.

Not only the whippoorwill wakes us on this long day and its briefer cousins of high summer: every bough bends with feathered guests singing of summer in full-throated ease. Now the bluejay squawks and the fat crows caw—big as hens and black as evil where they gather on roadkills or on seeded fields—and the small birds trill, chirp, and exult (or appear to exult). We exult as the pale light rises early, casting a pink-yellow glow on the eastern slopes of Kearsarge. I walk outside blinking and stretching with the dog that blinks and stretches, performing The Dog from his yoga class, sniffing with total concentration, for whom the nose and its pleasures and codes of knowledge are ten times intenser than my delighted vision. (In the dog language there are two hundred words for squirrel piss.)

Now I inhale cool morning air and feel cold wet dew on my toes in summer sandals. The brief black tide of night withdrawn, the wet sand of morning emerges in vague light. An early squirrel tries the bird feeder that hangs from a branch on the great maple, squirrelproof squirrelsour, and gobbles his fill. Why not feed squirrels? I love these lithe tree-rats with bright eyes and nervous head-jerks that leap and run and fill mouths with grass for their nests and chase each other on the great trunks of old trees.

Everywhere on lawn and hayfields we find round holes neatly cut into the ground, black underground (subway, Metro) entrances for chipmunk, snake, mole, and vole. Gus the dog tries to give chase, which is why I leash him. (Ada the cat spends all day on the breadbox watching birds.) In the back garden where Jane tends flowers there is a stone retaining wall turned into cliff dwellings by chipmunks, their furred cheeks bulging with tulip and crocus bulbs, skittery and quick. Maybe the hummingbird is even more wonderful: in the hollyhocks, at the hosta, hummingbirds hover and flash all summer. These overgrown bumblebees, athletes of stasis, fly or stand vibrating on air inches away from us all summer long.

**S**ummer morning has its birdsong, and its clear pitchforks of energy. As the day lengthens in silence, we work at our desks while the sun struggles past Ragged to rise in the sky. Because we are protected by Ragged and by outspreading elderly maples, we don't take the sun's brunt until afternoon. The old house stays cool, almost cold most mornings: a fire in the Glenwood. Even on the hottest days, when the New Hampshire midday reaches the nineties, our house stays cool except for upstairs late in the afternoon. Occasionally it's humid but night cools down and by dawn it's cold; even during a hot patch we sleep breathing cool air.

Afternoons we go down to Eagle Pond; elsewhere we would be going to Eagle Lake, for it's not just a circle of water with a few ducks in it; it's twenty-five acres, shaped like a humpbacked whale, shallow and muddy at its edge and deep in the center. Half a mile northwest a small camel-hump hill is called Eagle's Nest, for the bird that lived there and fed from the pond twice a day in my great-grandfather's time. Great-grandfather named our house Eagle Pond Farm when he moved here in 1865. He was thirty-nine years old, a sheep farmer from Ragged with four children and more to come. My grandmother Kate, born at this place in 1878 when her father was fifty-two, never knew the eagle.

Pond afternoons begin at the end of June, maybe the first days of July, after the black flies have largely departed. At the little beach we cut into the east side of the pond, tall hemlocks and oaks screen the sun out until one or two in the afternoon. We walk down a steep slope over slippery needles and weathered oak leaves to our clearing on the mossy shore. A dozen birches lean out over dark water. The water is dark with minerals; exiting the pond as it goes south under the bridge, it turns into the Black-



water River. By the pond's edge under a birch a tiny ancient rosebush blooms pink and brief at June's turn into July. Ferns and oak saplings upthrust every summer. Moss sinks under our bare feet and sends up tiny red flowers. We sit in canvas sling chairs beside the picnic table or lie in the sun on Newberry's plastic chaises taking the breeze and the warm sun. These afternoons I stare a lot, moronic with easy pleasure, at birches and ferns, at Eagle's Nest in the distance, and at campers. There is a boys' camp on the west side of the pond, a girls' companion camp to the south, and both are remarkably unobnoxious.

I gaze at the landscape and at clouds; I look at a book; occasionally I write a line or a note toward a line but I don't call it working. Jane reads and soaks sun in. We swim a little, but mush and mussel shells underfoot, not to mention green corpsefinger weeds straggling in our faces, make swimming less than perfect. With summer guests we laze talking and eat slow picnic suppers.

All summer the creation thrives, wasps and roses. Tiny ants plague the kitchen. A bundle of wasps models a new nest under an attic eave. By the road at the end of June single old roses, which budded late in spring, burst forth with petals pink and white for the briefest season, ancient flowers my grandmother loved as a girl a century ago, doubtless sniffed by early settlers born in the eighteenth century. Shy, small, frail petals outcurl only to fall, to litter the green earth with their iridescence, making another beauty for an hour. While they bloom we hover above them, taking deep and startling breaths, for their odor is all the perfumes of Arabia, wave upon wave of velvety sensuous sweetness. We bend, sniff, shake our heads, walk away, and return for more. We cut a few—as abundant as they're brief—to take to church or float in a bowl on the black Glenwood. Quick and fragile as the flowers are, the bushes are durable. All winter snowplows heap dirty drifts on them thick with salt; sometimes the plow gouges their earth; we think they must have been damaged this year: come the end of June they raise to the summer air their proliferate odor.

Although the old farmers weren't known for their devotion to beauty, they loved their flowers. At least if they were Christian they could admire the Lord's creation, a pious aesthetic, while they gazed at Kearsarge, pond, birchgrove, and old roses. While I hayed with my grandfather, working as hard as he did, he would pause stock-still from time to time—maybe as we worked the Crumbine place and looked across the valley toward Vermont's hills—and sigh and praise the glory. My grandmother interrupted the million tasks of her household—soap, pies, bread, doughnuts, canning, jam and jelly making, sewing, darning, knitting, crocheting, egg gathering, washing, ironing—to tend her flowers. She kept a small round garden in front of the kitchen window over the set-tubs where she spent so much of her life. I remember marigolds there, zinnias, pansies early, hollyhocks. Across the yard past the far driveway at the lip of the hayfield she tended a circle of poppies that dazzled their Chinese reds against the long wavy gray-green grass. Some summers now a lone poppy rises in the field. In a tiny round bed by the road I remember my grandmother placing, among the green things, silvery burned-out radio tubes that she found beautiful. She loved a crockery birdbath that she ordered from Sears and set in front of the house and kept full of water where small birds routinely bathed. Also she stuck in the lawn painted wooden ducklings following a mother duck. In our back garden now we keep a wooden cutout of a girl in clogs watering a wooden cutout tulip. In front we favor whirligigs.

In front of the porch Jane grows tulips, poppies, *Thermopsis*, *Campanula* (carpatica, persicifolia, lactiflora), phlox, daffodils, crocus, Siberian iris, dwarf German iris, peonies, foxglove, coralbells, old-fashioned single hollyhocks, bleeding heart, astilbe—as well as lavender, lovage, thyme, and oregano. At the house's front on Route 4 she grows day lilies, *Ajuga*, Shasta daisies, yarrow, watermelon poppies, and some poppies without names that

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Mary Jane Ogmundson gave her. In back, she tends a secret garden paved with brick she laid, with a bench, a chair, and a pretty chaise; it is hidden enough from the road so that she can sunbathe. Here the old wellhead raises a platform that she covers with pots of basil, geraniums, strawberries with alyssum around the edge, fragrant acidanthera, lobelia, nemesia, and browallia. Here sits a cement swan-pot, a cement lion, a terra-cotta *putto*, a sundial, and a tall iron pot-holder spilling over with bleeding hearts. In the interstices of the bricks, Jane plants glory-of-the-snow. Around the base of the wellhead she grows buttercups.

Against the retaining wall that holds Ragged back she plants heather, peonies, veronica (Crater Lake blue), evening primrose, lamb's ears, artemisia (Silver Mound), dwarf asters, bee balm, *Lysimachia clethroides*, Jacob's ladder, more phlox, more *Campanula*, and more Siberian iris, red-twigged dogwood, and roses. On the hill above the wall, shading back to the ferns, oaks, and sugarmaples of Ragged Mountain, the spring's daffs defer to wave after wave of day lilies, the regular orange kind so common we forget how beautiful they are, yellow trumpets from White Flower Farm called Hyperion and planted in memory of John Keats—day lilies plain and fancy. All winter I sense Jane's silent presence in the dining room where she stands many-sweatered in the gloom, peering out into the back garden where bench and swan and sundial stick up through snow: she daydreams summer, daydreams seed and plants she will order and tend; her mind blooms with bright petals in gray February.

Where she grows her lilies my aunts in the 1930s made a rock garden. I remember masses of pinks. Neither Caroline nor Nan married young. Both schoolteachers, occasionally they traveled in summer, and Caroline took an M.A. at Yale summer school, but mostly they returned to Eagle Pond Farm to their father and mother and nephew. The sisters cleared a beach near our swimming place, which they called Sabine, and when I was little, before I started haying with my grandfather in 1941, I spent my afternoons paddling and swimming with them, collecting mussel shells and turtles, scaring frogs.

**T**he greatest crop in New Hampshire's July and August, now as for the last one hundred and forty years, is the summer people. Summer people were essential to the economy even before the collapse of farming. At the Pleasant Lake Inn—handsome with all its gables at the west end and a splendid view of Kearsarge rising beyond the water—my Great-aunt Nanny cooked all summer. Families spent summers at the same address for a hundred years. Children from Massachusetts and New Jersey grew up identifying July and August with Lake Sunapee, with Springfield or Danbury or Enfield. These months made islands of guiltless hours away from school and the rules of winter; the summer place becomes a name for sweet freedom, innocent irresponsibility, imagination's respite, time for loafing and inviting the soul. Now in our backwoods of New Hampshire, many permanent citizens are emigrants or descendants of emigrants from city and suburb, and a small but valuable contingent are children of the summer vacationers who came to love the landscape not only as interchangeable scenery—cards in a deck that flip through Switzerland, Mexico, Ireland, Peru, and Hilton Head—but as the heart's green and granite; and who, exposed to the rural culture, chose to join it.

On the other hand, many summer visitors care nothing for place or people, and people return the gesture. Every June we complain, at first of traffic and then of bad manners, discourteous behavior in the aisles of the supermarket, condescension and arrogance. We have become The Natives, amusing rustics perhaps, more likely vendors suspected of exploitation. Year-rounders turn grumpy. Of course it is a perennial conflict wherever tourists congregate, as ineluctable as town-and-gown in the neighborhood of a college. When I feel scorn for July's hordes I try to remember that I started that way. Or almost. I grew up living the school year



out in suburban Connecticut, Ardmore Street in Hamden, four miles from the center of New Haven, two miles from the Brock-Hall Dairy Company, which my grandfather co-founded and where my father worked. When I came north for summers I was not exactly a vacationer: I didn't go to a hotel or a rented cottage or a lakeside camp; I went to the house where my mother and my grandmother were born and grew up; I worked in the hayfields; briefly I joined the back-country culture that was so alien to Spring Glen Grammar School and the values of the blocks. I inhabited for a while the universe of church suppers, Christian Endeavor, outhouses, cow manure, chickens, Civil War stories, fishing, poverty, straw-chewing, and Rawleigh's Salve.

It was not only a farm in the country I went to, it was an entire dying world. The train I climbed onto in North Station was a time machine and the conductor a hundred years old who wore a handkerchief between his collar and his neck for the sweat. The benches were hard in the old cars. This was the Peanut, last passenger train of the afternoon, originally the next-to-last because its name derived from *pénult*. While we chugged north layers of Hamden peeled away from me as if I shed a skin: Concord, Penacook, Boscawen, Franklin, East Andover (called Halcyon), Andover, West Andover (called Gale)—and the old handkerchiefed conductor set the yellow step on cinders and I alighted to find my grandfather grinning as he whispered comforting words into the ear of a bony horse harnessed into the arms of an ancient carriage. Soon the train puffed away on its journey north (three miles to South Danbury—called Converse—just past the church), and with my suitcase lodged behind the seat, behind Riley we started the mile journey home. My world was transformed: no car, no tractor, no school, no classmates. The whole summer I joined the historical past, entered it as if through a door, took part in it, played the part, lost myself in it and in love of it.

Here was diversity: old and young, sick and healthy, rich and poor all together. One definition of the suburbs is segregation: the greens live on one block and the blues on another. Here was eccentricity, affection, humor, freedom, and stories. Here of course were grandparents, not parents: this place had not been freedom for my mother. This place was not innocent irresponsibility or imagination's respite for the farmer who grappled yearlong in its sandy soil.

All summer I worked but I did not work hard. The chicks were my domain, and I brought them water and grain at morning and at night. Afternoons were haying. I stood atop the old rack with its split-pole rails while my grandfather pitched hay up and I tucked it in place and trod to weave it together. On the way to the hayfield and on the way back my grandfather talked, told stories, and recited poems: this was the best part; but even the work was good. I keep bright intact recollections of these afternoons: on a hot day I stand in the breeze on top of the hayrack looking down on valley and pond; I am thirteen and my grandfather will never die.

Because I did not belong to the country the whole year, the whole life, I was a summer person. A suburban child, I preferred the rural, archaic, old, and eccentric. I took my mother's New Hampshire over my father's Connecticut. I chose it and I choose it. When I was eleven or twelve I daydreamed living here year-round, a lonely trapper on the hill like all the bachelor solitaires who lived cramped into tumbledown shacks. By the time I was sixteen I daydreamed of living here as a writer; in my twenties I learned that this was impractical; in my forties I did it. Now if I grumble about summer people, doubtless I protest in order to separate myself from what I was or partly was. It is easy to make stereotypes, harder to make distinctions. Many long-term summer people feel connected to landscape and to people by way of rural culture; their summers are not only climate, pond, and hill but islands of country ethic and culture that they cherish against the life they lead at other times. They return to old cottages they renew each year, and they pay taxes and keep up their own land. Although

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in the stereotype summer people are rich, in truth many are not. I think of Clarence and Katherine Grimes, who came to Stinson Lake for fifty years. Clarence taught at Hamden High School in Connecticut, where I spent two years; Clarence taught German and French and music. Katherine was a painter and a cellist. On a high-school teacher's salary they bought land in the thirties and built a camp and brought their children every year and later their grandchildren, and when Kay died in 1985 Clarence buried her in a tiny graveyard over their camp, where he stays summers still, lonely in his ninth decade.

On the other hand, a new breed buys condos and cuts off our view of a mountain. They purchase air and sun for their pleasure as if the creation were not common inheritance, glory, and obligation. Greed is not only theirs but also the farmer's who sells his land and the developer's who subdivides it, but it is also theirs who grant the farmer and the developer their money: their greed is for exclusiveness. On the west side of Newfound Lake there's a patch of road where I used to drive looking across choppy blue water at firs and hills on the other side; but now a saw-tooth brown-shingle condo, between road and water, removes Newfound Lake from public vision. They bought the view; for the first time in millennia since the glacier set it there, the lake and the land are split apart.

**J**ohn Morse hays our fields at June's end, cutting, turning hay that gets rained on, raking and baling it with a series of machines hooked up to his tractor: very like a horse. When he and his strong boys gather the bales onto a pickup truck, they work a long day shirtless in the bright sun and in the early evening stand resting in the long shadows. (In the fall after slaughter John returns our grass transformed into lamb roast and steak.) The stubble hayfield looks brown for a week or so; then it softens into green again, rises and waves when the wind blows. Where the long grass ripples my grandfather grew tall field corn; every summer when I was small I lost myself in it on purpose, in order to be frightened and enjoy the comfort of salvation.

For twenty-five years after my grandfather died hay remained abundant, growing from topsoil composed of a century and a half of Holstein manure. But underneath lies sand the glacier left. One year not long ago John stacked half as many bales as he had the year before, and we knew the goodness had leached out of the soil. Now John limes the fields in autumn; we talk of plowing, harrowing, replanting with new seed, and fertilizing. Whatever we do, we want to keep the fields. A hayfield grown up to bushes is melancholy. These summers I drive past dense groves of trees where I spent afternoons in the 1940s haying with my grandfather. Trees are beautiful and wood is useful but cleared land is a monument to the old settlers. Think of the labor that cleared it: cutting, stumping, burning the timber it didn't pay to haul; oxen sledding great stumps and granite boulders. How different the land looked a hundred years ago. On the slopes of Ragged, even of Kearsarge, stone walls border deep forest, stone walls that weren't built to keep pine trees in; somebody cleared it for pasture and kept it clear. Up on Highway 89 as you approach Hanover, great domed hills rise, clear with pasture and hayfield. The hills of our Ragged, and much of New Hampshire, domed clear and green under the yellow light of summer a century ago.

**M**id-August is Old Home Day, Danbury one Sunday and Wilmot the next. Each town alternates the location among its tiny centers: Wilmot Flat, Wilmot Center, or North Wilmot; Danbury Village or South Danbury. Wherever it happens it repeats certain rituals; wherever it happens it is a diminished thing.

The governor proclaimed Old Home in 1899 because of New Hampshire's depopulation. For decades people had left the farms for the mills,



where the hours were fewer and the pay steady; then the farms became increasingly poorer because on better and flatter land to the west farmers could use more machinery and fewer hands. My mother, born in 1903, remembers hordes arriving for Old Home when she was a girl. Wilmot's took place at the Methodist Camp Ground, where tiny cottages sprouted among tall pines like the mushrooms of a wet summer; the 1938 hurricane smashed pines onto tiny cottages and ended the camp ground. (We still travel Camp Ground Road.) Even I can remember two hundred gathering there in the mid-thirties: my grandfather bought me vanilla cones, my Great-uncle Luther (who was a minister) addressed the multitude, and on the bandstand the old men of Moulton's Band from Sanbornton, blue caps and uniforms with red piping and epaulettes, played marching songs and hymns that marched. In my mother's day, maybe until the Second World War, local residents staged a play for the exiles' reunion, and a dance my mother couldn't go to. (Rumor had it some of the fellows drank hard cider.) Stagecoaches and primitive buses waited at the depot for the diaspora's return. There were prizes for those who came from the greatest distance—Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Ohio, even Idaho; for the largest family groups from great-grandparents to infants; for the eldest attending, usually late nineties or a hundred; and for the youngest, always a babe in arms.

We still give the prizes, but we are a remnant repeating a ritual after its purpose is mostly gone. Only forty of us gather: although the eldest is still usually a nonagenarian, the youngest is sometimes four or five; the furthest journeying comes from Boston; the largest family may be four or five. The original emigrants are dead and their children's children have lived in seven cities before they were ten years old, none of them in New Hampshire. Still, Old Home Day remains another pleasant and innocent excuse for gathering. Always a few old friends and former residents schedule an annual visit to coincide with Old Home. My mother, who lives in Connecticut, has not missed many. After the morning sermon we eat a picnic lunch and listen to the current Moulton's Band from Sanbornton playing Beatles' songs adapted for brass—and John Philip Sousa also.

After the band concert we move inside for a program. We sing songs like "Old New Hampshire" and "New Hampshire People," which goes to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." We sing one called "Wilmot's Sons and Daughters" that Stella Collins wrote long ago:

To the joyous din of welcome,  
Wilmot joins with hearty voice  
As her fast returning children  
Make the old heart to rejoice.

While Kearsarge still towers above us,  
Strong and steadfast, calm and grand,  
To her absent sons and daughters  
Wilmot holds a beckoning hand.

Usually there's a talk. Two years ago Walter Walker showed slides he'd taken at old Old Homes, a popular program: we sat in the Town Hall with shades drawn on a warm dry afternoon late in August looking at our dead in Ektachrome.

Often on the weekend of Wilmot's Old Home the camps close down across the pond. Long lines of chartered Vermont Transit buses raise dust on Eagle Pond Road, and young campers crowd at the windows saying farewell for another year to Eagle Pond and Ragged Mountain. We get to stay. We linger at pondside for a few more weeks of warm water in perfect stillness. Then one night, warned by the *Concord Monitor*, we cover tomatoes with poly, and in the cold morning I scrape ice from the windshield. Two or three icy mornings turn the pond chilly; along the shore we spy the first gay fires of fall. ■

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# QUIETLY KEEP

The dark side of immigration

The United States is a nation of immigrants, and of immigration policies—policies designed to facilitate the orderly entry of people into the country, but also to keep them out. Last November, President Reagan signed into law the Immigration Reform and Control Act of 1986, the most comprehensive reform of immigration law in over twenty years. The cornerstone of the new law is the legalization program. It allows illegal aliens who entered the country prior to January 1, 1982—perhaps as many as 4 million—to apply for amnesty, the first step on the road to full citizenship. But there is another, darker side to this reform. It will make it much tougher for those illegal aliens who do not qualify to remain here, while discouraging others from crossing the border.

The United States began to restrict immigration on the basis of national origin in 1882, when the Chinese Exclusion Acts banned Chinese laborers. Now it is the Mexicans, Salvadorans, and those from Caribbean islands who are the "problem." The arguments about curbing Hispanic immigration are the familiar ones that have been applied to other groups in the past: they'll take away jobs, crowd cities, strain services, change things.

Aliens entering the country illegally have traditionally been hunted down by officers of the Immigration and Naturalization Service. Now the INS has a new and ill-suited role—to implement the legalization program. The INS has taken a very restrictive view of the new law. For example, the law requires that an alien must have "resided continuously" in the United States since January 1, 1982, in order to qualify for amnesty. Immigration law has usually approached the matter of continuous residence on a case-by-case basis, placing great emphasis on the alien's intent to remain here. The INS has interpreted "resided continuously" to mean that any single absence of more than forty-five days, or a cumulative absence of more than 180 days, will disqualify the applicant. This is a problem for many illegal aliens, who frequently criss-cross the border to be with their families, especially at Christmas and other holidays.

U.S. Department of Justice  
Immigration and Naturalization Service

Please begin with item #1, after carefully reading the instructions

Name and Location (City or Town) of Qualified Designated Entity

Qualified Designated Entity (D. No.)

Applicant Do not write above this line. See instructions before filling separate sheet and identify each answer with the number

1 I hereby apply for status as indicated by the block checked

☐ A Temporary Residence as an alien who illegally entered

☐ B Temporary Residence as an alien who entered the U.S. on or after such date or whose unlawful status was known to the U.S. on or after such date

2 Family Name (Last Name in CAPITAL Letters) (First Name)

4 Other Names Used or Known by (including maiden name)

6 Home Address in the U.S. (No. and Street) (Apartment)

7 Mailing Address in the U.S. (if different from #6) (Apartment)

8 Last Address outside the U.S. (City or Town) (Country)

9 Sex ☐ Male ☐ Female

10 Race ☐ Asian or Pacific Islander ☐ Hispanic

11 Marital Status ☐ Never Married ☐ Separated ☐ Now Married

13 Place of Birth (City or Town) (Country)

14 Have you previously applied for temporary residence? ☐ No ☐ Yes (if Yes, give date, place of filing)

16 When did you last come to the U.S.? (Month/Day/Year)

18 Place of Last Entry ☐ U.S. Port of entry (City and State) ☐ Border Not through port (State)

20 Mother's Name (Maiden) (Last) (First) (Middle) ☐ L ☐ D

Form 1 687 (04/01/87) Page 1



# GETTING THEM OUT

Form, by Alfredo J. Estrada

OMB #1115-0133

as a Temporary Resident  
the Immigration and Nationality Act

Government Use Only

Application

File No

ant

re space to answer fully any question on this form use a  
on. Fill in with typewriter or print in block letters in ink

82  
January 1, 1982 and whose authorized stay expired before  
1982

3 Date of Birth (Month/Day/Year)

5 Telephone Numbers (Include Area Codes)  
Home \_\_\_\_\_  
Work \_\_\_\_\_  
(State) \_\_\_\_\_ (ZIP Code) \_\_\_\_\_  
(State) \_\_\_\_\_ (ZIP Code) \_\_\_\_\_  
(Country) \_\_\_\_\_

11 Country of origin ☐ Other (specify below)

12 Country of Citizenship  
(Country) \_\_\_\_\_

15 Do you have any other record with INS?  
☐ No ☐ Yes (If "Yes" give number(s))  
A - \_\_\_\_\_  
Other \_\_\_\_\_

16 Manner of Entry (Visitor, Student, Crewman, etc.)  
With visa (visitor, student, etc.) specify \_\_\_\_\_  
Without visa \_\_\_\_\_

17 All Social Security Numbers used  
(3) \_\_\_\_\_  
(4) \_\_\_\_\_

18 Father's Name (Last) (First) ☐ Living  
☐ Deceased (year) \_\_\_\_\_

The INS charges a fee of \$185 for each application. For children under eighteen, the fee is reduced to \$50. Families—husband, wife, children under eighteen—may pay a group fee of \$420. Applicants must also pay for required medical examinations, which can cost as much as \$75 each, and for any legal fees incurred. Will the costs discourage illegal aliens from applying for amnesty? Many illegal aliens make their living as migrant farm workers. An average migrant farm worker makes about \$5,000 a year.

The new immigration laws impose stiff fines and criminal penalties on employers who knowingly hire or continue to employ illegal aliens. All employers are affected, but the big farms that hire large numbers of illegal aliens at harvest time stand to be hurt most. Worried about this, Congress has set aside a category for "special agricultural workers"—they face less stringent requirements for legalization. So far, however, the exception has done little but sow confusion. The rules are complicated, and many migrant workers believe they will be deported, and lose their chance to become U.S. residents, if they are caught in the country this year. As a result, they are staying away, and already, in June, Oregon's strawberry crop was rotting in the fields for lack of workers.

Last year, as a result of the worldwide collapse of oil prices, the Mexican economy shrank 5 percent, and underemployment reached 50 percent. Things are worse in El Salvador: along with underemployment above 50 percent, there is the ongoing civil war. So what happens when these countries lose emigration to the United States as a "safety valve" for those without decent jobs, and lose too the benefit of millions of dollars sent back every year? What happens when we send millions of *aliens* back? Moreover, what happens here, in the U.S., if employers begin to see every Hispanic as a possible illegal alien, as trouble? If these problems are not addressed by the Administration, then immigration reform may stand in need of further reform.

Alfredo J. Estrada is a lawyer who lives in Washington, D.C.

# MY MOTHER, IN MEMORY

By Richard Ford

**M**y mother's name was Edna Akin, and she was born in 1910, in the far northwest corner of the state of Arkansas—Benton County—in a place whose actual location I am not sure of and never have been. Near Decatur or Centerton, or a town no longer a town. Just a rural place. That is near the Oklahoma line there, and in 1910 it was a rough country, with a frontier feel. It had only been ten years since robbers and outlaws were in the landscape. Bat Masterson was still alive and not long gone from Galena.

I remark about this not because of its possible romance, or because I think it qualifies my mother's life in any way I can relate now, but because it seems like such a long time ago and such a far-off and unknowable place. And yet my mother, whom I loved and knew quite well, links me to that foreignness, that other thing that was her life and that I really don't know so much about and never did. This is one quality of our lives with our parents that is often overlooked and so, devalued. Parents link us—closeted as we are in our lives—to a thing we're not but they are; a separateness, perhaps a mystery—so that even together we are alone.

The act and practice of considering my mother's life is, of course, an act of love. And my in-

complete memory of it, my inadequate relation to the facts, should not be thought incomplete love. I loved my mother the way a happy child does, thoughtlessly and without doubts. And when I became an adult and we were adults who knew one another, we regarded each other highly; could say "I love you" when it seemed necessary to clarify our dealings, but without pausing over it. That seems perfect to me now and did then, too.

My mother's life I am forced to piece together. We were not a family for whom history had much to offer. This fact must have to do with not being rich, or with being rural, or incompletely educated, or just inadequately aware of many things. For my mother there was simply little to history, no heroics or self-dramatizing—just small business, forgettable residues, some of them mean. The Depression had something to do with it, too. My mother and father were people who lived for each other and for the day. In the thirties, after they were married, they lived, in essence, on the road. They drank some. They had a good time. They felt they had little to look back on, and didn't look.

My father's family came from Ireland and were Protestants. This was in the 1870s, and an ocean divided things. But about my mother's early life I don't know much. I don't know where her father came from, or if he too was Irish, or Polish. He was a carter, and my mother

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spoke affectionately about him, if elliptically and without a sense of responsibility to tell anything at all. "Oh," she would say, "my daddy was a good man." And that was it. He died of cancer in the 1930s, I think, but not before my mother had been left by her mother and had lived with him a time. This was before 1920. My sense is that they lived in the country, back near where she was born—rural again—and that to her it had been a good time. As good as any. I don't know what she was enthusiastic for then, what her thoughts were. I cannot hear her voice from that time long ago, though I would like to be able to.

Of her mother there is much to say—a story of a kind. She was from the country, with brothers and sisters. There was Indian blood on that side of the family, though it was never clear what tribe of Indian. I know nothing about her parents, though I have a picture of my great-grandmother and my grandmother with her new, second husband, sitting in an old cartage wagon, and my mother in the back. My great-grandmother is old then, witchy looking; my grandmother, stern and pretty in a long beaver coat; my mother, young, with piercing dark eyes aimed to the camera.

At some point my grandmother had left her husband and taken up with the younger man in the picture—a boxer and roustabout. A pretty boy. Slim and quick and tricky. "Kid Richard" was his ring name. (I, oddly enough, am his namesake.) This was in Fort Smith now. Possibly 1922. My grandmother was older than Kid Richard, whose real name was Bennie Shelley. And to quickly marry him and keep him, she lied about her age, took a smooth eight years off, and began to dislike having her pretty daughter—my mother—around to date her.

And so for a period—everything in her life seemed to happen for a period and never for long—my mother was sent to live at the Convent School of St. Ann's, also in Fort Smith. It must've seemed like a good idea to her father up in the country, because he paid her tuition, and she was taught by nuns. I don't exactly know what her mother—whose name was Essie or Lessie or just Les—did during that time, maybe three years. She was married to Bennie Shelley, who was from Fayetteville and had family there. He worked as a waiter, and then in the dining-car service on the Rock Island. This meant living in El Reno and as far out the line as Tucumcari, New Mexico. He quit boxing, and my grandmother ruled him as strictly as she could because she felt she could go a long way with him. He was her last and best choice for something. A ticket out. To where, I'm not sure.

My mother often told me that she'd liked the

sisters at St. Ann's. They were strict. Imperious. Self-certain. Dedicated. Humorous. It was there, I think, as a boarding student, that my mother earned what education she ever did—the ninth grade, where she was an average good student and was liked, though she smoked cigarettes and was punished for it. I think if she had never told me about the nuns, if that stamp on her life hadn't been made, I might never have ordered even this much of things. St. Ann's cast a shadow into later life. In her heart of hearts my mother was a secret Catholic. A forgiver. A respecter of rituals and protocols. Reverent about the trappings of faith; respecter of inner disciplines. All I think about Catholics I think because of her, who was never one at all, but who lived among them at an early age and seemingly liked what she learned and those who taught her. Later in life, when she had married my father and gone to meet his mother, she would always feel she was thought of as a Catholic by them, and that they never truly took her in as they might have another girl.

But when her father, for reasons I know nothing about, stopped her tuition, her mother—now demanding they be known as sisters—took her out of St. Ann's. And that was it for school, forever. She was not a welcome addition to her mother's life, and I have never known why they took her back. It is just one of those inexplicable acts that mean everything.

They moved around. To K.C. To El Reno again. To Davenport and Des Moines—wherever the railroad took Ben Shelley, who was going forward in the dining-car service and turning himself into a go-getter. In time, he would leave the railroad and go to work as a caterer at the Arlington Hotel in Hot Springs. And there he put my mother to work in the cigar shop, where a wider world opened an inch. People from far away were here for the baths, Jews from Chicago and New York. Foreigners. Rich people. She met baseball players, became friends with Dizzy Dean and Leo Durocher. And during that time, sometime when she was seventeen, she must've met my father.

I, of course, know nothing about their courtship except that it took place—mostly in Little Rock, probably in 1927. My father was twenty-three. He worked as a produce stocker for a grocery concern there. I have a picture of him with two other young clerks in a grocery store. He is wearing a clean, white apron and a tie, and is standing beside a bin of cabbages. I don't even know where this is. Little Rock. Hot Springs—one of these. It is just a glimpse. What brought him down from the country to Little Rock I'll never know, nor what he might've had on his mind then. He died in 1960, when I was only sixteen. And I had not by then thought to ask.

*In her heart  
of hearts my  
mother was  
a secret  
Catholic. A  
forgiver*

*My mother's  
fleeting  
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that time, as  
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something  
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untidy had  
gone on*

but I have thought of them as a young couple. My mother, black-haired, dark-eyed, curvaceous. My father, blue-eyed like me, big, glib, honest, gentle. I can think a thought of them together. I can sense what they each must've sensed pretty fast—here was a good person, suddenly. My mother knew things. She had worked in hotels, been to boarding school and out. Lived in cities. Traveled some. But my father was a country boy who quit school in the seventh grade. The baby of three children, all raised by their mother—the sheltered son of a suicide. I can believe my mother wanted a better life than working for her ambitious stepfather and contrary mother, at jobs that went no place; that she may have believed she'd not been treated well, and thought of her life as “rough”; that she was tired of being her mother's sister; that it was a strange life; that she was in danger of losing all expectation; that she was bored. And I can believe my father simply saw my mother and wanted her. Loved her. And that was how that went.

They were married in Morrilton, Arkansas, by a justice of the peace, in 1928, and arrived at my father's home in Atkins the next morning, newlyweds. I have no correct idea what anyone thought or said about any of that. They acted independently, and my mother never felt the need to comment. Though my guess is they heard disapproval.

I think it is safe to say my parents wanted children. How many they wanted or how soon after they were married I do not know. But it was their modest boast that my father had a job throughout the Depression. And I think there was money enough. They lived in Little Rock, and for a while my father worked as a grocer, and then, in 1932, he was fired, and went to work selling starch for a company out of Kansas City. The Faultless Company. Huey Long had worked for them, too. It was a traveling job, and most of the time they just traveled together. New Orleans. Memphis. Texarkana. They lived in hotels, spent their off-hours and off-days back in Little Rock. But mostly they traveled. My father called on groceries, wholesalers, prisons, hospitals, conducted schools for housewives on how to starch clothes without boiling the starch. My mother, typically, never characterized that time except to say he and she had “fun” together—that was her word for it—and had begun to think they couldn't have a child. No children. This time lasted fifteen years. A loose, pick-up-and-go life. Drinking. Cars. Restaurants. Not paying much attention. There were friends they had in New Orleans, Memphis, in Little Rock, and on the road. They made friends of my grandmother and Bennie,

who was not much older than my father—four years, at most. I think they were just caught up in their life, a life in the South, in the thirties, just a kind of swirling thing that didn't really have a place to go. There must've been plenty of lives like that then. It seems a period now to me. A specific time, the Depression. But to them, of course, it was just their life.

Something about that time—to my mother—must've seemed unnarratable. Unworthy of or unnecessary for telling. My father, who was not a teller of stories anyway, never got a chance to recall it. And I, who wasn't trained to want the past filled in—as some boys are—just never asked. It seemed a privacy I shouldn't invade. And I know that my mother's only fleeting references to that time, as if the thirties were just a long weekend—drinking too much, wildness, rootlessness—gave me the impression something possibly untidy had gone on, some recklessness of spirit and attitude, something that a son would be better off not to think about and be worried with. In essence, it had been *their* time, for their purposes and not mine. And it was over.

But looked at from the time of my birth, 1944, all that life lived childless, unexpectant, must've come to seem an odd time to her; a life encapsulatable, possibly even remembered unclearly, pointless, maybe in comparison to the pointedness of a life *with* a child. Still, an intimacy established between the two of them that they brought forward into more consequential life—a life they had all but abandoned any thought of because no children had come.

All first children, and certainly all only children, date the beginning of their lives as extraspecial events. For my parents my arrival came as a surprise and coincident with the end of World War II—the event that finished the thirties in this country. And it came when my mother had been married to my father fifteen years; when, in essence, their young life was over. He was thirty-nine. She was thirty-three. They, by all accounts, were happy to have me. It may have been an event that made their life together seem conventional for once, that settled them; made them think about matters their friends had thought about years ago. Staying put. The future.

They had never owned a house or a car, although my father's job gave him a company car. They had never had to choose a “home,” a place to be in permanently. But now, they did. They moved from Little Rock down to Mississippi, to Jackson, which was the geographic center of my father's territory and a place he could return most weekends with ease, since my mother wouldn't be going with him now. There was going to be a baby.



They knew no one in Jackson except the jobbers my father had called on and a salesman or two he knew off the road. I'm not sure, but I think it was not an easy transition. They rented and then bought a brick duplex next to a school. They joined a church. Found a grocery. A bus stop—though you could walk to the main street in Jackson from 736 North Congress. Also to the library and the capitol building. They had neighbors—older citizens, established families hanging on to nicer, older, larger houses in a neighborhood that was itself in transition. This was life now, for them. My father went off to work Monday morning and came back Friday night. He had never exactly done that before, but he liked it, I think. One of my earliest memories is of him moving around the sunny house on Monday mornings, whistling a tune.

And so what my beginning life was was this. A life spent with my mother—a shadow in a picture of myself. Days. Afternoons. Nights. Walks. Meals. Dressing. Sidewalks. The movies. Home. Radio. And on the weekend, my father. A nice, large, sweet man who visited us. Happy to come home. Happy to leave.

I don't think my mother longed for a fulfilling career or a more active public life. I don't think my father had other women on the road. I don't think the intrusion of me into their lives was anything they didn't think of as normal and all right. I know from practice that it is my habit to seek the normal in life, to look for reasons to believe this or that is fine. In part, that is because my parents raised me that way and lived lives that portrayed a world, a private existence, that *could be* that way. I do not think even now; in the midst of my own life's concerns, that it is a bad way to see things.

**S**o then, the part of my life that has to do with my mother.

The first eleven years—the Korean War years, Truman and Eisenhower, television, bicycles, one big snowstorm in 1949—we lived on North Congress Street, down a hill from the state capitol and across from the house where Eudora Welty had been a young girl thirty-five years before. Next door to Jefferson Davis School. I remember a neighbor stopping me on the sidewalk and asking me who I was; this was a thing that could happen to you. Maybe I was nine or seven then. But when I said my name—Richard Ford—she said, "Oh, yes. Your mother is the cute little black-headed woman up the street." And that affected me and still does. I think this was my first conception of my mother as someone else, as someone whom other people saw and considered: a cute woman, which she was not. Black-haired, which she was. She was,

I know, five feet five inches tall. But I never have known if that is tall or short. I think I must have always believed it was normal. I remember this, though, as a signal moment in my life. Small but important. It alerted me to my mother's—what?—public side. To the side that other people saw and dealt with and that was there. I do not think I ever thought of her in any other way after that. As Edna Ford, a person who was my mother and also who was someone else. I do not think I ever addressed her after that except with such a knowledge—the way I would anyone I knew.

It is a good lesson to learn. And we risk never

*A life spent  
with my  
mother, a  
shadow in  
a picture  
of myself*



knowing our parents if we ignore it. Cute, black-headed, five-five. Some part of her was that, and it didn't harm me to know it. It may have helped, since one of the premier challenges for us all is to know our parents, assuming they survive long enough, are worth knowing, and it is physically possible. This is a part of normal life. And the more we see them fully, as the world sees them, the better all our chances are.



*She always said, 'I smothered you when you were little. I'm sorry.' But I wasn't sorry*

About my mother I do not remember more than pieces up until the time I was sixteen: 1960, a galvanizing year for us both—the year my father woke up gasping on a Saturday morning and died before he could get out of bed; me up on the bed with him, busy trying to find something to help. Shake him. Yell in his sleeping face. Breathe in his soft mouth. Turn him over onto his belly, for some reason. Feeling terror and chill. All this while she stood in the doorway to his bedroom in our new house in the suburbs of Jackson, pushing her knuckles into her temples, becoming hysterical. Eventually she just lost her control for a while.

But before that. Those pieces. They must make a difference or I wouldn't remember them so clearly. A flat tire we all three had, halfway across the Mississippi bridge at Greenville. High, up there, over the river. We stayed in the car while my father fixed it, and my mother held

me so tightly to her I could barely breathe. I was six. She always said, "I smothered you when you were little. You were all we had. I'm sorry." And then she'd tell me this story. But I wasn't sorry. It seemed fine then, since we were up there. "Smothering" meant "Here is danger," "Love protects you." They are still lessons I respect. I am not comfortable on bridges now, but my guess is I never would've been.

I remember my mother having a hysterectomy and my grandfather, Ben Shelley, joking about it—to her—about what good "barbers" the nuns at St. Dominic's had been. That made her cry.

I remember once in the front yard on Congress Street something happened, something I said or did—I don't know what—but my mother began running out across the schoolyard next door. Just running away. I remember that scared me and I yelled at her, "No," and halfway across





she stopped and came back. I've never known how serious she was about that, but I have understood from it that there might be reasons to run off. Alone, with a small child, knowing no one. That's enough.

There were two fights they had that I was present for. One on St. Louis Street, in the French Quarter in New Orleans. It was in front of Antoine's Restaurant, and I now think they were both drunk, though I didn't know it, or even know what drunk was. One wanted to go in the restaurant and eat. The other didn't and wanted to go back to the hotel around the corner. This was in 1955. I think we had tickets to the Sugar Bowl—Navy vs. Ole Miss. They yelled at each other, and I think my father yanked her arm, and they walked back separately. Later we all got in bed together in the Monteleone and no one stayed mad. In our family no one ever nagged or held grudges or stayed mad, though we could all get mad.

The other fight was worse. I believe it was the same year. They were drinking. My father invited friends over and my mother didn't like it. All the lights were on in the house. She swore. I remember the guests standing in the doorway outside the screen, still on the porch looking in. I remember their white faces and my mother shouting at them to get the hell out, which they did. And then my father held my mother's shoulders up against the wall by the bathroom and yelled at her while she struggled to get free. I remember how harsh the lights were. No one got hit. No one ever did except me when I was whipped. They just yelled and struggled. Fought that way. And then after a while, I remember, we were all in bed again, with me in the middle, and my father cried. "Boo hoo hoo. Boo hoo hoo." Those were the sounds he made, as if he'd read somewhere how to cry.

A long time has passed since then, and I have remembered more than I do now. I have tried to put things into novels. I have written things down and forgotten them. I have told stories. And there was more, a life's more. My mother and I rode with my father summers and sat in his hot cars in the states of Louisiana and Arkansas and Texas and waited while he worked, made his calls. We went to the coast—to Biloxi and Pensacola. To Memphis. To Little Rock almost every holiday. We went. That was the motif of things. We lived in Jackson, but he traveled. And every time we could we went with him. Just to be going. The staying part was never stabilized. Only being with them, and mostly being with her. My mother.

And then my father died, which changed everything—many things, it's odd to say, for the better where I was concerned. But not for my mother. Where she was concerned, nothing

after that would ever be quite good again. A major part of life ended for her February 20, 1960. He had been everything to her, and all that was naturally implicit became suddenly explicit in her life, and she was neither good at that nor interested in it. And in a way I see now and saw almost as clearly then, she gave up.

Not that she gave up where I was concerned. I was sixteen and had lately been in some law scrapes, and she became, I'd say, very aware of the formal features of her life. She was a widow. She was fifty. She had a son who seemed all right, but who could veer off into trouble if she didn't pay attention. And so, in her way, she paid attention.

Not long after the funeral, when I was back in school and the neighbors had stopped calling and bringing over dishes of food—when both grief and real mourning had set in, in other words—she sat me down and told me we were now going to have to be more independent. She would not be able to look after me as she had done. We agreed that I had a future, but I would have to look after me. And as we could, we would do well to look after each other. We were partners now, is what I remember thinking. My father had really never been around that much, and so his actual absence was, for me (though not for her), not felt so strongly. And a partnership seemed like a good arrangement. I was to stay out of jail because she didn't want to get me out. *Wouldn't get me out.* I was to find friends I could rely on instead. I could have a car of my own. I could go away in the summers to find a job in Little Rock with my grandparents. This, it was understood but never exactly stated (we were trying not to state too much then; we didn't want *everything* to have to be explicit, since so much was now and so little ever had been), *this* would give her time to adjust. To think about things. To become whatever she would have to become to get along from there on out.

I don't exactly remember the time scheme to things. This was 1960, '61, '62. I was a tenth-grader and on. But I did not get put in jail. I did live summers with my grandparents, who by now ran a large hotel in Little Rock. I got a black '57 Ford, which got stolen. I got beaten up and then got new friends. I did what I was told, in other words. I started to grow up in a hurry.

I think of that time—the time between my father's death and the time I left for Michigan to go to college—as a time when I didn't see my mother much. Though that is not precisely how it was. She was there. I was there. But I cannot discount my own adjustments to my father's death and absence, to my independence. I think I may have been more dazed than grieved,

*Not long  
after my  
father's  
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independent*

*I was.  
I think,  
terrified.  
Where was  
she? What  
else was I  
going to have  
to lose?*

and it is true my new friends took me up. My mother went to work. She got a job doing something at a company that made school pictures. It required training and she did it. And it was only then, late in 1960, when she was fifty, that she first felt the effects of having quit school in 1924. But she got along, came home tired. I do not think she had trouble. And then she left that. She became a rental agent for a new apartment house, tried afterward to get the job as manager but didn't get it—who knows why? She took another job as night cashier in a hotel, the Robert E. Lee. This job she kept maybe a year. And after that she was the admitting clerk in the emergency room at the University of Mississippi Hospital, a job she liked very much.

And there was at least one boyfriend in all that time. A married man, from Tupelo, named Matt, who lived in the apartment building she worked at. He was a big, bluff man, in the furniture business, who drove a Lincoln and carried a gun strapped to the steering column. I liked him. And I liked it that my mother liked him. It didn't matter that he was married—not to me, and I guess not to my mother. I really have no idea about what was between them, what they did alone. And I don't care about that, either. He took her on drives. Flew her to Memphis in his airplane. Acted respectfully to both of us. She may have told me she was just passing time, getting her mind off her worries, letting someone be nice to her. But I didn't care. And we both knew that nothing she told me about him either did or didn't have to match the truth. I would sometimes think I wished she would marry Matt. And at other times I would be content to have them be lovers, if that's what they were. He had boys near my age, and later I would even meet them and like them. But this was after he and my mother were finished.

What finished them was brought on by me but was not really my doing, I think now. Matt had faded for a time. His business brought him in to Jackson, then out for months. She had quit talking about him, and life had receded to almost a normal level. I was having a hard time in school—getting a D in algebra (I'd already failed once) and having no ideas for how I could improve. My mother was cashiering nights at the Robert E. Lee and coming home by eleven.

But one night for some reason she simply didn't come home. I had a test the next day. Algebra. And I must've been in an agitated state of mind. I called the hotel to hear she had left on time. And for some reason this scared me. I got in my car and drove down to the neighborhood by the hotel, a fringe neighborhood near a black section of town. I rode the streets and found her car, a gray and pink '58 Oldsmobile that had been my father's pride and joy. It was parked un-

der some sycamore trees, across from the apartments where she had worked as a rental agent and where Matt lived. And for some reason I think I panicked. It was not a time to panic but I did anyway. I'm not sure what I thought, but thinking of it now I seem to believe I wanted to ask Matt—if he was there—if he knew where my mother was. This may be right, though it's possible, too, I knew she was there and just wanted to make her leave.

I went in the building—it must've been midnight—and up the elevator and down the hall to his door. I banged on it. Hit it hard with my fists. And then I waited.

Matt himself opened the door, but my mother was there in the room behind him. She had a drink in her hand. The lights were on, and she was standing in the room behind him. It was a nice apartment, and both of them were shocked by me. I don't blame them. I didn't blame them then and was ashamed to be there. But I was, I think, terrified. Not that she was there. Or that I was alone. But just that I didn't know what in the hell. Where was she? What else was I going to have to lose?

I remember being out of breath. I was seventeen years old. And I really can't remember what anybody said or did except me, briefly. "Where have you been?" I said to her. "I didn't know where you were. That's all."

And that was all. All of that. Matt said very little. My mother got her coat and we went home in two cars. She acted vaguely annoyed at me, and I was mad at her. We talked that night. Eventually she said she was sorry, and I told her I didn't care if she saw Matt only that she tell me when she would be home late. And to my knowledge she never saw Matt Matthews, or any other man, again as a lover as long as she lived.

Later, years later, when she was dying, I tried to explain it all to her again—my part, what I thought, *had* thought—as if we could still open it and repair that night. All she needed to do was call me or, even years later, say she would've called me. But that was not, of course, what she did or how she saw it. She just looked a little disgusted and shook her head. "Oh, that," she said. "My God. That was just silliness. You had no business coming up there. You were out of your mind. Though I just saw I couldn't be doing things like that. I had a son to raise." And here again she looked disgusted, and at everything, I think. All the cards the fates had dealt her—a no-good childhood, my father's death, me, her own inability to vault over all of this to a better life. It was another proof of something bad, the likes of which she felt, I believe, she'd had plenty.

There are only these—snapshot instances of a time lived indistinctly, a time that whirled by



for us but were the last times we would ever really live together as mother and son. We did not fight. We accommodated each other almost as adults would. We grew wry and humorous with each other. Cast glances, gave each other looks. Were never ironic or indirect or crafty with anger. We knew how we were supposed to act and took pleasure in acting that way.

She sold the new house my father had bought, and we moved into a high-rise. Magnolia Towers. I did better in school. She was switching jobs. I really didn't register these changes, though based on what I know now about such things they could not have been easy.

I did not and actually do not know about the money, how it was, then. My father had a little insurance. Maybe some was saved in a bank. My grandparents stepped forward with offers. They had made money. But there was no pension from his job; it was not that kind of company. I know the government paid money for me, a dependent child. But I only mean to say I don't

know how much she needed to work; how much money needed to come through; if we had debts, creditors. It may have been we didn't, and that she went to work just to thrust herself in the direction life seemed to be taking her—independence. Solitariness. All that that means.

There were memorable moments. When my girlfriend and I had been experimenting in one kind of sexual pleasure and another, quite suddenly my girlfriend—a Texas girl—sensed somehow that she was definitely pregnant and that her life and mine were ruined. Mine, I know certainly, felt ruined. And there was evidence aplenty around of kids marrying at fourteen, having babies, being divorced. This was the South, after all.

But I once again found myself in terror, and on a Sunday afternoon I just unburdened myself to my mother; told her *all* we'd done, all we hadn't. Spoke specifically and methodically in terms of parts and positions, extents and

*We accommodated each other almost as adults would. We grew wry and humorous with each other*



She was  
fifty-two. I  
was eighteen.  
We were  
partners in  
my messes  
and hers

degrees. All I wanted from her was to know if Louise *could* be pregnant, based upon what she knew about those things (how much could that really have been?). These were all matters a boy should take up with his father, of course. Though, really, whoever would? I know I wouldn't have. Such a conversation would've confused and embarrassed my poor father and me. We did not know each other that well at our closest moments. And in any case, he was gone.

But my mother I knew very well. At least I acted that way and she did, too. She was fifty-two. I was eighteen. She was practiced with me, knew the kind of boy I was. We were partners in my messes and hers. I sat on the couch and carefully told her what scared me, told her what I couldn't get worked out right in my thinking, went through it all; used the words *it*, *hers*, *in*. And she, stifling her dread, very carefully assured me that everything was going to be fine. Nobody got pregnant doing what we were doing, and I should forget about it. It was all a young girl's scare fantasies. Not to worry. And so I didn't.

Of course, she was wrong. Couldn't possibly have been wronger. My girlfriend didn't get pregnant, but only because a kind fate intervened. Thousands of people get pregnant doing what we were doing. Thousands more get pregnant doing much less. I guess my mother just didn't know that much, or else understood much more: that what was done was done now, and all the worry and explaining and getting-straight wouldn't matter. I should be more careful in the future if I was to have one. And that was about it. If Louise was pregnant, what anybody thought wouldn't matter. Best just not to worry.

And there is, of course, a lesson in that—one I like and have tried ever since and unsuccessfully to have direct me. Though I have never looked at the world through eyes like hers were then. Not yet. I have never exactly felt how little all you can do can really matter. Full understanding will come to me, and undoubtedly to us all. But my mother showed that to me first, and best, and I think I may have begun to understand it even then.

**I**n the sixties after that I went away to college, in Michigan. It was a choice of mine and no one else's, and my mother neither encouraged nor discouraged me. Going to college in Mississippi didn't enter my mind. I wanted, I thought, to be a hotel manager like my grandfather, who had done well at it. I do not, in fact, remember my mother and me ever talking about college. She hadn't been and didn't know much about it. But the assumption was that I was sim-

ply going, and it would be my lookout. She was interested, but in a way that was not vital or supervisory. I don't think she thought that I would go away for good, even when it happened that Michigan State took me and I said I was going. I don't know what she thought exactly. She had other things on her mind then. Maybe she thought Michigan wasn't so far from Mississippi, which is true and not true, or that I wouldn't stay and would come home soon. Maybe she thought I would never go. Or maybe she thought nothing, or nothing that was clear; just noticed that I was doing this and that, sending and getting letters, setting dates, and decided she would cross that bridge when the time came.

And it did come.

In September 1962, she and I got on the Illinois Central in Jackson and rode it to Chicago (our first such trip together). We transferred crosstown to the old La Salle Street Station and the Grand Trunk Western, and rode up to Lansing. She wanted to go with me. I think she wanted just to see all that. Michigan. Illinois. Cornfields. White barns. The Middle West. Wanted to see from a train window what went on there, how that was. What it all looked like, possibly to detect how I was going to fit myself among those people, live in their buildings, eat their food, learn their lingo. Why this was where I had chosen to go. Her son. This was how she saw her duty unfolding.

And, too, the ordinary may have been just what she wanted: accompanying her son to college, a send-off; to see herself and me, for a moment in time, fitted into the pattern of what other people were up to, what people in general did. If it could happen to her, to us, that way, then maybe some normal life had reconvened, since she could not have thought of her life as normal then.

So, at the end of that week, late September 1962, when I had enrolled, invaded my room, met my roomies, and she and I had spent days touring and roaming, eating motel dinners together until nothing was left to say, I stood up on a bus-stop bench beside the train tracks, at the old GTW station in Lansing, and held up my arms in the cool, snapping air for her to see me as she pulled away back toward Chicago. And I saw her, her white face recessed behind the tinted window, one palm flat to the glass for me to see. And she was crying. Good-bye, she was saying. And I waved one arm in that cool air and said, "Good-bye. I love you," and watched the train go out of sight through the warp of that brickly old factory town. And at that moment I suppose you could say I started my own life in earnest, and whatever there was left of my childhood ended.



After that the life that would take us to the end began. A fragmented, truncated life of visits long and short. Letters. Phone calls. Telegrams. Meetings in cities away from home. Conversations in cars, in airports, train stations. Efforts to see each other. Leaving dominating everything—my growing older, and hers, observed from varying distances.

She held out alone in Mississippi for a year, moved back into the house on Congress Street. She rented out the other side, worked at the hospital, where for a time, I think, the whole new life she'd been handed worked out, came together. I am speculating, as you can believe, because I was gone. But at least she said she liked her job, liked the young interns at the hospital, liked the drama of the ER, liked working even. It may have started to seem satisfactory enough that I was away. It may have seemed to her that there was a life to lead. That under the circumstances she had done reasonably well with things; could ease up, let events happen without fearing the worst. One bad thing did finally turn into something less bad.

This, at least, is what I wanted to think. How a son feels about his widowed mother when he is far away becomes an involved business. But it is not oversimplifying to say that he wants good to come to her. In all these years, the years of fragmented life with my mother, I was aware (as I have said) that things would never be completely all right with her again. Partly it was a matter of choosing; partly it was a matter just of her own character—of just how she could see her life without my father, with him gone and so much life left to be lived in a not ideal way. Always she was resigned somewhere down deep. I could never plumb her without coming to that stop point—a point where expectation simply ceased. This is not to say she was unhappy after enough time had passed. Or that she never laughed. Or that she didn't see life as life, didn't regain and rejoin herself. All those she did. Only, not utterly, not in a way a mother, any mother, could disguise to her only son who loved her. I always saw that. Always felt it. Always felt her—what?—discomfort at life? Her resisting it? Always wished she could relent more than she apparently could; since in most ways my own life seemed to spirit ahead, and I did not like it that hers didn't. From almost the first I felt that my father's death surrendered to me at least as much as it took away. It gave me my life to live by my own designs, gave me my own decisions. A boy could do worse than to lose his father—a good father, at that—just when the world begins to display itself all around him.

But that is not the way it was with her, even as I can't exactly say how it was. I can say that in

all the years after my father died, twenty-one years, her life never seemed quite fully engaged. She took trips—to Mexico, to New York, to California, to Banff, to islands. She had friends who loved her and whom she spoke well of. She had an increasingly easy life as her own parents died. She had us—my wife and me—who certainly loved her and included her in all we could. But when I would say to her—and I did say this—"Mother, are you enjoying your life? Are things all right?" she would just look at me impatiently and roll her eyes. "Richard," she'd say. "I'm never going to be ecstatic. It's not in my nature. You concentrate on your life. Leave mine alone. I'll take care of me."

And that, I think, is mostly what she did after his death and my departure, when she was on her own: she maintained herself, made a goal of that. She became brisk, businesslike, more self-insistent. Her deep voice became even deeper, assumed a kind of gravity. She drank in the evenings to get a little drunk, and took up an attitude (particularly toward men, whom she began to see as liabilities). She made her situation be the custom and cornerstone of her character. Would not be taken advantage of by people, though I suspect no one wanted to. A widow had to look out, had to pay attention to all details. No one could help you. A life lived efficiently wouldn't save you, no; but it would prepare you for what you couldn't really be saved from.

Along the way she also maintained me and my wife, at a distance and as we needed it. She maintained her mother, who finally grew ill, then crippled, but never appreciative. She maintained her stepfather—moved, in fact, back to Little Rock. She sold her house, hers and my father's first house, and lived with my grandparents in the hotel, and later—after Ben died—in apartments here and there in the town. She became a daughter again at fifty-five, one who looked after her elderly mother. They had money enough. A good car. A set of friends who were widowed, too—people in their stratum. They accompanied each other. Went to eat in small groups, played canasta afternoons, spoke on the phone, watched TV, planned arguments; grew bored, impatient, furious. Had cocktails. Laughed about men. Stared. Lived a nice and comfortable life of waiting.

Our life during this time—my mother's and mine—consisted of my knowledge of what her life was like. And visits. We lived far away from each other. She in Little Rock. I, and then I and Kristina, in New York, California, Mexico, Chicago, Michigan again, New Jersey, Vermont. To us she arrived on trains and planes and in cars, ready to loan us money and to take us to dinner. To buy us this and that we needed.

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seemed*

To have a room painted. To worry about me. To be there for a little while wherever we were and then to go home again.

It must be a feature of anyone's life to believe that particular circumstances such as these are not exactly typical of what the mass of other lives are like. Not better. Not worse. Only peculiar in some way. Our life, my mother's and mine, seemed peculiar. Or possibly it is just imperfect that it seemed. Being away. Her being alone. Our visits and departings. All this consumed twenty years of both our lives—her last twenty, my second, when whatever my life was to be was beginning. It never felt exactly right to me that during all these years I could not see my mother more, that we did not have a day-to-day life. That the repairs we made to things after my father's death could not be shared entirely. I suppose that nowhere in time was there a moment when life for us rejoined itself as it had been before he died. This imperfection underlay everything. And when she left again and again and again, she would cry. And that is what she cried about. That we would never rejoin, that that was gone. This was all there was. Not quite enough. Not a full enough repaying of all that time together lost. She told me once that in an elevator a woman had asked her, "Mrs. Ford, do you have any children?" And she had said, "No." And then thought to herself, "Well, yes, I do. There's Richard."

Our conversations over these years had much to do with television, with movies we had seen and hadn't, with books she was reading, with baseball. The subject of Johnny Bench came up often, for some reason. My wife and I took her to the World Series, where she rooted for the team we didn't like and complained about the seats we'd moved mountains to get—for her, we thought. We took her on the Universal Tour. We took her back to Antoine's. We drove her to California and to Montreal. To Maine. To Vermont. To northern Michigan. To wherever we went that we could take her. We, she and I, observed each other. She observed my wife and my marriage and liked them both. She observed my efforts to be a writer and did not fully understand them. "But when are you going to get a job and get started?" she asked me once. She observed the fact that we had no children and offered no opinion. She observed her life and ours and possibly did not completely see how one gave rise to the other.

I observed that she grew older; saw that life was not entirely to her liking and that she made the most of its surfaces—taking a job once in a while, then finally retiring. I observed that she loved me; would sometimes take me aside early on a morning when we could be alone together as two adults and say: "Richard, are

you happy?" And when I told her I was, she would warn, "You must be happy. That's so important."

And that is the way life went on. Not quite pointlessly. But not pointedly, either. Maybe this is typical of all our lives with our parents—a feeling that some goal should be reached, then a recognition of what that goal inevitably is, and then returning attention to what's here and present today. To what's only here.

Something, some essence of life, is not coming clear through these words. There are not words enough. There are not events enough. There is not memory enough to give a life back and have it be right, exact. In one way, over these years apart, my mother and I lived toward one another the way people do who like each other and want to see each other more. Like friends. I have not even said about her that she didn't interfere. That she agreed my life with Kristina had retired a part of her motherhood. That she didn't cultivate random judgments. That she saw her visits as welcome, which they were. Indeed, she saw that what we'd made of things—she and I—was the natural result of prior events that were themselves natural. She was now, as before, not a psychologist. Not a quizzer. She played the cards she was dealt. By some strange understanding, we knew that this was life. This is what we would have. We were fatalists, mother and son. And we made the most of it.

**I**n 1973, my mother discovered she had breast cancer. It must've been the way with such things, and with people of her background. A time of being aware that something was there. A time of worry and growing certainty. A mention to a friend, who did nothing. Finally a casual mention to me, who saw to it immediately that she visit a doctor, who advised tests and did not seem hopeful.

What I remember of that brief period, which took place in Little Rock, is that following the first doctor visit, when all the tests and contingencies were stated and planned, she and I and my wife took the weekend together. She would "go in" on Monday. But Saturday we drove up to the country, visited my father's family, his cousins whom she liked, his grave. She stated she was "going in for tests," and they—who were all older than she was—put a good face on it. We drove around in her Buick and just spent the time together. It was, we knew somehow, the last of the old time, the last of the period when we were just ourselves, just the selves we had made up and perfected, given all that had gone before. Something in those tests was about to change everything, and we wanted to act out our conviction that, yes, this has been a life,



this adroit coming and going, this health, this humor, this affection expressed in fits and starts. This has been a thing. Nothing would change that. We could look back, and it would seem like we were alive enough.

Death starts a long time before it ever ends. And in it, in its very self, there is life that has to be lived out efficiently. There were seven years to go, but we didn't know it. And so we carried on. We went back to being away. To visiting. To insisting on life's being life, in the conviction that it could easily be less. And to me it seems like the time that had gone on before. Not exactly. But mostly. Talking on the phone. Visits, trips, friends, occasions. A more pointed need to know about "how things were," and a will to have them be all right for now.

My mother, I think, made the very best of her bad problems. She had a breast removed. She had some radiation. She had to face going back to her solitary life. And all this she did with a minimum of apparent fear and a great deal of dignity and resignation. It seemed as if her later years had been a training for bad news. For facing down disasters. And I think she appreciated this and was sharply aware of how she was dealing with things.

This was the first time I ever thought seriously that my mother might come to live with me, which was a well-discussed subject all our life, there having been precedent for it and plenty of opportunity to take up a point of view. My mother's attitude was very clear. She was against it. It ruined lives, spoiled things, she thought, and said no in advance. She had lived with her mother, and that had eventuated in years of dry unhappiness. Bickering. Impossibilities. Her mother had resented her, she said, hated being looked after. Turned meaner. Vicious. It was a no-win, and she herself expected nothing like that, wanted me to swear off the idea. Which I did. We laughed about how high and dry I would leave her. How she would be in the poor-house, and I'd be someplace living it up.

But she was practical. She made arrangements. Someplace called Presbyterian Village, in Little Rock, would be her home when she was ready, she said. She'd paid money. They'd promised to do their duty. And that was that. "I don't want to have to be at anybody's mercy," she said, and meant it. And my wife and I thought that was a good arrangement all the way around.

So then it was back to regular life, or life as regular as could be. We had moved to New Jersey by then. We had a house. And there were plenty of visits, with my mother doing most of the visiting—walking out in our shady yard, afternoons, talking to our neighbors as if she knew them, digging in the flower beds. She

seemed healthy. In high spirits. Illness and the possibility of illness had made her seize her life harder. She wanted to do more, it seemed. Take cruises. Visit Hawaii. Go. She had new friends, younger than she was. Loud, personable Southerners. We heard about them by name. Blanche. Herschel. Mignon. People we never met, who drank and laughed and liked her and were liked by her. I had pictures in my mind.

The year was counted from medical exam to medical exam, always these in the late winter, not long after my birthday. But every year there was good news after worrying. And every year there was a time to celebrate and feel relief. A reprieve.

I do not mean to say that any of our lives then were lived outside the expectation and prism of death. No one, I think, can lose his parent and not live out his life waiting for the other one to drop dead or begin to die. The joy of surviving is tainted by squeamish certainty that you can't survive. And I read my mother's death in almost all of her life during those days. I looked for illness. Listened to her complaints too carefully. Planned her death obscurely, along with my own abhorrence of it—treated myself to it early so that when the time came I would not, myself, go down completely.

At first there were backaches. It is hard to remember exactly when. The spring, 1981—six years since her first operation. She came to New Jersey to visit, and something had gone wrong. She was seventy, but pain had come into her life. She looked worn down, invaded by hurting. She'd seen doctors in Little Rock, but none of this had to do with her cancer, she said they said. It was back trouble. Parts were just wearing out. She went home, but in the summer she hurt more. I would call her and the phone would ring a long time, and then her answering voice would be weak, even barely audible. "I hurt, Richard," she'd tell me, wherever I was. "The doctor is giving me pills. But they don't always work." I'll come down there, I'd say. "No. I'll be fine," she'd say. "Do what you have to do." And the summer managed past that way, and the fall began.

I started a job in Massachusetts, and then one morning the phone rang. It was just at light. I don't know why anyone would call anyone at that hour unless a death was involved; but this wasn't the case. My mother had come to the hospital the night before, in an ambulance. She was in pain. And when she got there her heart had paused, briefly, though it had started again. She was better, a nurse said over the phone from Little Rock. I said I'd come that day, from Massachusetts; find people to teach my classes, drive to the airport in Albany. And that's how I did it.

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In Little Rock it was still summer. A friend of my mother's, a man named Ed, met me and drove me in. We went by old buildings, over railroad tracks and across the Arkansas River. He was in a mood to comfort me: this would not turn out well, he said. My mother had been sicker than I knew; had spent days in her apartment without coming out. She had been in bed all summer. It was something I needed to prepare myself for. Her death.

But really it was more than her death. Singular life itself—hers in particular, ours—was moving into a new class of events now. These things could be understood, is what he meant to say to me. And to hold out against them was hopeless and also maybe perverse. This all was becoming a kind of thing that happens. It was inevitable, after all. And it was best to see it that way.

Which, I suppose, is what I then began to do. That ride in the car, across town, to the hospital, was the demarking line for me. A man I hardly knew suggested to me how I should look at things; how I should consider my own mother, my own life. Suggested, in essence, I begin to see *myself* in all this. Stand back. Be him or like him. It was better. And that is what I did.

My mother, it turned out, was feeling better. But something very unusual had happened to her. Her heart had stopped. There had been congestion in her lungs, the doctor told me and her. He had already performed some more tests, and the results weren't good. He was a small, curly-headed, bright-eyed young man. He was soft-spoken, and he liked my mother, remembered how she'd looked when she first came to see him. "Healthy," he said, and he was confused now by the course of a disease he supposedly knew about. I do not remember his name now. But he came into her room, sat down in the chair with some papers, and told us bad news. Just the usual bad news. The back pain was cancer, after all. She was going to die, but he didn't know when she would. Sometime in the next year, he imagined. There didn't seem to be any thought of recovering. And I know he was sorry to know it and to say it, and in a way his job may even have been harder than ours was then.

I do not really remember what we said to him. I'm sure we asked very good questions, since we were both good when the chips were down. I do not remember my mother crying. I know I did not cry. We knew, both of us, what class of events *this* was, *this* message. This was the message that ended one long kind of uncertainty. And I cannot believe we both, in our own ways, did not feel some relief, as if a curiosity had been satisfied and other matters begun. The real question—*how*—is this?—can be an-

swered and over with in a hurry. It is actually an odd thing. I wonder if doctors know how odd it is.

But still, in a way, it did not change things. The persuasive powers of normal life are strong, after all. To accept less than life when it is not absolutely necessary is stupid.

I think we had talks. She was getting out of the hospital again, and at least in my memory I stayed around and got out with her before I had to go back to my job. We made plans for a visit. More going. She would come to Massachusetts when she was strong enough. We could still imagine a future, and that was exactly all we asked for.

I went back to teaching, and talked to her most days, though the thought that she was getting worse, that bad things were going on there and I couldn't stop them, made me miss some days. It became an awful time, then, when life felt ruined, futureless, edging toward disappointments.

She stayed out of the hospital during that time, took blood transfusions, which seemed to make her feel better, though they were ominous. I think she went out with her friends. Had company. Lived as if life could go on. And then in early October she came north. I drove down to New York, picked her up and drove us back to my rented house in Vermont. It was misty, and most of the leaves were down. And in the house it was cold and bleak, and I took her out to dinner in Bennington just to get warm. She said she had had another transfusion for the trip and would stay with me until its benefits wore off and she was weak again.

And that was how we did that. Just another kind of regular life between us. I went to school, did my work, came home nights. She stayed in the big house with my dog. Read. Cooked lunches for herself. Watched the World Series. Watched Sadat be assassinated. Looked out the window. At night we talked. I did my school work, went out not very much. With my wife, who was working in New York and commuting up on weekends, we went on country drives, invited visitors, paid visits, lived together as we had in places far and wide all those years. I don't know what else we were supposed to do, how else that time was meant to pass.

On a sunny day in early November, when she had been with me three weeks and we were, in fact, out of things to do and talk about, she sat down beside me on the couch and said, "Richard, I'm not sure how much longer I can look out after myself. I'm sorry. But it's just the truth."

"Does that worry you?" I said.

"Well," my mother said, "yes. I'm not scheduled to go into Presbyterian Village until way



next year. And I'm not quite sure what I'm going to be able to do until then."

"What would you like to do?" I said.

"I don't exactly know," she said. And she looked worried then, looked away out the window, down the hill, where the trees were bare and it was foggy.

"Maybe you'll start to feel better," I said.

"Well, yes. I could. I suppose that's not impossible," she said.

"I think it's possible," I said. "I do."

"Well. O.K.," my mother said.

"If you don't," I said, "if by Christmas you don't feel you can do everything for yourself, you can move in with us. We're moving back to Princeton. You can live there."

And I saw in my mother's eyes, then, a light. A kind of light, anyway. Recognition. Relief. Concession. Willingness.

"Are you sure about that?" she said and looked at me. My mother's eyes were very brown, I remember.

"Yes, I'm sure," I said. "You're my mother. I love you."

"Well," she said and nodded. No tears. "I'll begin to think toward that, then. I'll make some plans about my furniture."

"Well, wait," I said. And this is a sentence I wish, above all sentences in my life, I had never said. Words I wish I'd never heard. "Don't make your plans yet," I said. "You might feel better by then. It might not be necessary to come to Princeton."

"Oh," my mother said. And whatever had suddenly put a light in her eyes suddenly went away then. And her worries resumed. Whatever lay between then and later rose again. "I see," she said. "All right."

I could've not said that. I could've said, "Yes, make the plans. In whatever way all this works out, it'll be just fine. I'll see to that." But that is what I didn't say. I deferred instead to something else, to some other future, and at least in retrospect I know what that future was. And, I think, so did she. Perhaps you could say that in that moment I witnessed her facing death, saw it take her out beyond her limits, and feared it myself, feared all that I knew; and that I clung to life, to the possibility of life and change. Perhaps I feared something more tangible. But the truth is, anything we ever could've done for each other after that passed by then and was gone. And even together we were alone.

**W**hat remains can be told quickly. In a day or two I drove her to Albany. She was cold, she said, in my house, and couldn't get warm, and would be better at home. That was our story, though there was not heat enough anywhere to

get her warm. She looked pale. And when I left her at the airport gate she cried again, stood and watched me go back down the long corridor, waved a hand. I waved. It was the last time I would see her that way. On her feet. In the world. We didn't know that, of course. But we knew something was coming.

And in six weeks she was dead. There is nothing exceptional about that to tell. She never got to Princeton. Whatever was wrong with her just took her over. "My body has betrayed me" is one thing I remember her saying. Another was, "My chances now are slim and none." And that was true. I never saw her dead, didn't care to, simply took the hospital's word about it when they called. Though I saw her face death that month, over and over, and I believe because of it that seeing death faced with dignity and courage does not confer either of those, but only pity and helplessness and fear.

All the rest is just private—moments and messages the world would not be better off to know. She knew I loved her because I told her so enough. I knew she loved me. That is all that matters to me now, all that should ever matter.

And so to end.

Does one ever have a "relationship" with one's mother? No. I think not. The typical only exists in the minds of unwise people. We—my mother and I—were never bound together by guilt or embarrassment, or even by duty. Love sheltered everything. We expected it to be reliable, and it was. We were always careful to say it—"I love you"—as if a time might come, unexpectedly, when she would want to hear that, or I would, or that each of us would want to hear ourselves say it to the other, only for some reason it wouldn't be possible, and our loss would be great—confusion. Not knowing. Life lessened.

My mother and I look alike. Full, high forehead. The same chin, nose. There are pictures to show that. In myself I see her, even hear her laugh. In her life there was no particular brilliance, no celebrity. No heroics. No one crowning achievement to swell the heart. There were bad ones enough: a childhood that did not bear strict remembering; a husband she loved forever and lost; a life to follow that did not require comment. But somehow she made possible for me my truest affections, as an act of great literature would bestow upon its devoted reader. And I have known that moment with her we would all like to know, the moment of saying, "Yes. This is what it is." An act of knowing that certifies love. I have known that. I have known any number of such moments with her, known them even at the instant they occurred. And now. And, I assume, I will know them forever. ■

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# THE LAST HIRED GUN

Ed Cantrell gets the job done

By James Conaway

**E**ast of Wyoming's Wind River range, the plains break against the mountains in big, rolling swells. To the south lies the Great Divide Basin, and a lot of Bureau of Land Management land with a sad, colorful history of creaking prairie schooners, dispersed tribes, and gaunt cowboys pushing famished animals toward what was left of the grasslands. Parts of the old Oregon Trail are still visible in ghostly meanderings across marginal grassland and broad drainages.

To the north of Highway 20/26, which cuts across the center of the state, lies the Big Horn Mountains, a maverick thrust of the Rockies and one more tectonic wrinkle in mostly dry, difficult country. The road passes through Shoshoni and along Poison Creek above the Rattlesnake Hills, through Hell's Half Acre and the town of Powder River. From there, headwaters of that river pass near the old Hole-in-the-Wall, once the roost of unrepentant badmen, and on up into Montana.

Powder River is little more than a Texaco station and a bunch of pronghorn antelope looking at it. The traveler can buy a few groceries there, as well as gas, and drink a cup of coffee at the table in the corner before continuing on to Casper. I was in Powder River looking for Ed Cantrell. I had been traveling in the West, and midway through the trip, I had heard a story about a body found in the desert with its head stuck in a red rock. Actually it was a rumor, and several bodies instead of one, all rustlers caught too far out in the wilds to be brought to justice. A rock under the head was the hallmark of a nineteenth-century lawman, and

now supposedly of Cantrell.

There were other rumors: Cantrell could ride for days without eating and bring down a horse or a man at a thousand yards with a rifle; some personal misfortune had driven him to the brink of despair; he could quote long passages from Hemingway; he was near deaf from practicing every day with a revolver; he had the eyes of a rattlesnake, and quicker hands.

The table at the gas station was occupied, when I arrived, by three men and two women, all in Levi's, who regarded me with more skepticism than my out-of-state license plates seemed to warrant. But then rustling is still a recognized vocation in this part of Wyoming, where lack of water means spreads of a hundred square miles and larger, from which livestock is often taken to slaughter in Colorado and Nebraska, against the owners' wishes.

When I mentioned the name Cantrell, the biggest of the men said, "What do you want with Ed?"

"I want to talk to him." I added that Cantrell's lawyer had given me a phone number, but no one had answered there.

One of the women said, "Ed was drunk at the sheep fair. We didn't think we'd see him for a few days, but he came through this morning."

"They don't have that telephone no more," said the man. He got up and moved behind the cash register. "You have to use the radio phone."

He showed me how. The operator had to place the call, and call us back; only one person can speak at a time on a radio phone, so talk tends to be short and to the point. My monologue was followed with something akin to rapture by the coffee drinkers, while wind rattled the Texaco sign out front.

The voice at the other end was cautious, a bit

James Conaway is the author of *The Texans and World's Fair*, a new book, *The Kingdom in the Country*, and *Dead in the Fall* by Houghton Mifflin.





hoarse, gentlemanly. "You've caught me un-  
aware," he said, as if that was more than a little  
unwise. Then, "All right, come on out. What  
kind of vehicle are you driving, and  
how many are you?"

**T**here were some facts about Ed Cantrell. He  
had shot a man to death in Rock Springs, Wy-  
oming, in 1978, during the wild days of the oil  
boom, when Cantrell ran that town's law-en-  
forcement agency, such as it was. The dead man  
was one of Cantrell's own officers. Cantrell was  
tried for murder and acquitted after a dramatic  
courtroom battle in which he demonstrated the  
speed of his draw. The publicity made Cantrell  
famous in this part of the West, but afterward he  
could not get a job in official law enforcement.

Since he had worked as a freelance range detec-  
tive before going to Rock Springs, he went back  
to the range, dropping out of sight with a rare  
collection of guns, telescopes, and experiences.

Finding him had not been easy. I had called a  
security agency in Rock Springs where Cantrell  
worked for a time after the trial. Ed was a good  
man, said his old employer, but he liked to work  
alone. He gave me the name and number of a  
lawyer. The lawyer said he would check with  
Cantrell, but couldn't reach him. Finally a sec-  
retary came up with an old telephone number,  
and mentioned the name of a ranch outside  
Powder River.

It belonged to a Casper banker—170,000  
acres (about half of it leased from the Bureau of  
Land Management) north of the highway. A



*Most everyone in the West had a gun, but Cantrell supposedly used his*

dirt road split and after ten miles split again, without houses or trees or landmarks other than fenceposts with an occasional sheep skull on top. There were 30,000 sheep out there somewhere. If a person hadn't paid attention to directions he might find himself out of gas and out of luck, stared at by antelope down from the Big Horn Mountains looking for water, and maybe by Ed Cantrell.

A sheep rancher once told a newspaper reporter that he hired Cantrell to kill some sons of bitches, and that Cantrell had stopped the rustling on his range. "Rustlers aren't afraid of the courts," the rancher said, "but they're afraid of Ed." What they were afraid of was his gun. Most everyone in the West had one, but Cantrell supposedly used his.

Handguns are no longer the active engines of destruction they once were in the West; they now have a symbolic power greater than their collective muzzle velocity. But after the revolver arrived from Connecticut by way of Texas, it soon became what the historian Walter Prescott Webb called "the first radical adaptation made by the American people as they moved westward from the humid region into the Plains country."

War against the Plains Indians in the early nineteenth century was a hopeless proposition for Europeans armed with swords, single-shot pistols, and breech-loading rifles. The Indians were infinitely better horsemen and, as Webb points out, could loose a continuous fusillade of arrows from beneath the neck of a pony going at full tilt. Those short bows were potent enough to send an arrow through the body of a buffalo. The Indians also carried twelve-foot lances with which they regularly skewered those fleeing or those trying to pour gunpowder into their smoking barrels. Even cartridge rifles were of limited use on horseback against a daring, fleetful foe with a reputation for the most artful forms of torture, should he find occasion to employ



them. Little wonder that early settlers looked around for an equalizer.

The Texas Rangers had Comanches and Mexicans to contend with. When Samuel Colt patented the six-shooter in 1836 it became known as "the Texas" because of its popularity there. With such an invention a ranger could get off five or six shots without having to dismount, and he could reload quickly. The effect was revolutionary. Literature of the period is full of the amazement of Indians up against the revolver for the first time. But the rangers were a small outfit and their enthusiasm wasn't shared by the rest of the country, or by the United States government. Colt's company went into bankruptcy in 1842. It was Texans who got him out of it. Rangers fighting with other Americans

against the Mexicans at the end of Texas's independence in 1845 used their own pistols—Colts—and Gen. Zachary Taylor, impressed, ordered some for his troops. Like many an entrepreneur, Samuel Colt was finally made wealthy by government requisition.

Guns in the West today are signs of self-protection, and sometimes something more. They can provide a sense of mission to isolated lives. I knew a man who had come out from the East to work for the Bureau of Land Management. He knew nothing of guns when he arrived, and disliked them, but turned to target shooting as in another environment he might to squash, or clam-raking. The men in his district office were hunters, and "self-loaders"—they loaded their own cartridges. One had sixty guns that he kept in a dark room, like wine. The newcomer started shooting for relaxation, and as an antidote to loneliness. First he bought a Marlin .30-30, a lightweight lever-action rifle. He traded it on the open market for a .41 Magnum Ruger Blackhawk. He bought a Smith & Wesson 9-millimeter automatic. He traded the big Ruger Magnum for a .22-250 Ruger rifle. He traded the 9-millimeter automatic for a stainless steel S&W .357



Magnum on an L-frame with a 6-inch barrel. He bought a Remington 12-gauge pump shotgun and a .30-40 Kraig, an old-timey drop bolt, centerfire military rifle, just for the romance of it. He started self-loading, and he derived pleasure from placing three bullets in a space the size of a quarter from 250 yards, knowing the bullets had traveled at the right speed, with the proper impact and the proper trajectory. This was an erudite man, with shelves of books that included a two-volume set of Kipling, *Gray's Anatomy*, a plethora of western history. In the living room sat a workbench supporting trays of empty brass cartridges, a loading press, a delicate scale, quart containers of gunpowder of varying potency, and a stack of manuals. He carried a Ruger under his jacket and a Colt .45 loaded with hollow-point slugs he had tamped down himself, under the seat of his pickup. He also owned a Colt .22 New Frontier in a camouflage nylon holster, modeled on the old six-shooter, a Winchester .45 Magnum in a velvet-lined holster, half as long as a rifle, and a couple of guns that he was building from scratch.

From the top of a ridge I looked down on a lambing shed and a dozen old herders' wagons. The abandonment of the herding system in this part of Wyoming had meant that a lot more unsupervised sheep were lost, supposedly to rustlers, who loaded them onto trucks in remote canyons at night. In front of a little prefab house stood a pickup painted military green. Even the cottonwoods out back had the harsh radiance of an overexposed photograph. I drove down and parked. The screen door opened and a wiry man with a full white mustache appeared on the porch, squinting in the sun. His denim shirt was gone at the elbows and unbuttoned to reveal dog tags on a metal chain. "I'm Ed Cantrell," he said, shaking hands tentatively. It seemed as if he didn't want his right one tied up too long. "Come on in."

He sat on the couch and fished a Camel from his pocket, moving with the care of someone prodigiously hung over. He had a recruit's buzz cut and a recruit's body, but his face looked every bit of its fifty-seven years. While we talked he never took his bloodshot, cornflower blue eyes off mine. The room was spare as a barracks, with a television set and copies of the Bible, *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, *Gun Digest*, and *Guns and Ammo* on a shelf. Eleven rifles and shotguns stood propped against the wall.

"I travel with them," he said. "They keep me from being so lonely. I touch them, and, well... they've been with me a long time. They give me a little stability."

There were two .30-06s, a legendary Weath-

erby, a Remington 12-gauge shotgun he had given to his father, now dead. The others had come to him gradually over thirty years of law enforcement, starting as an MP in Germany in 1948. He had few other mementos. The Afghan on the couch had been knitted by his mother in Illinois. On the wall hung a framed "Grandfather Achievement Award."

I asked if he had to shoot people in his present line of work.

"Why do you think I'm here? Not because I teach Sunday school. This man hired me because he wanted something done about sheep-stealing. You have to make it in the world, and this is all I know how to do. The sheep that come out of this country go somewhere. They don't disappear. It's my job to find out what happens, and stop it. The fact that you're talking to me north of Powder River doesn't mean I might not be sitting in Texas tomorrow. I follow a lead anywhere. There are some pretty hard people involved in this. If I stay more than two nights in a place, I get nervous." He gestured toward the four walls. "This is a good place for me to rest. Some of these rustlers I know, but they *all* know me."

The question had not exactly been answered, but then, Cantrell didn't care for direct inquiry. You had to work up to the point with him, and then sit through some profound silences.

"I'm a renegade," he said. "You have to understand that. I'm more vulnerable working alone, but I'm also more effective."

"What would you say if someone asked you about bodies in the Red Desert?"

"I'd say I didn't know what the hell he was talking about."

Cantrell is the son of a preacher. He worked for the Indiana state police after the war, and came west in the early fifties, looking for space. He found it in Wyoming, where he assisted various sheriffs and gradually learned the trade of range detective. The ranchers apparently liked his style. "I don't just work for rich people, but if you can't afford me, you can't afford me." That means \$20,000 a year, plus expenses. "This rancher is a good Christian man. I told him I wouldn't sign a contract. If I didn't like the way things were going, I'd roll my bed and move. I don't have any strings on me."

One of his two sons was killed by a drunk driver, he said, about the time Rock Springs boomed. He was offered the job of police chief, and accepted, to get away from his own misery. "It was the biggest mistake of my life."

The town had tripled in size, with thirty bars and maybe twice as many pimps. He did not get along with his undercover narcotics agent, whom Cantrell suspected of imbibing the contraband. One night in a squad car outside the

*'I'm more vulnerable working alone,' Cantrell said, 'but I'm also more effective'*

Cantrell had  
become the  
dream of  
every boy  
who went  
into a  
Saturday  
matinee

Silver Dollar Saloon the two men fell into an argument, and, in the presence of two other cops, Cantrell shot the agent. His name was Mike Rosa and his death galvanized a city already rife with corruption and unbridled, murderous behavior. Cantrell said he shot Rosa in self-defense when he saw him reach for his gun; the two cops remembered it differently. Cantrell was in jail for three weeks before the ranchers of eastern Wyoming came to his rescue. They flew over from Casper, and hired an attorney to defend him. "I had no money. The bond was \$500,000, and those fellows just happened to have it."

The prosecution claimed that Cantrell had threatened to kill Rosa before; the charge was murder, since Rosa had no gun in his hand when it finally happened. The defense claimed that Rosa had reached for his gun, after cussing Cantrell, and that Cantrell flat outdrew him. "I had to demonstrate three times in the courtroom," Cantrell said, reaching for an imaginary pistol in an imaginary holster, and aiming it at my head. "Can you imagine the pressure? After the first draw, you could see the jury relax, because they saw I was fast enough. Then they understood what had happened that night, and they all sat back and crossed their arms."

Cantrell was acquitted, but as part of the bond deal had to be out of Sweetwater County within four hours. "Four hours! Let that sink in. I had just bought a corner lot and house. I went back and threw my camping gear in the back of the Bronco and took off. I won't say my wife wasn't supportive—that would be cheap, and she's not here to defend herself," but they have lived separately ever since. "I've paid a terrible price for what I am," he said. "I don't run with anyone, I don't trust anyone. It goes with the territory."

There was something appealing about Cantrell that went beyond the hangover and the pain in the eyes and the anachronism—a vulnerability associated with age, and isolation. Like so many Westerners he grew up in Webb's "humid regions," shooting squirrels out of leafy green trees and imagining an open, arid frontier. He had become the dream of every ten-year-old boy who went into a Saturday matinee between 1920 and the time television killed the Western.

"I want to tell you something about what my life is like." Cantrell was driving his pickup toward a sheep camp, up a narrow winding road. He sat forward, hugging the steering wheel, watching the ridge lines, looking more like a Prussian artillery officer than a detective, with his mustache and gray crew cut. The landscape took on subtle variations in color: pinks and

pale lavenders, and dark shadows on the edge of sunlight. An unlit Camel dangled from his lip. He wore no gun but several were packed in the truck, which growled unnaturally, trailing water from a leaky radiator.

"From time to time I like to drink a few beers," he said. "I get a little unconscious. There's a bar in Shoshoni I go to. The owner's a friend of mine. I know the people there, they know me. I feel comfortable. I can sit and listen to the juke box and ogle them ol' gals, like I like to do."

"One night this guy comes in and sits up at the bar. He's a cowboy-looking guy. He stares, which starts to bother me. Then he comes over and says, 'I know who you are, and I know you're after me.' Well, he's drunk, and I'm not. I say, 'I never saw you in my life.' He keeps on pushing. It gets heavy. I say, 'I don't want to hurt your feelings, but I never heard of you, and I'm not after you.'"

"He goes out into the parking lot, and comes back with a pistol under his jacket. I can see it. He sits up at the bar, and keeps turning around and looking at me. Finally I tell the waitress to call the sheriff and get him out there before I blow this son of a bitch off his stool. It turns out—now get this—that he's the former son-in-law of an old friend of mine. He beat up my friend's daughter, and my friend told him he was going to take out a contract on him with Ed Cantrell. Only trouble was, he never told me about it."

He laughed. "No matter what I do, I'm in a bad position." He added, almost wistfully, "People use my name." I had the impression that a multitude of arguments hung out there in the middle distance, waiting to be resolved.

"I'll tell you a story. I was riding down the road and saw this fella pushing some cows. I stopped to watch. He rode up and said, 'I know who you are, you son of a bitch. Don't screw with me,' and rode off again. His daughter was roping, so I drove over and asked her what was wrong with her daddy. She said, 'Who are you?' I said, 'I'm Ed Cantrell.' And she said, 'You're what's wrong with him.'"

"I went to my boss and told him about it. 'I want you to know the situation,' I said, 'because if that son of a bitch talks to me that way again I'm gonna blow him out of the saddle.'"

The road looped and rose some more. Evergreen appeared—a sign of moisture. "You never know when somebody's watching you in this country," he said. "That's why I thought you might want to drive your own vehicle." He carried two sets of binoculars, one for night work, and a telescope on a gun stock. "Every time I look through it, I wonder if somebody's looking at me. Don't worry, this isn't the right time of



year to get shot." That came with autumn—slaughter season.

"Why hasn't some rustler already shot you?"

"I've often wondered that myself."

After reflection, he went on, "It's dirty, boring, tedious work, but I keep coming back to it. I've laid up on these ol' ridges many a cold night. I like to ease into a place, and stay a few days, watching. You get where you know who the people are, or you have strong suspicions. It's a close-knit bunch here, old-timers. They learned rustling from their dads. It's so isolated they get a bunch of sheep out there and shear 'em, so there's no paint brand. All that's left is the ear mark. They take 'em to another state and change that. It's easy."

The sheep camp consisted of a knock-down corral, a beat-up trailer, two saddled horses, and two Mexicans standing warily by, waiting to see if I worked for Immigration before they bolted. The ranch foreman came out and shook Cantrell's hand. He was Chris, a born-again Christian who also worked as lay pastor of the House of Our Shepherd nondenominational church in Powder River. He invited me into the trailer to have coffee with a herder while Cantrell dipped water from the spring for his radiator.

"Ed's made a difference," Chris said. "Last year we lost three hundred sheep, down from a thousand. This year we haven't lost a one."

A thousand sheep were worth \$60,000, not counting wool and lambs. The economics of rustling made sense, when several hundred sheep could be packed into one cattle truck.

"Just having somebody on the place helps. That, and Ed's name. The price of lamb has turned some honest ranchers into thieves. It's a hard old way. Now Ed makes them think. If he catches you, will he arrest you, or will he shoot you? I wouldn't want him to catch me rustling."

"He's pretty quick," said the herder, watching Ed through the window. The herder wore a leather holster for his Skoal tin, above greasy chaps. "He can stand up and spin around like that." He snapped his fingers. "He can look right through you and make you feel like you've done something wrong." He sucked coffee through his mustache. "You'll be out working in the middle of nowhere, thinking you're all alone, and you'll turn around and there'll be ol' Ed, looking at you."

The murder trial in Rock Springs had raised both men's estimation of Cantrell. "After his arrest," said Chris, "he never tried to hide his face, or anything. And it was hard on old Ed."

**O**n the way back down the mountain, Cantrell told me he had created his own job security. "I'll run the rustlers off this place, and they'll

go next door. Then that rancher'll hire me. The winters are tough, though. You really feel 'em when you get older."

He planned to retire in three years, he said. He wanted to buy a little house on a quiet street in Casper, and maybe help raise his daughter's son. He hoped people would let him be.

He stopped on the hill above the house, then rolled slowly down. He took a worn black holster from beneath the seat and strapped it on after he had gotten out of the truck. He unloaded the revolver, a .38 with custom grips made of mesquite. "People are too rigid with handguns," he said. "You have to be fluid, and use the same motion every time you reach for it."

He moved his hand in circles, like a conjurer, starting at the bottom of the holster and coming up with the pistol. "It's a muscle-mind thing." He repeated the process twice, pulling the trigger each time. *Snick... snick*. "If you do something once, it's one thing. If you do it ten thousand times, it's something else. You don't stab. Just reaching for the pistol can get you into trouble—you break the motion and have to start again. This way I can begin to pull the trigger as I come up to here."

*Snick...*

"We're talking milliseconds. You drop your shoulder a little and shoot from the hip. It's the opposite of the FBI crouch, which is supposed to help your balance but really's bullshit because it takes too much time. My way, you don't have to absorb any lead. Don't shoot for the body, it's a waste of time. If you have to shoot him, shoot him in the face."

He turned to me, five feet between us. "This is knife range."

I crouched, as if to attack.

"Don't do that," said Cantrell. "Now the natural tendency is to shoot low. I have special grips, to level the gun when my finger's on the trigger. Automatics are especially bad because you have to bring them up. I can shoot with just the feel of this gun. That's why I like a heavy six-inch barrel. I shot Rosa with a six-inch barrel."

"Where?"

"Right between the eyes."

Cantrell loaded and holstered the pistol, and turned as if to go into the house. Suddenly the gun was in his hand again, cocked, his wrist pressed against his hip. I looked at this slight, wiry man with his very blue eyes, and saw in them a natural, utterly impersonal force.

The gun went off with a terrific roar, throwing up dirt a dozen feet away. The bullet had nicked the upper edge of a red rock the size of a half-dollar.

"Shooting high today," said Cantrell. ■

*Cantrell planned to retire in three years. He wanted to buy a little house on a quiet street in Casper*

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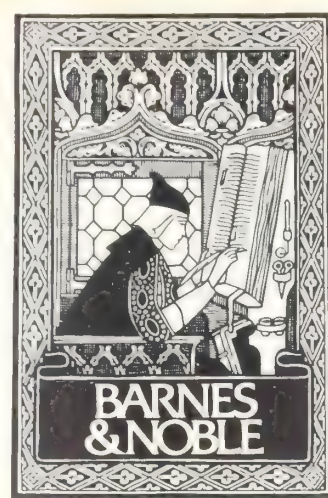
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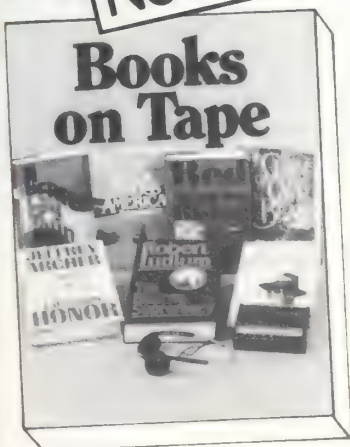


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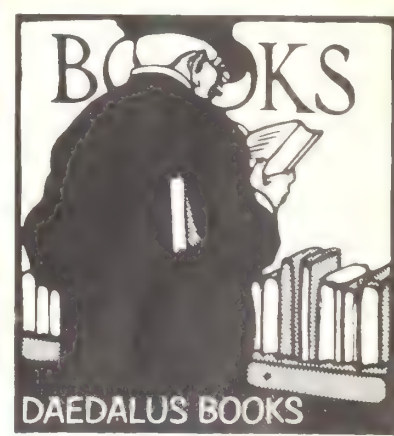
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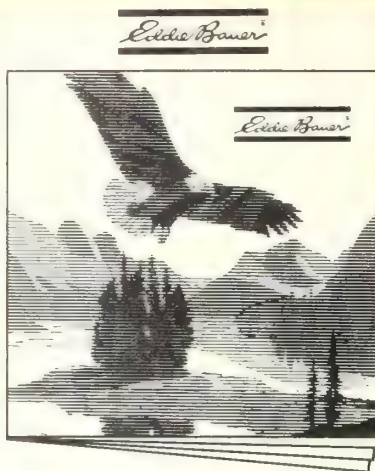
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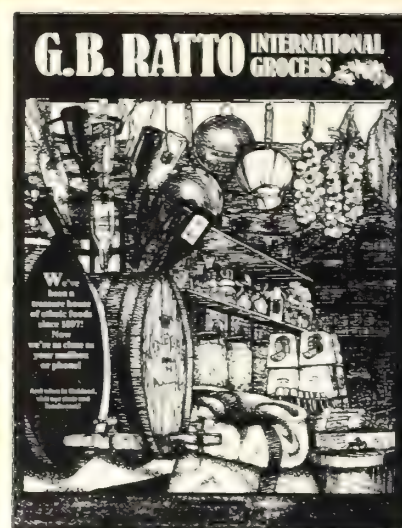


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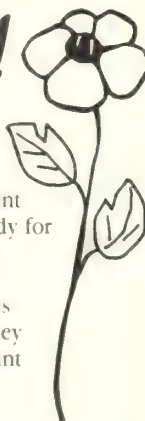
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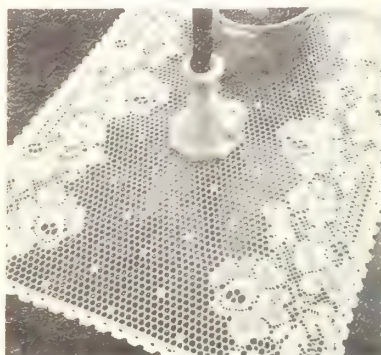
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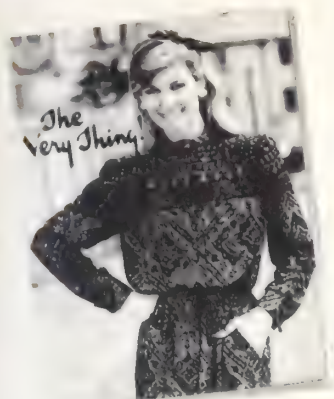
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# IT DARE NOT SPEAK ITS NAME

Fear and self-loathing on the gay right

By Christopher Hitchens

**O**n May 22, Anthony Dolan, the President's chief speechwriter, took two full pages, at \$2,800 each, in the Reverend Sun Myung Moon's *Washington Times*. He devoted this space to a long, confused diatribe about homosexuality in American politics and journalism. At certain points in his essay, he posed as the very model of tolerance and fair-mindedness, insisting that he did "not countenance unfair discrimination or unkindness shown toward homosexuals." At other points, he reverted to the traditional conservative style, saying that "homosexual intrigue" in the newsroom of the *Washington Post* was so intense that "poor Ben Bradlee has no one on whom he dares turn his back." Referring to a recent feature story in the *Post*, Dolan added, "Only if the story was vital to some issue of critical importance to the public should a man who had been dead for many months be dragged from his grave."

The purport of Dolan's article was the insistence, unusual for a "family values" conservative, that homosexuality is a private grief and nobody's business except that of the immediate family. The readers of the loyalist *Washington Times* are confused enough as it is these days. Why, they may have had time to ask, does the President's principal scriptwriter go on so much about this? And, having decided to do so, why does he seem to be of two minds about them? Two reasons suggest themselves for

Dolan's perturbation. The first is the recent death of his brother, Terry. The second is the existence—still awaiting honest acknowledgment—of a gay coterie among Ronald Reagan's bizarre network of lucre, guns, and *contras*.

Terry Dolan was gay, and he died of AIDS. He died after a short but intense lifetime of ultraconservative guerrilla theater, during which he co-founded the National Conservative Political Action Committee (NCPAC) and helped create the alliance between the Goldwater right and the blue-collar fundamentalists. It was Dolan's complicated life and AIDS-related death that, after considerable hesitation, the *Post* had featured.

Carl "Spitz" Channell is gay, and was one of Terry Dolan's political and personal protégés. Together they organized and raised funds for many negative campaigns against liberal incumbents in Congress; and together they crafted many pieces of venomous right-wing direct mail. Distinctly a second-stringer while Dolan was alive, Channell has in recent months emerged as Oliver North's favorite fund-raiser. It was Channell who arranged the limos and auctioned the presidential photo opportunities for the phalanx of blue-rinse donors—"Hamhocks," "Dogface," and "Mrs. Malleable" to Channell—to the cause of Nicaragua. It was also Channell who took Western Goals—a whiskered front for the old John Birch Society that he inherited from the late Congressman Larry McDonald—and turned the organization (little

more than a newsletter) into a frisky little dollar mill. As the first man to plead guilty to charges of fraud in the Iran-*contra* affair, Channell may yet be the thread by which the whole web is unraveled. How amazing it is that this White House, normally so hysterical on matters of sexual continence and conformity, should have put its trust in men who wrote feverish odes to Lieutenant Colonel North, and lovingly referred to him in code as "Mr. Green"—the color of money, and of boyish innocence.

Is the homosexuality of Dolan and Channell of the least consequence? It isn't, I suppose, if you can overlook the following:

□ Channell gave a "sizable contribution" to Bert Hurlbut, a man whose name I have not made up. Hurlbut is one of those people cast in life as a "Texas businessman." In addition to being a *contra* fancier, he runs what he calls an "organization to oppose the homosexual expansion." It was to that organization that Channell made his contribution. Hurlbut's plain-spoken view is that "if AIDS had not come along to more or less do it for us, we would have been readily in the middle of a vigorous opposition to what the homosexuals were doing to the moral structure of the country." Thus did Channell put flowers on his friend Terry's grave.

□ Channell's best-known pro-*contra* outfit, the National Endowment for the Preservation of Liberty (NEPL), last year paid \$17,500 to one Eric Olson. Olson has done nothing for NEPL, but he does share a lavish

Christopher Hitchens is a  
of Harper's Magazine and a  
Nation.



apartment with Channell. Terry Dolan was also a paid consultant to NEPL during the last, hospitalized year of his life.

□ Daniel Lynn Conrad, executive director of NEPL, lives with Ken Gilman. NEPL paid more than \$97,000 to a San Francisco consulting company named the Public Management Institute (PMI), of which Gilman is president. No other discernible relationship exists between NEPL and PMI. The NEPL gay network is notorious in Washington, but inhibitions of taste have prevented any outlet from alluding to it apart from National Public Radio, for whom Frank Browning filed a pathbreaking report.

□ Terry Dolan founded NCPAC with Charles Black and Roger Stone. In the 1984 Texas Senate race, Black was a consultant to Phil Gramm's successful run against Lloyd Doggett. As Black put it, "Doggett got the endorsement of the big gay PAC in San Antonio. That wasn't unusual, but then we got onto the fact that the gays had a male strip show at some bar and Doggett takes that money. That became a matter of his judgment, so we rolled it out there."

**I**t's one thing to be gay. But Terry Dolan belonged, as Channell does, to that special group of closet homosexuals who delight in joining the gay-bashing pack. Their friends and relatives often help to keep up this unpleasing pretense. Anthony Dolan we have already met, claiming special exemption from publicity for his brother. His sister, Maiselle Shortley, worked at the White House for Morton Blackwell, special assistant to the President for public liaison. Blackwell gave lavish endorsement to a book called *The Homosexual Network*, offered by the Conservative Book Club. Its author, Father Enrique Rueda, says that "homosexuality is a manifestation of the sinful condition that affects mankind and each man, and homosexual behavior is gravely sinful by the very nature of reality."

If the good father is right, then Anthony Dolan has some warrant for saying, as he did in the *Washington Times*, that his brother was not "really" gay. Terry, he claimed, had "had a deeply religious conversion and had

completely rejected homosexuality." But during Terry's lifetime, and even at his funeral service, Anthony denied that there was, or ever had been, anything to reject. He denounced the *Post* for accurately reporting the cause of death. Now he seeks to abolish the fact retrospectively by invoking the confessional.

Even in his purchased essay, Dolan sought to deflect blame for the publicity onto "a certain former Congressman and a deeply committed partisan of homosexuality." He was referring to Robert Bauman, the Maryland extremist whose career came to a sudden end seven years ago in the Chesapeake Bar in downtown D.C., when he was busted by the FBI he had once so much adored for soliciting young male hustlers. No individual in politics had fought against homosexuality—his own and other people's—as strenuously as he did. And while Bauman flourished—as chair of Young Americans for Freedom, as one of the leading Reagan-team gadflies in the House, and as the darling of the New Right—Washington was his. Once he was caught, no conservative would take his phone calls.

Bauman's most recent offense, in the eyes of Anthony Dolan, was to have helped organize (Bauman denies this) a memorial service for Terry. Held a week or so after the official event, this informal ceremony, which Bauman spoke at, allowed Washington's gay right to bid their late brother adieu. The officiating priest was the Reverend John Gigrich, who has become the pastor for the capital's homosexual community. What objection could Anthony possibly have to this observance? Terry had been an undeclared member of Concerned Americans for Individual Rights (CAIR), which linked Bauman and others in a discreet pro-gay conservative caucus. CAIR has been shipwrecked by the AIDS crisis, but it still exists on paper, and still tries to hold up a mirror to homosexual right wingers. As Bauman wrote in his memoir, *The Conscience of a Gay Conservative*:

CAIR could fill a suburban Washington home for a cocktail party with nearly a hundred gay men representing positions from the White House staff, to offices of

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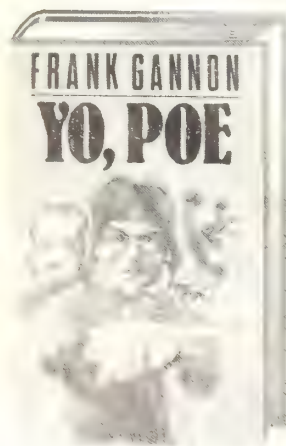
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the most conservative Republican senators and congressmen, the Republican National Committee, and all parts of the Reagan administration. But only two of them, myself and one other, were willing to publicly acknowledge their role in the group.

(The "one other" was Bruce Decker, adviser to Governor George Deukmejian of California. It was while Reagan was governor that he was "shocked" to find a closet gay nexus operating under his nose. Lou Cannon's book *Ronnie and Jesse* quotes Reagan as responding to this revelation, "My God, has government failed?" After Lyn Nofziger purged the gays, Reagan could joke about it. When Truman Capote visited him, to plead for men on California's Death Row, he lovably wisecracked, "Perhaps we should trawl him [Capote] through the halls to see if there are any of them left.")

Why does the right torture itself about homosexuality? The flagellation is partly a consequence of the overlap between extreme conservatives and the more traditional wing of the Roman Catholic Church. Then there is self-protection—honesty means loss of power, so gays on the right toe the line and gay bash. Bauman tells of sabotaging a Maryland fair-housing bill *because* it prohibited discrimination against homosexuals. And Terry Dolan mailed out a NCPAC fund-raising letter (he did object to it, later) that said, "Our nation's moral fiber is being weakened by the growing homosexual movement."

There is of course self-hatred in all this, personal but perhaps ideological. The latter stems from the neurotic identification by some conservatives of homosexual conduct with weakness, cowardice, and even treason. To these people, the gay world is a lethal compound of E. M. Forster's morality, Guy Burgess's loyalty, and John Maynard Keynes's economics. See how Jim Bakker squeals, not at the accusations of attempted rape of a female teenager or the actual swindling of a credulous congregation or at Jerry Falwell's charge that he could not get an erection, but at the mere suggestion that he gave a man the eye! And remember, when William Buckley

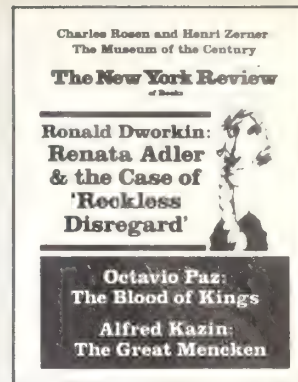
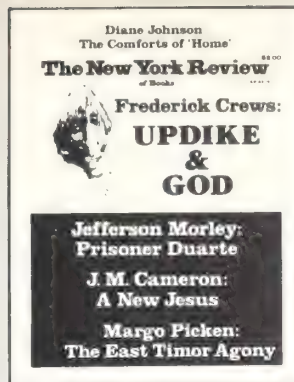
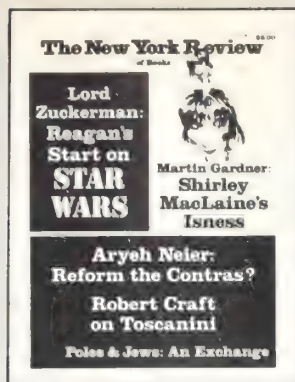
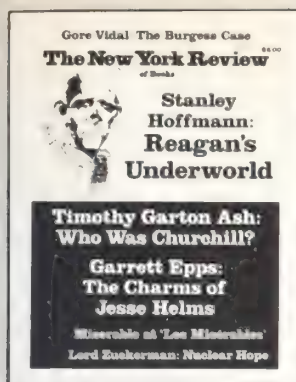
had just been called a Nazi, what the worst thing was that he could think of to hurl at Gore Vidal.

Yet history speaks of a long and not so surprising connection between homosexuality and the right. One can look to the church and the military. "Gay" has never necessarily meant "left." Before Yukio Mishima committed ritual suicide after failing to restore fascism in Japan, he wrote in *Forbidden Colors* that the homosexual should always hate democracy. He argued that gays should identify with the right because they had everything to lose by majority rule. This was also a big theme in the early stirrings of the gay right in Nazi Germany. Other ultraconservative homosexuals have also ranged themselves with the snobs and the elitists, just as neoconservative propagandists like Joseph Epstein and Midge Decter have crudely identified radical homosexuality with decadence and the effete.

**T**he way through this morass is clear. It is marked by a simple signpost reading "Out." Once Bauman, Dolan, and others acknowledged their homosexuality, they began to evolve politically. Bauman developed a hitherto unsuspected sympathy for the civil rights of blacks and women. Dolan never quite made it that far. But we know that he was turning against the Moral Majority in his last years, and was disowned by Paul Weyrich and the other conservative barons for his pains. (Weyrich and his kind, and neoconservatives like Decter, often give the pitiful impression that they don't number a single homosexual among their friends.)

There is no such thing as a coterie or conspiracy of declared homosexuals. Bigotry and denial are apparently opposing sides of an identical coin. The fear of being exposed is what spurs the witchhunter. No one can or should object to Carl Channell's being gay. There were many crookedly raised donations, and many crookedly spent ones, and most of Channell's patrons, like Ronald Reagan, are not gay. Even so, many people might prefer that the money had been spent on gay life styles than on the *contras*. It's the check to Bert Hurlbut that is hard to take.





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## LETTERS

Continued from page 6

What specter looms above the  
Street,  
What ghouls of commerce swift  
convene,  
Scurrying in the venal wake,  
Of Boesky, Siegel, and Levine?

Yon arbitrager wove his spell,  
Swart raiders' hostile hordes to  
speed:  
The toiler's sweat, the merchant's  
trust,  
Fouled in the grasp of Boesky's  
greed.

With craft young Siegel did  
compound  
His debt-debauching poison pill,  
Till deep he drank from the Faustian  
cup  
And all his golden guts did spill.

The wealth of nations shrank,  
debased  
To figures dancing on a screen,  
Getting him pelf and perquisites  
Till hubris felled the sleek Levine.

Sly traders who their troth betrayed,  
By oath to Mammon solely bound,  
Erelong their cunning lay unmasked;  
All hastened to be wired for sound.

Soon Boesky, Siegel, and Levine,  
Insiders of some rustic pen,  
Doubtless, their fathers' faith  
consumed,  
As Christians shall be born again.

Stout bones of Loeb and Morgan  
laid  
In tombs marmoreal and gilt,  
Proud witness bear to a loftier creed:  
Before they stole, they served and  
built.

America, call home thy troops,  
Labor and sweep thy great Street  
clean,  
For who would bleed on a foreign  
field  
For Boesky, Siegel, and Levine?

Armand Petrecca  
Chicago, Ill.

## Pop-Rock-A-Loo-Bop

It is Mark Hunter who misses the  
beat, or perhaps does not understand  
it, in his essay "The Beat Goes Off"

[*Harper's Magazine*, May]. Rock music once had a golden age, he writes, when artists weren't megaplatinum, stadium-bound superstars but instead were soulful, fun-loving musicians who recorded lovely wop-bop-a-loo-bops in four-track and one take. Alas, today all is bad, Hunter believes, because of multitrack and the lure of a golden fifteen minutes. Though he offers a concise description of the evolving technology in making records, Hunter is dead wrong when he says rock music today isn't worth listening to.

Part of the problem stems from Hunter's failure to consider artists who work well with technology. Take Prince for instance. He wrote the songs for his first three albums, played all of the instruments, sang, and produced all three. Critics and fans regard the fifth album, 1999, as a classic. Would it have been possible without the flexibility of multitrack recording?

Hunter fails to consider bands that grew up with multitrack recording. Look at R.E.M., the Replacements, X, Jason & the Scorchers, and Los Lobos. To be sure, none of these bands use technology in the same way as Prince, but they do record in a multitrack environment without compromising either integrity or sound. Their ability to rock while using contemporary equipment comes largely from the road experience. Hunter says that not enough clubs exist for bands today, yet Warner Hodges, guitarist with Jason & the Scorchers, says his band plays over two hundred dates a year. So where do they play?

Moreover, the development of skate rock (an offshoot of hard-core), cow punk, and independent bands (whose slogan is Do It Yourself) signals healthy creativity in the 1980s rock scene. Although these movements lack the popularity of consumer-oriented bands, they nevertheless are strong and diverse enough to dispel the idea that rock music is dull.

If Hunter removed his rose-colored glasses, perhaps he would then see how viable the present is. If he can't, then he is nothing but an old man.

Peter T. Glenshaw  
Mount Hermon, Mass.



I thoroughly enjoyed Mark Hunter's essay. Not since selling my campus record store have I reflected so analytically on the technological evolution of popular music.

Due to a relocation, I've been temporarily separated from my thousand-odd LPs for two years. The gap has been filled by a collection of compact discs—jazz, classical, rock—heavily biased toward digital recordings and therefore toward new performances. It's well salted, though, with albums of rare or irreplaceable material reissued in the new medium. Particularly in the rock category, I now find the old recordings distracting.

I agree with Hunter's thesis that most of the new recordings lack the spark and vivacity of the old group sessions, as well as the informality that allowed the listener to feel as if he were at a private jam. There's no question, though, that recent recordings, laid down one track at a time, are cleaner and more real—simply more like being at a live performance. In contrast, even the faithfully remastered old cuts, digitalized and laser-

engraved on blissfully quiet CDs, sound muddy, compressed, and far away. Whether it's the Beatles, the Turtles, Paul Butterfield, or even the Rolling Stones, the energy is there, but it's remote.

As Hunter suggests, I close my eyes when listening to new music, and I, too, find the personality of the performers impossible to grasp. But that performance surrounds me, and I can fully concentrate on the music. When I'm reunited with my LPs next month, I envision many happy hours of listening to those great old sounds, but it will be as much to reminisce as to hear the quality of the music.

Hunter did not include any predictions on where these recording trends might lead. Perhaps he would conclude, as I do, that there is little hope for a quick fix, a hybrid approach that will couple the near-perfect audio-imaging technology now feasible with the integrity and fullness of a live session. But maybe the producers will surprise us.

Larry Simms  
New York City

Mark Hunter's comments on the lack of spirit and spontaneity found in contemporary rock music are accurate. But his attack on MTV is misguided and his assertion that rock music is no longer worth listening to is absurd.

Hunter contends that rock-and-roll and MTV have become inseparable. Many rock musicians do not even make videos, and most of those who do never get them aired on MTV anyway. Thus the few that do get shown are not representative of the current goings-on in the genre. These videos simply reveal the work of the most commercially viable acts.

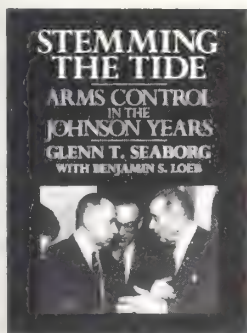
There are a lot of artistically bankrupt bands in rock-and-roll today. Hunter cites Spandau Ballet. Phonies have been around forever and are not unique to the rock of the 1980s. Pat Boone's merciless castration of a variety of rhythm-and-blues songs is just one example of the numerous atrocities that occurred during rock-and-roll's nascent years. MTV did not invent artistic vacuousness, it merely capitalized on it.

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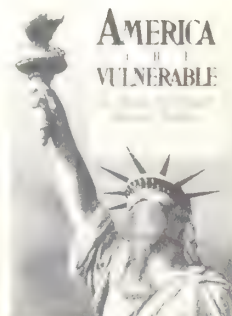
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Hunter's complete condemnation of current rock music is unwarranted and remarkably uninformed. He is so preoccupied with blasting MTV that he apparently has not taken the time to look around and see that 1987 is a glorious year for rock-and-roll fans. Perhaps the club scene is on the decline but there is no dearth of activity in the local, national, and international areas. Burlington, Vermont, has recently produced an album featuring the work of a dozen local artists whose styles embrace everything from R&B to hard-core punk. And noteworthy efforts have been made recently by Hüsker Dü, Los Lobos, and Ministry. These and countless other bands have actually made rock-and-roll better and more exciting than ever before. Contemporary rock is well worth listening to, though MTV is neither worth watching nor commenting on.

Justin McNerny  
Waitsfield, Vt.

Mark Hunter's article rightly bemoans the current demise of rock-and-roll as a vital element in the American cultural milieu. Even though the death of rock hasn't gone unnoticed, it is still gratifying to be reminded that one's own tastes are still intact and that pop music is truly as bad as it seems.

However, Hunter takes an easy way out by blaming the "new technology." But artists have always taken advantage of current technologies throughout history. The invention of the piano is one example, which combined the most advanced techniques of woodworking, metallurgy, leather craft, and physics for the advancement of the art of music.

More telling are the other forces at work in the art-making process—who pays for it, what is expected of the artist, where does it fit in the social structure. A discussion of these issues would provide more real insight into questions that have been with us for a long time, bearing directly on the kinds of art and entertainment we will receive in the future.

Gerald Lindahl  
New York City

## Moonshine Shines On

The May Harper's Index included a statistic concerning the number of moonshine stills seized by federal agents in 1986: 8. The twenty-six field agents of Mississippi's Alcoholic Beverage Control Enforcement seized fifty moonshine stills in fiscal year 1986, an increase of 163 percent over the previous year. The production of moonshine whiskey is far from being a past concern.

David Wilson  
Madison, Miss.

*David Wilson is a regional captain of the Alcoholic Beverage Control Division of the Mississippi State Tax Commission.*

## August Index Sources

1 Gold Information Center (New York City); 2 Bank International of Luxembourg (New York City); 3 Financial World (New York City); 4, 5 United States Bureau of Labor Statistics; 6, 7 Mortgage Bankers Association of America (Washington, D.C.); 8 Lawyers Committee for Human Rights (New York City); 9, 10 Israeli Consulate (New York City); 11 South African Embassy (Washington, D.C.); 12 Washington Post; 13, 14 United States Bureau of Justice Statistics; 15 Austin American Statesman; 16 Common Cause (Washington, D.C.); 17 John Green, Department of Political Science, Furman University (Greenville, S.C.); 18 Iowa Democratic Party (Des Moines); 19 Dr. John H. Falk, Smithsonian Institution (Washington, D.C.); 20 Statistical Abstract of the United States (United States Census Bureau); 21 California Almond Growers Exchange (Sacramento); 22 National Association of State Boards of Education (Alexandria, Va.); 23 Parent Music Resource Center (Arlington, Va.); 24 T.V. Guide (Radnor, Pa.)/Harper's research; 25 United States Federal Communications Commission; 26, 27 PTL Ministries (Charlotte, N.C.); 28, 29 Sports Collectors Digest (Iola, Wis.); 30 MidCity Consortium to Combat AIDS (San Francisco); 31 New York City Department of Health; 32 House Subcommittee on Health and Longterm Care (Washington, D.C.); 33 Public Opinion Laboratory (Northern Illinois University, DeKalb, Ill.); 34, 35 MRCA Information Service (Stamford, Ct.); 36 L.L. Bean (Freeport, Me.); 37 New York Botanical Garden; 38 Backer & Spielvogel (New York City); 39 Spy (New York City).



# DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 56

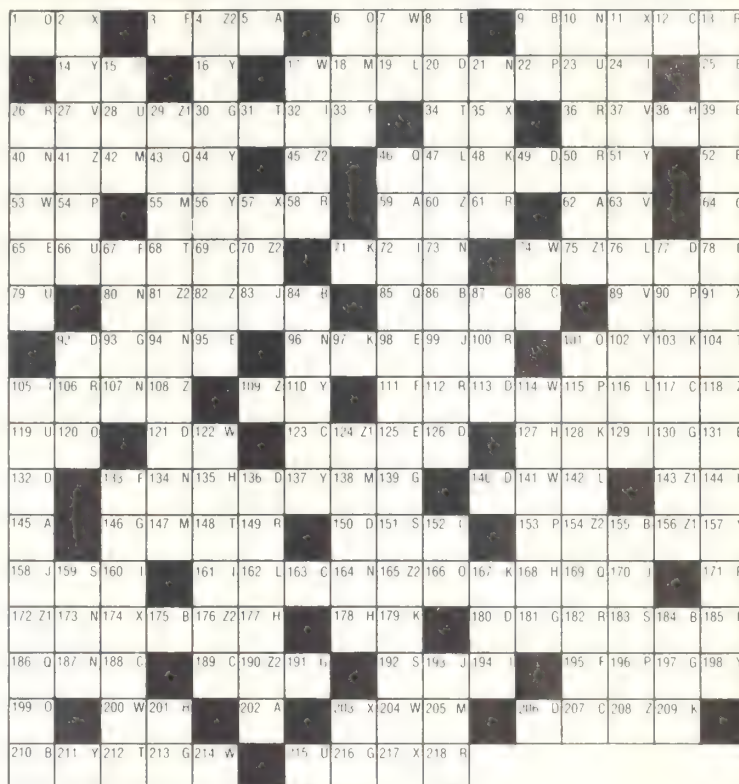
by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 79.

## CLUES

- A. Marriage proclamation  
62 202 59 5 145
- B. Depicted heraldically  
39 175 52 184 25 9  
86 210 155 84
- C. Hymn based on a 1776 poem by Augustus Toplady (3 wds.)  
12 207 163 88 123 189  
117 188 69 152
- D. 1918 army musical by Irving Berlin (3 wds.)  
206 150 113 132 121 180 126 136  
20 92 140 77 49
- E. Rhenish siren  
131 78 65 95 125 8 98
- F. Site of 1942 Allied naval victory  
3 67 133 195 111 33
- G. Am. playwright (*The Crucible*, *The Price*; full name)  
181 130 64 213 30 87 146 93  
197 216 139 191
- H. Flashy  
135 178 127 201 168 38 177
- I. "So it would have done at the same season if your mother's cat had but \_\_\_\_\_" (*Henry IV, Part I*)  
105 129 32 160 24 72 194 161
- J. Poe compares her beauty to "those Ni-cean barks of yore"  
193 170 99 158 83
- K. Lambskin with curled wool  
128 179 167 103 144 209 97 71  
48
- L. Up-to-date  
19 47 142 162 116 76
- M. Surge, flounder; live in filth  
55 147 42 138 18 205
- N. Am. author and critic (1895-1972; *Axel's Castle*, *Patriotic Gore*; full name)  
10 94 40 134 187 73 96 173  
21 80 164 107



- O. Conditions  
101 6 166 1 120 199
- P. Jazz trombone-playing style  
171 115 90 185 153 196 54 22
- Q. Married (a woman)  
85 186 169 43 46
- R. Inscrutable; not to be understood  
106 26 112 50 182 100 61 36  
13 218 58 149
- S. Puts to proof  
192 183 159 151 15
- T. Thrashing; caching  
34 31 148 104 68 212
- U. Procedure for obtaining a desired end, maneuver  
23 66 119 79 28 215
- V. Goddess of youth and spring  
89 37 27 63
- W. Ornamental or protective plate, as around a keyhole or light switch  
114 122 17 53 214 74 7 204  
200 141
- X. Hazy, vague, indistinct  
203 35 11 174 57 2 217 91
- Y. Unsoundness  
56 110 44 157 16 137 211 198  
14 102 51
- Z. Boor, lout  
108 208 60 41 109 82 118
- Z1. Shed, shelter, esp. a big one  
143 156 124 29 75 172
- Z2. Streamlined shape  
81 4 45 165 72 170

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C	D	E	E	N	T	M	P	I	N	N	S
C	D	G	I	N	O	O	R	T	Y	O	T
I	E	I	L	P	P	R	S	G	I	O	Y
A	E	N	R	A	B	D	E	I	A	P	L
C	G	I	F	G	I	I	L	N	O	P	R
D	I	L	M	H	J	D	M	N	O	S	U
D	L	M	N	N	O	O	O	S	T	U	
E	M	P	S	T	U	P	R	S	S	U	X
E	S	S	S	U	X	R	S	T	T	U	Y

**NOTES FOR "AAABCDEEINR"**

ACROSS: 1. DA(B/y)BED; 6. DAM(AG)E; 11. F(A-D)ED; 12. ECHOIC, anagram; 13. H-A-NDMAIDEN(anagram); 15. DECENT, hidden; 16. IN-N-S, & Lit; 17. DOCTORING, anagram; 18. S(L)IPPER; 19. YOGI(m), anagram; 21. N-EAR; 22. BIPEDAL, anagram; 27. P(ROF)ILING, reversal of FOR; 28. M( reversal)-L-D; 29. M(OUND)S, anagram of UNDO; 30. MON-OTONOUS(anagram); 31. TEMPUS, anagram; 32. SPURS, hidden; 33. S-US-SEX; 34. T-RUSTY. DOWN: 1. (sant)A C(lara)-A-CIA; 2. BE(DD)ING; 3. RIDDLED, two meanings; 4. PENNED, two meanings; 5. HEFT(rig), composite anagram; 6. ROMAI(anagram)-C; 7. CRAM(P)S; 8. HE(. . . N-N)Y; 9. POS(TPON)ING, anagram of PONT; 10. STOR(M)Y; 14. MID(DLE A)GES, anagram of LEAD; 19. STONING, anagram; 20. SO-LO(I)ST; 21. DECADE, anagram; 22. N-AUGHT; 23. BIJ(reversal)-O(ah)U-X; 24. MORSEL; 25. LU(X/n)URY, anagram; 26. LIMPS, hidden; 29. PROD, anagram.

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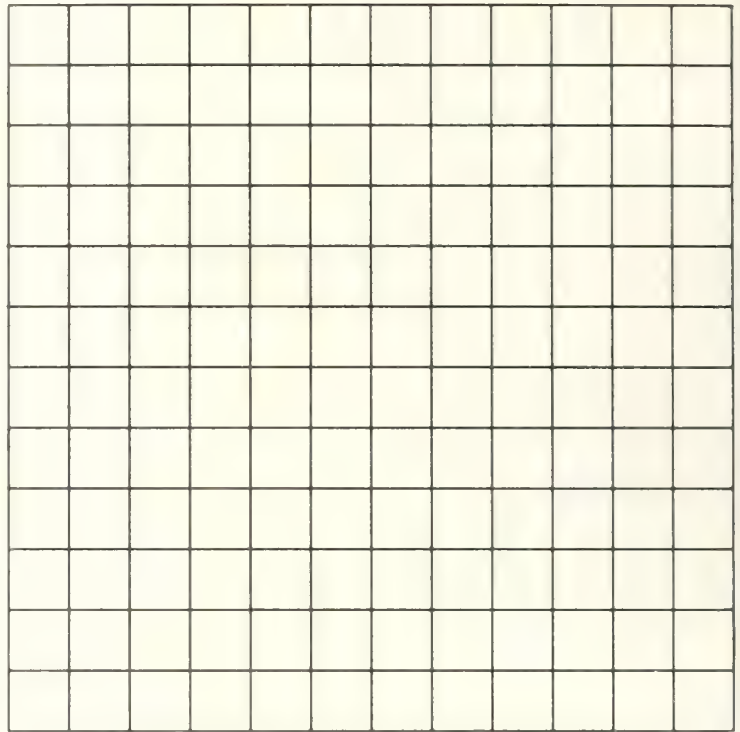
# PUZZLE

## Carte Blanche

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

**T**his puzzle requires the solver to discover the diagram, which is symmetrical—that is, when the puzzle is turned 180 degrees, the pattern remains the same. The clues are listed in the order that they appear in the diagram; they are numbered here for convenience only.

There are three proper names among the answers. The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 79.



### Across

1. Use love in care of young animal put in a box (*two words*)
2. State Air Force: fast
3. More than one fence has hot article inside (*hyphenated*)
4. You're up, I hear. Incontinent?
5. He is, figuratively speaking, everybody, for example . . . or a saint
6. Quiet moments in comedian's material
7. Dismissal says a word for one's rate of progress
8. Official in court argument assumes shady past
9. Get angry about nasty pug with firearm (*two words*)
10. Oven for cooking chicken and root soup
11. Strongly disturbed by lust, or . . .
12. . . . when virtuous, almost erupt the wrong way
13. Footprint unnerves tiger somewhat
14. Hoodlums shoot slug . . . i.e., shot (*hyphenated*)
15. Slow movement gets a soldier into trouble
16. I am bothered with bees and a deer
17. Cunning, contrary, diffident, vulgar

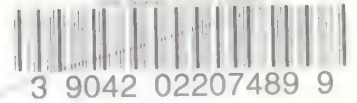
18. Languished, married, lit out, captured

### Down

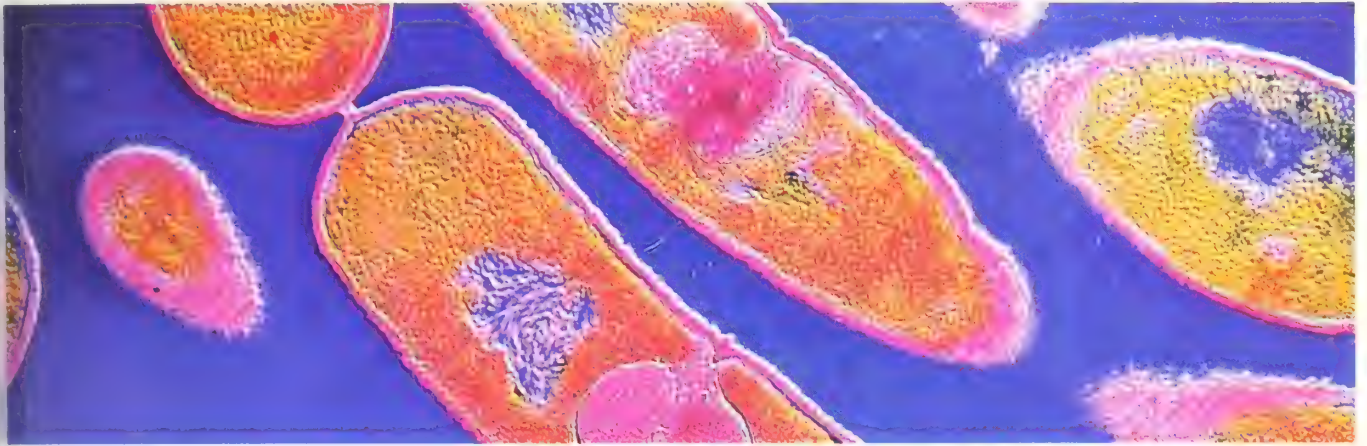
19. Well-developed, but somehow shy, etc.
20. Swearing can show hate in the French
21. In high school track circuit I turned up faint
22. Kiddy game: cook up two eggs after Phys. Ed.
23. Frilly ornamentation possibly made from four-by-four?
24. Almost neglect fashion
25. Remains live around uranium
26. Mongrel taking meat
27. Milliner's stickers rip his pants, almost (*two words*)
28. Painstaking although briefly harsh
29. Rube foolishly raised wolf to go around flouncing in women's clothing
30. One kind of vanity we got is mostly masks
31. A brutal thrashing in rows
32. How to open a keg, one hears, with simple lever
33. Al's toe breaks like bone
34. Blinker you once lied badly about
35. Star of the first magnitude's seen here!
36. Taunt somehow, being nameless

**Contest Rules:** Send your solution with name and address to "Carte Blanche," Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to Harper's Magazine, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the October issue. Winners of the June puzzle, "Spring Flouting," are Mrs. D. Stapleton, Prince Edward Island, Canada; Walter Read, Los Angeles, California; and Mrs. C. C. Hansen, Vacaville, California.





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Moral Questions for a Genetic Engineer

*Lee Salk      Jeremy Rifkin*

*Nancy Neveloff Dubler      Thomas H. Murray*

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On Being a Self-conscious German

*By Peter Schneider*

## A SOPHIST'S THEORY OF FREE SPEECH

Annotating Judge Robert Bork

*By Gerald Marzorati*

## TO TAKE PAPER, TO DRAW

*By John Berger*

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# LETTERS

## Senses of Place for the Elderly

I read with interest the letter by Millard Millburn Rice ["The Last Stop," *Harper's Magazine*, May]. I would very much like to live as long as Mr. Rice but I am six feet, eight inches tall and I've heard that tall people generally do not live that long. I am sixty-six years old and have been totally blind since 1969. Except for my blindness, I am in fairly good health. I exercise for an hour each day, finishing up with forty push-ups; I don't drink, smoke, or take drugs. Strangers on the street often address me as "Young man!" so maybe I'm doing something right. I also feel young.

I have several friends older than Rice who are still living independently, and one of them still works and drives his car. I knew a ninety-year-old lady who was forced into a rest home by her son. She went into a depression and refused to eat, or to talk to anyone; she died within a few months of moving. I am sure she would have lived to be a hundred had she not been forced to go to that rest home. In the opinion of all my friends and me she was murdered by her son. I

only hope that will never happen to me.

Rest homes are probably necessary for really sick people, but a healthy person should never be sent to one. Of course, if one goes voluntarily, like Rice, that's another matter.

I have lived alone most of my life and I enjoy it. My friends visit me often, and there is always the telephone. I do not know the meaning of loneliness. People who complain of loneliness do so because they have nothing on their minds. Anyone with an active mind should never have to experience feeling lonely.

I spend most of my time reading, doing mathematics, and collecting old and new radio shows. My collection of about 44,000 shows goes back to 1927. I specialize in adventure series going back to 1931 such as "Tarzan of the Apes" (the daughter of Edgar Rice Burroughs played Jane, her husband played Tarzan, and believe it or not Oliver Hardy played Lord Greystoke). I really enjoy reliving the days of my childhood. Commercial radio began on my sixth birthday, November 15, 1926, and when I was twelve, I was part of the first live audience—for the Ed Wynn show—in the history of broadcasting. I was a newspaper boy back then, and I used to get free show tickets as an incentive to sell more papers.

For the past twelve years I have been a member of the Society to Pre-

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Lafayette, put it best when he wrote, "appears to me, then, little short of a miracle. . ."

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# We the People

## Article I

Section 1. All legislative Powers herein granted shall vest in the Senate and the House of Representatives.

Section 2. The House of Representatives shall be composed of Members chosen every second Year by the People of the several States, and the Electors in each State shall have the Qualifications requisite for Electors of the most numerous Branch of the State Legislature.

No Person shall be a Representative who shall not have attained to the Age of twenty five Years, seven Years, and seven Days, who shall not, when elected, have been seven Years a Citizen of the United States, and who shall not, when elected, be, when elected, a Citizen of that State in which he shall be chosen.

Representatives and electors in each State shall have the Qualifications requisite for Electors of the most numerous Branch of the State Legislature.

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serve and Encourage Radio Drama and Comedy, here in Hollywood. Our purpose is to collect and preserve for future generations everything that still exists in old-time radio. Things are always being found in attics, cellars, and garages on wire, open reel, and old sixteen-inch transcription discs. Most of the radio actors who performed in these shows and who are still alive belong to our club. We have recorded interviews with them. It's a wonderful experience to meet and talk to these actors.

Radio plays and serials seem to be making a comeback with the twenty-three episodes of "Star Wars" and an almost equally good "Earthsearch" science-fiction serial in twenty episodes from England.

I have donated about 500 shows—mostly "Lum and Abner" from 1941 to 1943—to the club library. I am now transferring my shows from open-reel tape onto cassettes because open-reel tape recorders are no longer being manufactured and also my tape is beginning to suffer lubricant deterioration. Coating the oxide with baby powder restores the lubricant long enough to copy the shows onto cassettes. My collection keeps me very busy, and I am inclined to think that I will probably die before I finish the job.

*Bruce Edward Brant*  
Hollywood, Calif.

I was moved by Millard Millburn Rice's eloquent letter. Except for Abraham Lincoln's November 1864 letter to a mother who lost five sons in the Civil War, I have never read a more thoughtful and evocative one.

Rice's loneliness seems to come not from isolation, but from being surrounded by those whose minds are no longer—and possibly never were—as sharp as his. That same kind of intellectual isolation affects all of us who prefer a good book or good conversation to anything else. My husband and I (we are in our early thirties) live in the small town where we were both raised. We have no children and spend most of our free time reading. We have many acquaintances, go to

*Continued on page 69*



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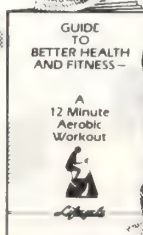
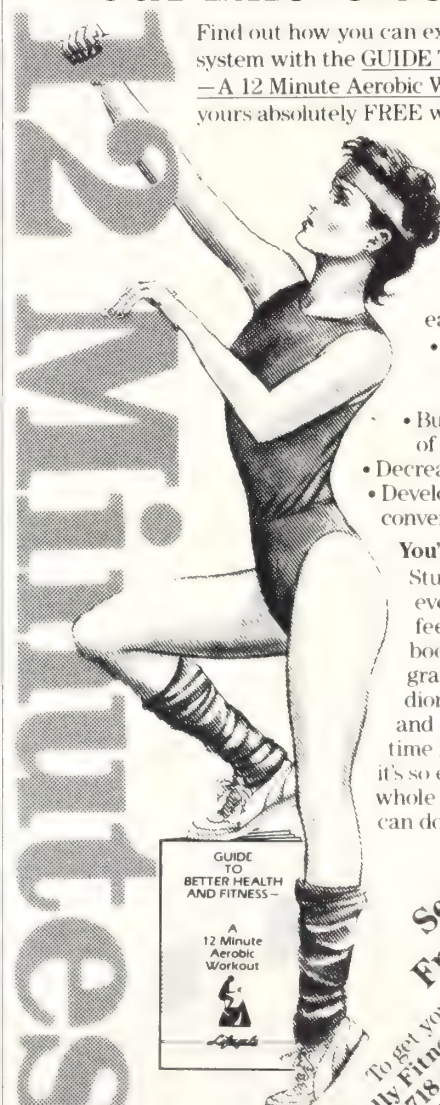
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# NOTEBOOK

## Landscape with trolls

By Lewis H. Lapham

*Youth is a fire, and the years are a pack of wolves who grow bolder as the fire dies down.* —Anon.

**F**or six days in July, Lt. Col. Oliver North played so sweetly on the panpipes of the American dream that he allowed the television public to believe in any and all of its best-beloved fairy tales. The truth of what he was saying didn't matter as much as the timbre of his voice or the tears in his eyes. The audience could choose to see in his performance what it wished to see, and within a few hours of his appearance before the Iran-*contra* committee the opinion polls announced the birth of a star.

So much of the colonel's story made so little sense that it wasn't until the evening of the third day of his testimony—while watching Dan Aykroyd's comic variation of *Dragnet* in the company of several schoolchildren who had never heard of Fawn Hall or Manucher Ghorbanifar—that I finally understood the geopolitical theory at play in the wilderness of the colonel's mind. Some aspects of his confession had been easy enough to grasp. I could understand the colonel and his friends wanting to do brave and heroic deeds in distant lands across the globe. I could understand their bombast, their incompetence, even their belief in the magical properties of secret codes and passwords. What troubled me was the lack of plausible narrative and the absence of coherent motive. How in God's name did they form their impressions of reality? In what sort of world did they imagine themselves resident?

The movie—reported by *Vanity Fair*

to be one of the season's leading attractions at the box office—offered the beginning of an answer. About twenty minutes into the story, the principal villain entered the camera shot wearing the heavy mask of a horned goat, and even before he pushed the virgin from Anaheim into the pit with the giant snake, I knew I was looking at the geopolitics of Lt. Col. Oliver North. Cast as clownish policemen, Aykroyd and his partner meet the villain in the goat's mask when they blunder into an orgiastic crowd scene in the Hollywood hills. The villain is the high priest of a pagan cult plotting to seize the municipal government of Los Angeles. The few thousand devotees assembled for the evening's ritual of human sacrifice, all of them wearing goatskins on their legs, dance frenzied dances in the light of a ribald moon.

The movie continues along similar lines for another ninety minutes, no more or less absurd in its plot devices than most of the movies that come and go every summer as quickly as mayflies. It was intended for what the producers of Hollywood phantasmagoria define as a "target audience" of citizens between the ages of eight and fourteen.

So was the testimony and derring-do of Colonel North. Eager and boyish in his adventurer's uniform of woodland green, the colonel sounded like Peter Pan telling Wendy and her little brothers about his marvelous exploits in Never Never Land. He didn't know what happened to Captain Hook and the pirates, but he told of how he challenged Abu Nidal, the terrible Arab terrorist, to a feat of arms "on equal terms, anywhere in

the world." He told of wily arms merchants in far-off Persia and loyal mercenaries in the jungles of Honduras. He portrayed himself as the leader of a "handful" of brave companions holding at bay the princes of the world's darkness. By the end of his second day as a witness, it was clear that his covert operations took place in the kingdom of myth and fairy tale. Utterly lacking a sense of history or historical time, his mind wandering among fabulous beasts in a magical present, he sought to shape the world by the casting of spells. Together with his friends he invented a game of Dungeons and Dragons in which Israel was "banana," airports were "swimming pools," hostages were "zebras," and President Reagan was "Joshua." Apparently the colonel and his merry band of lost boys understood their gifts of cake and money as votive offerings placed on the altar of Moloch, their map coordinates as runes marking the approaches not to Nicaragua or Iran but to the land of trolls.

Grinning and earnest and young, always partial to "neat" ideas, the colonel spoke of himself as "this kid," so obedient and good that he would "go stand in the corner and sit on his head" if ordered to do so by his commander-in-chief. Anybody who opposed him, whether Iranian villain or congressional wimp, he identified as a dupe or a traitor, or, worst of all, as an adult. The colonel brooked no compromise with the "wicked world" of ambiguity and time.

The public, of course, adored the romantic colonel. He embodied all the myths and images of everybody's lost youth, and he reminded people of a time out of mind when all the ani-



imals were friendly and all the grass was green. The Style pages of *The Washington Post* welcomed the colonel into the lighted rooms of celebrity with exclamations of burbling delight: "Now we've got America's face. . . . The only good face the hearings have had . . . a face that is fierce, furrowed, boyish, angry, lachrymose, goofy, sly, handsome, smug, indignant, dissembling, wounded, gap-toothed, peeved, resolute, naive, contemptuous, resentful, bright, wary, cocky, and five-o'clock shadowed." In brief, a face with something for everybody and sure to sell a lot of tickets in Peoria.

Elsewhere in the media, the chorus of excited voices reiterated the theme of the colonel's boyishness. One critic spoke of the "last cavalier," another of "the little colonel who could." The editorial writers ransacked the archive of old movies in search of the sublime cliché and compared the colonel to Peck's bad boy, an eagle scout, Mickey Rooney, the young Jimmy Stewart, Clint Eastwood, Huck Finn, Errol Flynn, John Wayne, Tom Sawyer, and The Beaver.

Crowds gathered on Capitol Hill as early as 5 A.M., waiting patiently for a seat in the congressional theater and a glimpse of the colonel's performance. The nation's mothers sent flowers and telegrams. Thousands of citizens telephoned the White House to say they admired the colonel because he was "so American" or because he was "the boy next door" or because he so bravely defended the country against its host of enemies. A general quartered at the marine barracks in Quantico, Virginia, said: "Setting aside his situational ethics, he adhered to the core values of the corps."

The tide of emotion running so strongly in the colonel's favor cowed the committee investigating his lies and evasions. Wary of the colonel's newly minted celebrity and mindful of the American axiom that celebrity in sufficient magnitude transmutes even the basest crimes into sympathy and gold, the politicians, at least for the first few days, refrained from asking rude questions. Joined with the media's delight in the colonel's ability to wear the multiple faces of the American dream, the committee's coward-

ice allowed the colonel to display the full range of his talent for greeting-card sentiment. He delivered little lectures on patriotism and offered homilies about the meaning of life, love, liberty, and the Constitution.

Because nobody wished to disturb the forces of elemental myth playing around the edges of the colonel's uniform, nobody insisted on too close an examination of the colonel's testimony. This was fortunate because the colonel's stories were as squalid as they were fantastic. What he was defending as proof of his strength and honor was the craven policy of paying ransom (arms for hostages) to the terrorists who had murdered his fellow marines in Beirut. Seeking to impose his fictional reality on the texts of experience (i.e., applying the poetic rules of the world out of time to the world in time), he had betrayed the nation's noblest ideals and wreaked havoc among the people he had sworn to protect.

Throughout the hearings he presented himself as a humble patriot who never once disobeyed an order or did anything un-American. And yet, by his own repeated admission, he ignored the nation's laws whenever those laws stood in the way of what he regarded as a higher cause. In the interests of the national security state, he lied to the Congress as well as to American cabinet officials and foreign intelligence agents; he wrote false chronologies and destroyed documents in order to prevent them from falling into the hands of his imagined enemies (i.e., the adults) in the Justice Department. Contrary to every impulse ingrained in the definition of what it means to be an American, the colonel portrayed himself as the faithful servant of a president whom he endowed with the powers of an oriental despot.

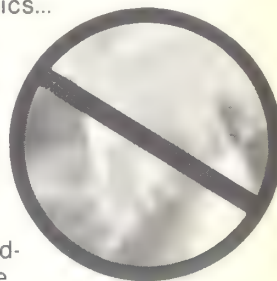
Presenting himself as a "can-do" sort of guy, the colonel said that he was proud of his success in the moral underworld. So loud was his self-praise that an inattentive member of the audience might have thought his zeal had resulted in triumph. But most of his efforts resulted in failure, betrayal, and death. During his tenure at the National Security Council the American government abandoned



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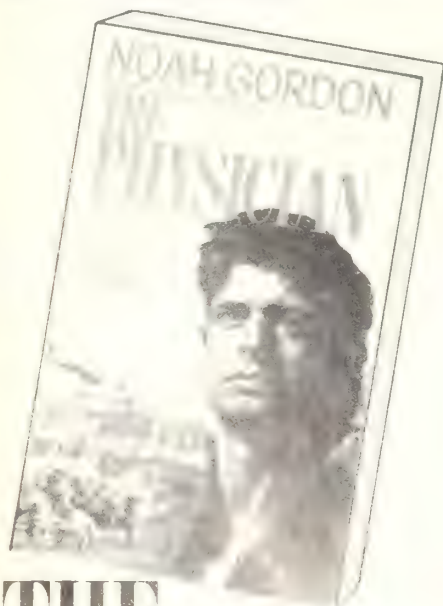
**haverhills**

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more hostages than it rescued. The ineane and poorly executed policies that Colonel North advanced in Nicaragua and Iran weakened the cause of the *contras* and fouled the reputation of the Reagan administration—i.e., effects precisely opposite to those that the colonel intended.

The colonel's success as witness and celebrity testified to the ignorance of a credulous American public increasingly in thrall to the fairy tales told by the mass media. Like Oliver North, the big media stage their effects in the realm of myth and dream. Their audiences lose the habit of memory and let slip their hold on the ladders of history and geography. At last count, 50 percent of the American population believed an accused individual guilty until proven innocent; 50 percent didn't know which side the United States supports in Nicaragua; 42 percent couldn't name an Asian country "near the Pacific Ocean"; and 40 percent of the nation's high school seniors thought that Israel was an Arab country.

The mass media perform the function of pagan ritual. Archetypal figures come and go in the enchanted theaters of the news—weightless, without antecedents, dissolving like smoke on a neolithic horizon. For a few days or a few months, occasionally for a period of years, they give shape to the longing of the moment, and for six days in July it was the persona of Oliver North, inflated to the size of a float at the Rose Bowl parade, that comforted the American public with the promise of a world as simple as state fairs, quilting bees, and maple syrup. He offered proof and living witness to a world in which America remained safe from Bolivian drug smugglers and Soviet tank divisions, in which nothing had changed since the glorious victory at Iwo Jima, in which it was as easy to tell the good guys from the bad guys as it was to read the program at a Little League baseball game. Like President Reagan in the heyday of his popularity, Colonel North gave voice and expression to the wish to make time stand still. Defying the Congress, he defied the corruption of death and change and presented himself as the immortal boy in the heroic green uniform of Peter Pan.



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—Ernest K. Gann

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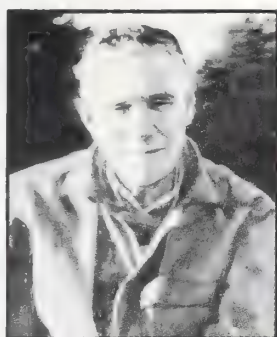
I do not consider a sale complete until goods are worn out and customer still satisfied.

We will thank anyone to return goods that are not perfectly satisfactory.

Should the person reading this notice know of anyone who is not satisfied with our goods, I will consider it a favor to be notified.

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**We pay all regular shipping and handling charges.** L.L. didn't like to ask his customers to pay extra to do business with him. So, L.L. Bean pays the postage on all regular deliveries within the United States unless otherwise stated in our catalogs. This means substantial savings to mail order customers because unlike other catalogs, the price listed is the only amount you pay. There are no additional charges.

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# HARPER'S INDEX

- Number of the 142 nominations to the Supreme Court since 1789 that were not confirmed : 34
- Number of the six Supreme Court nominations made by John Tyler that were not confirmed : 5
  - Number of the four made by Millard Fillmore : 3
  - Average age of federal judges appointed by President Reagan : 49
- Percentage of Americans who say that parents should not be allowed to choose the sex of their child : 69
- Number of geep, a cross between a sheep and a goat, that have been genetically engineered : 2 (see page 45)
- Percentage of U.S. hospitals that have applied for patents on inventions using human tissues and cells : 50
  - Average price of an artificial arm (operation included) : \$25,000
  - Of an artificial blood vessel : \$15,000
- Number of Cessna 172s that can be bought for the price of one ground-launched cruise missile : 122
- Number of states that have paid more in taxes to finance SDI than they have received in SDI contracts : 43
- Percentage of the National Security Council's staff that were military officers in January 1981 : 18
  - Percentage in November 1986 : 40
- Total number of vetoes cast by the United States in the U.N. Security Council : 50
  - Number of those that have been cast since 1980 : 28
  - Number of vetoes that have been cast by the Soviet Union since 1980 : 2
- Number of countries that have a lower rate of infant mortality than the United States : 16
  - Soup kitchens in New York City in 1980 : 30
  - Today : 560
- Chances that a bride or fiancée whose picture appeared in the Sunday *New York Times* in June wore pearls : 3 in 5
  - Letters to the editor received each day by *Pravda* : 2,000
  - By the *New York Times* : 400
- Percentage increase, since 1986, in the number of fashion pages in *Vogue* and *Elle* featuring black models : 64
  - Percentage of public school students in Manhattan who are white : 9
  - Percentage of private school students in Manhattan who are not : 14
  - Number of honorary degrees awarded to Bob Hope : 52
- Portion of residential telephone numbers in Los Angeles that are unlisted : 1/2
  - Number of citizen's arrests made in Los Angeles in 1986 : 4,322
  - Days in 1986 on which no one was murdered in New York City : 8
  - Number of those days that were Wednesdays : 4
  - Americans killed by sharks since 1983 : 2
  - By pit bulls : 20
- Amount that two Sioux arrows used in the Battle of the Little Big Horn brought at auction : \$17,000
- Amount the New York Mets spend each season for tape to wrap Gary Carter : \$5,000
- Number of the 161 players in baseball's Hall of Fame who wore glasses while on the field : 2
- Pairs of elastic sock garters George Bush received as gifts in 1986 : 34
- Percentage of cat owners who say they confide in their cats about important matters : 57
  - Proposed fine for selling or eating dog meat in Manila : \$100
- Percentage of the members of the Texas Restaurant Association that serve chicken-fried steak : 90
- Paces at which the crunch of a pickle should be audible, according to Pickle Packers International : 10

*Figures cited are the latest available as of July 1987. Sources are listed on page 76.*  
*"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.*



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EXTRAORDINARY WOMEN.



# READINGS

[Commencement Address]

## ART'S GRIME AND PLACE

*From "Art and Money," a speech delivered by Arthur Danto at the Parsons School of Design commencement ceremony in May. Danto teaches philosophy at Columbia University.*

**E**arlier this year, when one of Van Gogh's sunflower paintings was sold at auction for forty million dollars, several commentators suggested that the painting was not worth the price because it had faded over the years from the exultant chrome yellow Vincent used to a kind of brown. All that money for a faded painting! (As if it might have been worth it had the pigment held up!) Whoever is incapable of seeing the yellow radiance of the sunflowers through the brown—whoever could not see it even through a black-and-white drawing, in reed pen, of some sunflowers by Vincent—is blind to art. Indeed, for me one of the touching facts about the painting, subtracting from all that is touching in the life and the circumstances of the painter himself, is that it *has* faded, as the sunflowers that were its model had to have done when he had finished painting them. There is a deep prejudice, reflected in the journalist's scoff at anyone having laid down that much cash for a faded painting, that art should be something eternal,

outside the order of time and causation, a thing apart, a joy forever, beyond space and change and life. But this painting turning brown, like leaves, locates it precisely where I want art to be located: in life and of life, one with the rest of us, whose hues fade and outlines blur as we approach the age of the painting. I would not have it any other way.

Someone who spends forty million dollars on a work of art might not think it money ill-spent to pay a few thousand dollars to an expert restorer, to bring back, as if by an exercise of the embalmer's craft, the yellow intensity of the flowers as they were when painted. Counteracting age and time seems the general impulse today, restoration being as much in the art news as money. Restorers have it as their aim and vindication, for example, that we shall see the Sistine Chapel as Michelangelo's contemporaries saw it, or Masaccio's grief-broken Eve and Adam without the fig leaves someone added in 1680. I have very little curiosity regarding how Masaccio depicted the genitals of our first parents. The added fig leaves, for me, are eloquent of the painting's location in life, a mark of seriousness and meaning. The art historian Leo Steinberg said to me recently that art is always beleaguered. So it is: but that is because art, at its best, always beleaguers life; and there is enough of Masaccio in the Brancacci fresco to allow the fig leaves to remain as a mark of conflict, from a time when painting was taken seri-

ously enough, was threatening enough, to have to deal with it. Setting art outside life is itself a way of dealing with it, a form of beleaguerment in its own right, perhaps the ultimate vengeance. For me, Michelangelo is not the somewhat hard-edged and awkward figure cleansing has revealed him to be: he is the old master, touched by grime and time, whose spirit is better revealed through the deposit of ages, whom we see through the tunnel of centuries. And in any case too much has happened for us to see Michelangelo as his contemporaries saw him. His art was part of a lived life, and everything in that lived life has been erased. The reconstitution of the Sistine Chapel, so that we can see it as it was, belongs to the impulses of Disneyland—it has nothing to do with life and art, but with a kind of mummification, which is our way of dealing, or attempting to deal, with our prejudices toward mortality and eternity, death and dirt.

[Transcript]

## THE DEMOCRATS' SCRIPT FOR 1988

*Adapted from Robert Shrum's comments in "Word Perfect," a panel discussion with three Washington speechwriters, in the May/June issue of Public Opinion. Shrum is a political consultant currently working for Richard Gephardt; he has also served as a press secretary and speechwriter for Edward Kennedy. The discussion was moderated by Ben Wattenberg.*

**A**ll good acceptance speeches at Democratic conventions follow a model. Let me discuss the model piece by piece.

We know what the speech shouldn't be, because we all remember the bad ones. They divide the party. So the first priority is to unify—to enlist those who have lost the nomination or supported candidates who lost.

In 1988, the nominee might begin by saying: "We are a party of diversity and we are strong because of our diversity, but there are common beliefs that unite us." The nominee would then invoke the defeated candidates, one by one, to emphasize the ties that unify the party. "Senator Sam Nunn," at which point people would applaud. "A great chairman of the Armed Services Committee who would make a great Secretary of Defense," at which point everybody would again applaud. It's right when he says that the Democratic Party must stand for an end to the arms race between the human race."

This approach allows people to applaud across their differences—and pretty soon the whole convention will begin to respond together.

Next the nominee should invoke the party's traditions: what it stands for, what it cares about, and its heroes. We will hear a lot about F.D.R. and J.F.K.

After paying homage to the party's past, the candidate will want to talk about the Democrats' commitment to moving the country in new directions. "We are proud of our heritage, but we will not rest on it. Our greatest tradition is a commitment to change. Our oldest belief is that we can shape a better world."

At some point the nominee must attack the Republicans. I see three likely elements making up the attack in 1988, beginning, perhaps, with a reference to 1960. "In 1960, after eight years of genial unconcern and a president who smiled at people but ignored problems, this country began moving in a new direction. And now, after eight similar years, I believe we are ready to move again.

"I'm not saying Ronald Reagan has been a *bad* president, he just hasn't done much, and a lot of what he has done he seems to have forgotten."

The second element of the attack should deal with public ethics: "There is a deeper issue, the question of public ethics, of the principles that are at the heart of the American system. Public service, John Kennedy said, should be an honorable profession, not a time to build a client list.

"The Republicans say they believe in family values. We say to them—what has happened to public values? I envision an administration where no presidential appointee ever takes the Fifth Amendment, and no special prosecutor has to be appointed because no special favors have been granted, and no secret, illegal plans have been concocted.

"The standard this administration has set has infected everything. We now have a public ethic on Wall Street that says whatever you can get away with is right. There must be a higher standard than that—and that standard must be set in the highest councils of government."

Finally the candidate should tie the Republicans to the far right and paint them as anti-environmental. Both tactics have worked well for the Democrats in recent elections.

"The Republicans now have a party that is in thrall to the far right. Theirs is no longer the party of Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt: it has become the party of Jesse Helms, Pat Robertson, and James Watt.

"The Republicans have forgotten President Eisenhower's advice not to join the bookburners. We don't believe in government dictating



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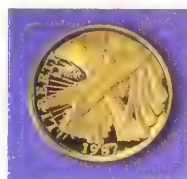
displayed in their own rich blue presentation case. The silver and gold coins are also available in an impressive set, beautifully presented in the rich blue presentation case.

**The United States Constitution Silver Dollar.**  
Minted in .900 fine silver.

Symbols of the Constitution include a sheaf of parchment and a quill pen on the obverse with the inscription, "We the People." And a cross-section of Americans in a dramatic parade throughout history on the reverse. The coin contains 0.76 troy ounces of pure silver.



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## UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION COINS



fundamental personal choices."

You are going to hear this sentence too: "The Republican party in the 1980s has become the most anti-environmental, anti-civil rights, anti-women's party in the history of this country."

The Democratic party used to be an uneasy coalition ranging all the way from blacks to racists. The Republicans are now an uneasy coalition ranging from absolute libertarians to those who think that government should regulate personal choices. That tension pushes the Republican party in an anti-libertarian direction and puts it at odds with a new generation of voters with distinct libertarian leanings.

The nominee must also outline the Democratic vision for the future: "The question isn't just what is wrong with the past, but what we can do right in the future." There will be real disputes about this agenda that will have to be worked out in the primaries or in a contentious convention. But one topic sure to be mentioned is competitiveness.

This speech will also establish the candidate's commitment to a strong America: "I believe in a defense second to none." Yet the 1988 candidate will move beyond the traditional pieties. I believe that during the primaries the Democratic party will coalesce around two ideas—one, the United States should not be involved with the *contras*, and two, arms control should be the centerpiece of the Democratic platform.

"Whether the issue is arms control or Central America, the Republicans don't mind negotiating, they just mind agreeing. For eight years in Central America we have tried war. Now let us try peace."

Democrats always worry that unless they espouse the most hawkish line voters will take them for weaklings. But Pat Caddell, who polled for Carter in 1980, told me his research indicates that when it comes to defense people don't pay attention to specifics. What they do pay attention to is the candidate's personality—whether or not they think he can be pushed around. One voter summed it up when he said Kennedy with a pea shooter would make him feel safer than Carter with a nuclear missile.

The basic idea for the ending of the speech is to connect with Democratic history and to inspire the party members. "The Democratic party in 1988 is new, but it is rooted in the history of challenge and change. The generation of John Kennedy signed the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty; now our generation must finish the work of arms control. The generation of Martin Luther King marched for civil rights; now we must finish the journey toward liberty and justice for all. Our parents built unprecedented prosperity; now we must rebuild American pros-

perity and prepare for the new world economy of the twenty-first century. The first generation of Americans invented liberty, now let us in our generation invent a new American future."

[Form Letters]

## POISON-PEN MAIL

*Below are form letters mailed by the Great White Brotherhood of the Iron Fist, an anti-gay group at the University of Chicago. The letters were sent to the families, roommates, neighbors, and employers of students active in the campus Gay and Lesbian Alliance. In a recent letter to the Chicago Tribune, the Brotherhood claims that it has been "able to entrap several dozen 'closeted' homosexuals" by placing personal ads in local papers. Respondents were subjected to a similar letter campaign. Seven victims of the campaign have filed a lawsuit against members of the Brotherhood.*

Dear parents of \_\_\_\_\_:

We have some unpleasant news for you. We have recently discovered that your son/daughter is homosexual, and is possibly a carrier of AIDS. We are very concerned that he/she may be endangering his/her life through his/her frequent sexual contact with people of the same gender, many of whom must be infected by AIDS.

Please help pull him/her out of this reckless existence! We are convinced that he/she can be cured of his/her homosexuality, given psychiatric and religious help at an early enough time.

As proof of your son's/daughter's homosexuality, we need only point to his/her activism in the homosexual movement at the University of Chicago, principally in the Gay and Lesbian Alliance (GALA). We may also be enclosing a page from the campus newspaper, in which your son/daughter has publicly proclaimed himself/herself as a homosexual. We encourage you to call him/her up and ask about our claims and evidence, and about his/her involvement in dangerous sexual practices.

Unless your son/daughter renounces his/her deviant sexuality, we will be forced to take further actions concerning him/her to protect the community from the AIDS threat.

Please help your child before it is too late!

Dear Resident:

It has come to our attention that your neighbor(s) \_\_\_\_\_, who live(s) at \_\_\_\_\_, phone number \_\_\_\_\_, is/are homosexual, and may be carrying AIDS. Despite common misconceptions, AIDS can be casually transmitted (there are at least a dozen



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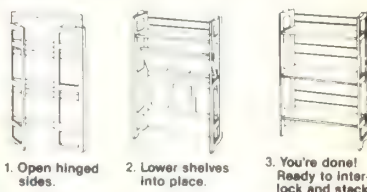
*At a price you would expect to pay for plastic!*

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This quality shelving system is made of natural European beechwood. A hard wood tough enough to be used for flooring and beautiful enough to be used for fine furniture. Do not confuse this item with "wood tone" or plastic imitations. Our low price is made possible by volume purchases, not by inferior material.

## Sets up in seconds... without tools!

No tools, screws or glue required. Just take it out of its flat carton, fold the sides out, and the shelves practically fall into place. And, natural beechwood is attractive... even unfinished. So the unit can be used immediately. Of course, you can also stain, varnish, or paint them if you prefer.



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such extant cases, with undoubtedly more to come).

You should not visit this person. You should avoid eating with them or using common bathroom facilities. You should certainly refrain from intimate or sexual contact with them. Should you fail to do so, those at risk will include not only yourself but those around you. Think of them, if not of yourself.

As proof of this individual's homosexuality, we need only point to their activism in the gay movement at the University of Chicago, principally in the Gay and Lesbian Alliance. We encourage you to call them up and ask them about it, and about their involvement in dangerous sexual practices.

Avoid this homosexual at all costs!

[Letter to the Editor]

## KEILLOR BIDS ST. PAUL ADIEU

*From a letter to the editor, by Garrison Keillor, in the June 21 St. Paul Pioneer Press Dispatch. Keillor has been critical of the paper for publishing details of his personal life. Here, he is responding to a conciliatory editorial published by the Dispatch on the occasion of A Prairie Home Companion's final broadcast in June.*

Your June 13 editorial, containing the sentence, "The rocks he chucked at this, his hometown newspaper, smarted, but life is not idyllic in St. Paul, or Lake Wobegon either," is so devoutly dumb, I wish I had found bigger rocks to chuck and maybe gotten your full attention.

The St. Paul Gas & Minor Distress . . . is a paper that can't tell turquoise from a turkey sandwich. My gripe with you has nothing to do with idylls, everything to do with your dismal view that a man's claim to the right to live a decent private life here is frivolous.

You were wrong. Privacy isn't a favor that someone grants you, it is a sweet necessity of life, to be violated only if a great public need demands it. You violated mine to satisfy your personal whim.

It is awfully hypocritical of you to write so much blather about *A Prairie Home Companion* and its contributions and the end of an era and so forth, like sending a wreath to your victim's funeral.

I'm glad to bid you good-bye. People who depend on you for their news have chosen to live a smaller life.

Garrison Keillor  
Copenhagen

[Memorandum]

## A 'PLAYBOY' ADVISORY

*From a memorandum distributed to Playboy employees in March.*

FROM: Playboy Affirmative Action Review Board  
SUBJECT: Offensive jokes in the workplace

**I**t has come to the attention of the Affirmative Action Review Board that many racial and sexual-disposition jokes have been making the rounds lately. The latest trend seems to be AIDS jokes that make fun of homosexuals.

Recent court decisions have affirmed the notion that such jokes may be legally considered harassment or discrimination by individuals who may be offended by them. Furthermore, the courts have ruled that it isn't necessary for such jokes to be told directly to the offended party, but they may be considered harassment if told to a third party in a workplace where an employee whose race, sex, or sexual disposition is the subject of the joke.

An individual doesn't usually tell jokes of this nature to specifically or intentionally hurt anyone, but he or she can be held responsible—as can *Playboy*—if an employee is offended and takes legal action.

Therefore, we highly recommend that all employees refrain from telling such jokes in the workplace, for both your protection and *Playboy's*.

[Interview]

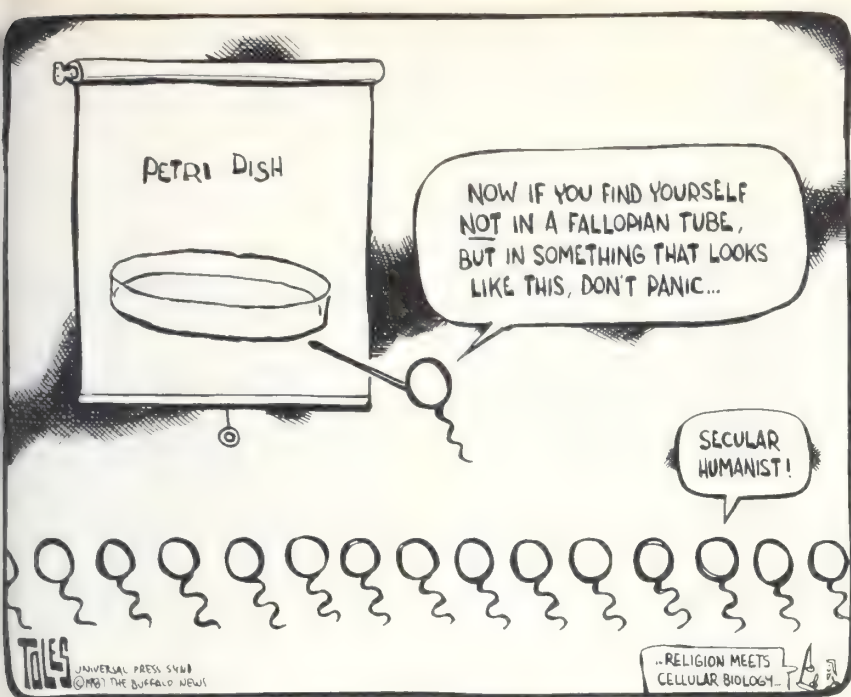
## IN DEFENSE OF WEST BANK SETTLEMENT

*From "In Defense of Settlement: An Interview with Professor Yoseph Ben-Shlomo," in Tikkun, vol. 2, no. 2, a special issue marking "Twenty Years on the West Bank." Ben-Shlomo, who teaches philosophy at Tel Aviv University, is a leader of Gush Emunim. The interview was conducted this spring in Jerusalem.*

*Twenty years later, how are we to assess the impact of the Six-Day War?*

You can sum it up in one sentence: what happened in the Six-Day War was either the liberation of territories in Eretz Israel or the be-





From the Buffalo News.

ginning of the “corrupting” occupation. Only time will tell which of the two proves to be correct. I believe in the former and have rational arguments on my side.

As you know, Tikkun opposes the occupation of the West Bank. There are general social processes associated with the occupation, and they cannot be swept aside by calling it liberation. I’m referring to the side effects of the occupation: anti-democratic phenomena, moral weakening of the army, the Jewish underground that emerged in the territories. You must deal with the profound discomfort in Israel, the feeling Emanuel Sivan calls “colonialism with a bad conscience.”

Let’s differentiate. If people feel bad because they’re dominating a foreign people, they should feel just as bad about Jaffa and Jerusalem as they do about Hebron [on the West Bank], and what such a feeling means is that Zionism is rooted in error. Respectable people hold this opinion, but it is simply anti-Zionist. As for the rest, I definitely agree with you. If the trends you describe are not brought to a halt, the state of Israel will be laid to waste just as the Second Temple was. If the erosion does not stop, Zionism will prove to have been a passing episode in Jewish history.

The fundamental error in your question is that it obfuscates the distinction between issues of personal ethics, like attitudes taken toward the Arabs who live in Shechem and Hebron, and the issue of our historical right to those

places. The personal side—the fact that I will not expel an Arab from his home if he does not endanger me—is obvious. But I’m speaking of parts of my homeland, which I am entitled to incorporate into my state; and I have every right to expel anyone who objects to this and compounds his objection with terror. Is it conceivable that an Englishman would part with Wales or Scotland for the sake of peace with the separatists?

True, these are not pleasant matters, but anyone who does not understand them as the birth pangs of a homeland is an out-and-out colonialist. The French were colonialists in Algeria, but not in Marseilles. Beating up or throwing out an Arab is not “colonialism with a bad conscience” but pure and simple thuggery. But that is precisely the point. If you agree that this is an occupation, then it certainly is, and behavior follows suit. If you do not believe that the Israeli army in Hebron is an occupying force, then you object to Jewish acts of thuggery. For this reason, Rabbi Moshe Levinger, a leader of the settlers in Hebron, is a leading opponent of Rabbi Meir Kahane. He understands that if he wants to live in Judea and Samaria, he must relate to his Arab neighbors as human beings and citizens.

The thought that the occupation begins at the Green Line [Israel’s pre-1967 borders] represents weakness of mind. The Arabs never said anything of the kind. They sing about returning not to Nablus but to Jaffa, and how “with blood

and fire we'll liberate Galilee." Will they forget about the "plundered lands" once they're sitting in Palestinian Kalkilya, a stone's throw from Israeli Kfar Saba? Occupation prevails within the 1967 borders, too, and a concession would only elicit a greater hail of stones and bombs because it would prove that justice isn't ours. Occupation is just as unpleasant for 1 million Arabs as for 50,000 and after the pullback we'll have to beat up and throw out Arabs in Kalkilya. Those of "beautiful soul"—and I don't say that disparagingly—whose stomachs turn at the thought of these events can only conclude that Zionism was a mistake through and through. Some have indeed reached this conclusion. The only way to avoid unpleasant actions is to live in New Zealand.

War, however justified it may be, and the patriotism that we still consider vital involve unpleasant deeds—at least as long as Redemption has not arrived. I know that some of our best people, our best pilots and warriors, are leftists. They still think it possible to avoid the decision, to claim that occupation takes place in Hebron alone and not in Jaffa, and to create a normal state here. But the Jewish people is not a normal one, and Israel will never be a normal state!

Retreat from Zionism is a psychic process, and the psyche has no "green line." We must ask ourselves: When did Zionism ever take the Arabs into account? Take, for example, the establishment of the Etzion Bloc, or settlement of the Beit Shean Valley. Those were genuine incursions into the heart of settled Arab areas (and a price was certainly paid; almost all the Etzion Bloc settlers were killed). It was the essence of Zionism. Ethically speaking, I simply don't understand the claim that Jews shouldn't be allowed to live in Hebron today because when they settled there, twenty-nine were slaughtered in riots. Pragmatically speaking, anyone who believes the Arabs will forgo the "plundered lands" once they're sitting in Kalkilya is the real "oddball mystic" [as some have described members of Gush Emunim]. If the erosion process goes on, the Palestinians will vanquish us, and rightly so. History knows no mercy, and we are collapsing from within.

*Just as you ask me to deal with the risk of war if Israel were to give up the West Bank, you've got to explain how we can avoid becoming the South Africa of the Middle East.*

Within fifty years we'll find ourselves in South Africa, even inside the Green Line. The same demographic forces are at work there, too. If faith in Zionism is dead, the state of Israel is a lost cause in any case. There's no way of knowing. The indications are not good, I know: Jews are leaving South Africa for Canada and Aus-

tralia, not for Israel, and Western Jewry is showing no sign of a spiritual awakening. But if fifteen years ago someone had said that 170,000 Soviet Jews would settle and acculturate themselves in Israel, he would have been thought insane. The same problem existed in 1947: how could you declare a state with 1.25 million Arabs and 600,000 Jews? "There was a miracle," said Moshe Sharett, "and the Arabs fled." You can't rely on miracles when you plan, but as Ben-Gurion said, in our history a total realist is simply a pessimist.

I believe we ought to annex the territories. Ethically, all the Arabs in Eretz Israel should be given the right to vote. They'll have equal rights if they have equal duties. They'll pay taxes, and if they cannot serve in the army, they'll do national service and pledge allegiance to the Israeli flag, just as every American citizen pledges allegiance to the American flag. It's a risk I've got to take, and I believe in the inner dynamic of the process. Just as there are now fourteen Arab members of Knesset today—although there should be more according to the proportion of Arabs in Israel's population—so the Jewish majority will not be undermined if the territories are annexed. Some Arabs in Judea and Samaria would certainly prefer to leave voluntarily rather than suffer the unpleasantness of pledging allegiance to Israel. I am willing to help them. The ones who remain will be a minority that can be lived with, on condition, of course, that there is *aliya* [i.e., they become Israeli citizens]. It's the same gamble we took in 1948.

*Do you consider it a reasonable gamble?*

I consider it less risky than the alternative. Furthermore, your gamble involves the erosion of the whole Zionist idea.

*Your gamble involves the erosion of the values of ethics and democracy.*

Please, argue with me, and do not mistake me for Kahane. I favor suffrage for the Arabs in the territories. I am aware that the issue here is one of basic faith, and it is a gamble. But both of us are gambling. Do not depict me as a gambler and yourself as standing on solid ground.

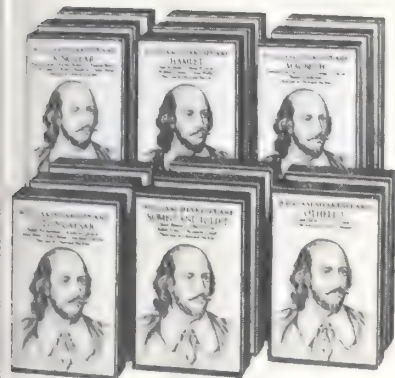
This is my claim: I'm definitely capable of seeing myself on your side, but you are unwilling to see yourselves on mine; you dehumanize me. Of course Gush Emunim has its primitive types, but you have them too. Those of you on the left are in error by not dealing with Gush Emunim's stance at its best; it's a stance that deserves deliberation on its merits. You of all people, who try so hard to see things through the other side's eyes, who are capable of identifying even with Yasir Arafat, are not prepared to consider our side—and it's a great pity.



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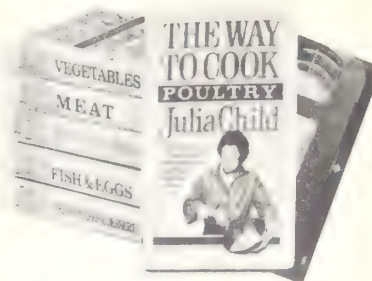
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## STORIES AND HISTORIES

*From Oranges Are Not the Only Fruit, a novel by Jeanette Winterson published this month by Atlantic Monthly Press. Winterson, who was born in 1959, grew up in Lancashire, England. Oranges Are Not the Only Fruit won the Whitbread Prize for best first fiction.*

**T**ime is a great deadener. People forget, get bored, grow old, go away. There was a time in England when everyone was much concerned with building wooden boats and sailing off against the Turk. When that stopped being interesting, what peasants there were left limped back to the land, and what nobles there were left plotted against each other.

Of course that is not the whole story, but that is the way with stories; we make them what we will. It's a way of explaining the universe while leaving the universe unexplained, it's a way of keeping it all alive, not boxing it into time. Everyone who tells a story tells it differently, just to remind us that everybody sees it differently. Some people say there are true things to be found, some people say all kinds of things can be proved. I don't believe them. The only thing for certain is how complicated it all is, like string full of knots. It's all there but hard to find the beginning and impossible to fathom the end. The best you can do is admire the cat's cradle, and maybe knot it up a bit more. History should be a hammock for swinging and a game for playing, the way cats play. Claw it, chew it, rearrange it, and at bedtime it's still a ball of string full of knots. Nobody should mind. Some people make a lot of money out of it. Publishers do well, children—when bright—can come out on top. It's an all-purpose rainy day pursuit, this reducing of stories called history.

People like to separate storytelling which is not fact from history which is fact. They do this so that they know what to believe and what not to believe. This is very curious. How is it that no one will believe that the whale swallowed Jonah, when every day Jonah is swallowing the whale? I can see them now, stuffing down the fishiest of fish tales, and why? Because it is history. Knowing what to believe had its advantages. It built an empire and kept people where they belonged, in the bright realm of the valley...

Very often, history is a means of denying the past. Denying the past is to refuse to recognize its integrity. To fix it, force it, function it, to suck out the spirit until it looks the way you

think it should. We are all historians in our small way. And in some ghastly way Pol Pot was more honest than the rest of us have been. Pol Pot decided to dispense with the past altogether. To dispense with the sham of treating the past with objective respect. In Cambodia the cities were to be wiped out, maps thrown away, everything gone. No documents. Nothing. A brave new world. The old world was horrified. We pointed the finger, but big fleas have little fleas on their backs to bite them.

People have never had a problem disposing of the past when it gets too difficult. Flesh will burn, photos will burn, and memory, what is that? The imperfect ramblings of fools who will not see the need to forget. And if we can't dispose of it we can alter it. The dead don't shout. There is a certain seductiveness about what is dead. It will retain all those admirable qualities of life with none of that tiresome messiness associated with live things. Crap and complaints and the need for affection. You can auction it, museum it, collect it. It's much safer to be a collector of curios, because if you are curious, you have to sit and sit and see what happens. You have to wait on the beach until it gets cold, and you have to invest in a glass-bottomed boat, which is more expensive than a fishing rod, and puts you in the path of the elements. The curious are always in some danger. If you are curious you might never come home, like all the men who now live with mermaids at the bottom of the sea.

Or the people who found Atlantis.

When the Pilgrim Fathers set sail it was not without the opinion of many that they were crazy. History has now decided otherwise. Curious people who are explorers must bring back more than a memory or a story, they must bring home potatoes or tobacco or, best of all, gold.

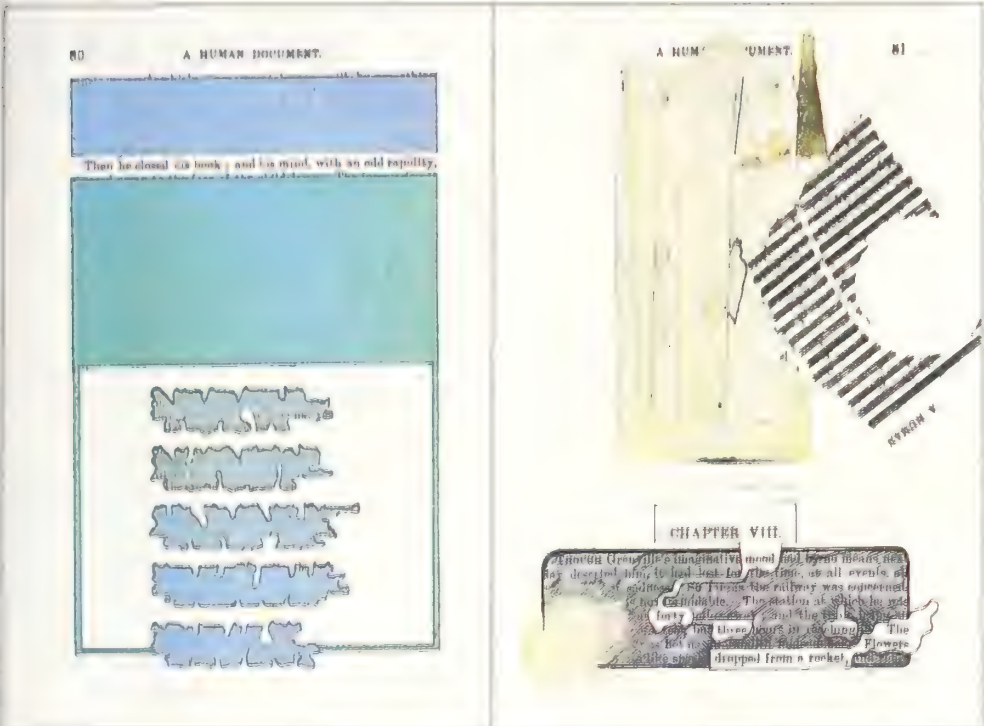
But happiness is not a potato.

And El Dorado is more than Spanish gold, which is why it could not exist. The ones who came home were mad with a vision that had no meaning. And so, being sensible, the collector of curios will surround himself with dead things, and think about the past when it lived and moved and had being. The collector of curios lives in a derelict railway station with a video of various trains. He is the original living dead.

So the past, because it is past, is only malleable, where once it was flexible. Once it could change its mind, now it can only undergo change. The lens can be tinted, tilted, smashed. What matters is that order is seen to prevail. ... and if we are eighteenth-century gentlemen, drawing down the blinds as our coach jumbles over the Alps, we have to know what we are doing, pretending an order that doesn't exist, to



[Pages]  
REVISED EDITION



From *A Humument: A Treated Victorian Novel*, by Tom Phillips, published by Thames and Hudson, New York. Phillips, an English painter, altered all 367 pages of *A Human Document*, an 1892 novel, using collage, paint, ink, and other means. He used seven copies of the novel to make *A Humument*, which he began in 1966.

make a security that cannot exist.  
There is an order and a balance to be found in stories.

History is St. George.  
And when I look at a history book and think of the imaginative effort it has taken to squeeze this oozing world between two boards and type-set, I am astonished. Perhaps the event has an unassailable truth. God saw it. God knows. But I am not God. And so when someone tells me what they heard or saw, I believe them, and I believe their friend who also saw, but not in the same way, and I can put these accounts together and I will not have a seamless wonder but a sandwich laced with mustard of my own.

The salt beef of civilization rumbling round in the gut. Constipation was a great problem after the Second World War. Not enough roughage in the diet, too much refined food. If you always eat out you can never be sure what's going in, and received information is nobody's exercise.

Rotten and rotting.  
Here is some advice. If you want to keep your own teeth, make your own sandwiches. . . .

[Essay]  
AGAINST PROGRESS

From "Fascination of Ashes," by E.M. Cioran, in the Winter/Spring 1987 issue of *Frank*, a literary journal published in Paris. Translated from the French by Leonard Schwartz.

**K**onstantin Leontiev, one of the strangest minds of the last century, wrote the following justly famous phrase about his country: "To stop Russia from rotting, one would have to put it under ice." He foresaw the vast sum of misfortune which lay in store for that vast empire, the excesses of all kinds that awaited it, the degree of upheaval. For a visionary like himself, stagnation was the only solution, the sole way of eluding disaster. This in any case seemed to be his battle cry, and events have proven him right. One might take it a step further and question movement itself. What good is it to change anything? In itself, innovation is meaningless, and it is certain that man should have broken

stride, interrupted his dash toward the new, his quest for the unknown. Did he have any desire to do so? Did he ever even have the chance? Nothing is less certain. His first step out of animality inspired him with such a burst of pride, such a drunkenness of power, that nothing that followed could caution or calm him. *To advance at any price* became his slogan, to which he has remained faithful ever since, with the one considerable restriction that he no longer believes in any of it. He does not, however, have the power to straightforwardly admit to this loss of belief, in short, to abdicate, to save himself. But when could he have saved himself? During the Stone Age? It was already too late, since conquest has always attracted and gratified this misled biped. He arrived at the threshold of technology already imbued with modern illusory beliefs. Still, there was perhaps a moment that represented one last opportunity to pull himself together, and to cease all advance, by replacing his desperate racing ahead with the ecstasy of capitulation. Instead he took the opposite path: he succumbed to the charms and the marvels of Progress. The eclipse of this myth is the single most important fact of our epoch. Henceforth, we continue to advance but without enthusiasm, automatically, in forced complicity with an idea that has become, by all evidence, an agent of destruction.

[Essay]

## SURRENDER TO THE LANDSCAPE

*Essay by Gretel Ehrlich in Legacy of  
Landscape: A Selection of Polaroid photographs published  
this month by Alfred A. Knopf. Ehrlich is the author of A Solace of Open Spaces. A photograph  
from the book, made by Ansel Adams, appears on  
the next page.*

**L**andscape does not exist without an observer. Without a human presence. The land exists, but "landscape" is a projection of human consciousness, an image received. It is a frame we put around a single view and the ways in which we describe this spectacle represent our "view of the world," what we know and what we see.

One of the reigning notions of our culture is that the land is our adversary, that nature is a dirty thing (think of the double meaning of the word "soil") and that God put human beings here to dominate it, to make Edenic gardens out of the wasteland. We are the great-great-grand-

children of Cortés, the children of Emerson.

But did the idea of landscape-as-garden arise from a fear of nature or from a love of wild things? Either way, in the wrong hands this "civilizing" process in effect blinded us. It reduced the wildness, diversity, and transience of nature to a formula that said: this is a flower and this is a weed; this is sublime and this is ugly. As conquerors and as gardeners we came to a landscape with serious intentions: not simply to know, but to change; not just to visit, but to possess. Much that was done was good, much was bad. We presumed too much. We imposed on what we found; we could not cherish without embellishing or altering what was simply there.

I live on a ranch in Wyoming. We raise beef cattle and crops of grain and hay, but all around us is wildness. At night the mountain lions come down from their rock caves and kill fawns. Black bears emerge from their dens hungry. We see their tracks overprinted by the cubs' smaller ones, coming and going from den to creek, den to winterkills. In June the elk bring their calves to a sage-covered bench to play. Directly below are our hayfields. Where our fences stop, their game trails begin. The native grasses we irrigate are for them too. At worst our two landscapes clash; at best, they blend.

Our ranch is an "end-of-the-road place," isolated by the 10,000-foot mountains that rise behind us. If I rode a horse north, I would not reach a fence or a town for three days. In the other direction there is no one view—it is all view, a hundred miles in three directions. The mountains behind us rose seventy million years ago. They're young and steep and still rising. The shallow seas that had covered Wyoming receded, leaving a colorful carpet of mudstones and sandstones: red, orange, green, gray, and white. The mountains rose and the basins fell, and the commotion of upthrusts, faults, and folds resulted in sheer rock faces of limestone, granite, and dolomite. Dinosaurs came and went. On our lower meadow, a quarry worked by the American Museum of Natural History offered up twenty-five complete skeletons. The fossil record of the area is replete with early organisms: hundred-million-year-old sponges as well as the remains of saber-toothed tigers and mastodons who arrived much later. Some landscapes are surface—what we see out our back doors—while others start farther down in the earth.

On the other hand, a Wyoming landscape can be almost all sky. I try to catalogue the names for all the blues—Prussian, French, and Italian; indigo, periwinkle, powder, beryl, and cobalt; robin's egg, peacock, and eggshell; lapis and azure—and still there aren't enough words to describe the aerial landscape above.



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One day the landscape was a screen of bugs. A hatch of mayflies blackened the air, then vanished, replaced by bumblebees catapulting from currant bush to thistle. The screen of bugs became a front moving in. Tattered black clouds headed for me. All across the state the wind carried tree branches, dust from plowed fields, debris of all sorts, and transient winged seeds. When the storm centered over the ranch, the wind stopped. The clouds picked themselves apart and fell to the ground in wisps. The mist thickened and hung in the sagebrush. It carried the landscape away, or rather, the landscape became mist only, a blindness that was not black but blank. Then the ceiling rose as quickly as it had come down and slid against the granite face of the mountain behind me, rising and dropping as if taking part in the old geological tumult of landforms.



That night the clouds returned with rain. Branched lightning gave the landscape a ghostly hue: the greens, blues, and browns looked tarnished. Somehow the colors were all wrong and the landscape appeared false. But it was just another version of the same, changing thing.

**T**he ways in which we come to know a landscape are preliterate. "A sense of place" implies a sensory knowledge. It mounts up in our minds: empires of smells and sounds, textures and

sights held fast by memory, flooding back again and again in such urgent, pungent ways as to let us reenter those places. A river slits its neck for us; the eerie sound a sandhill crane makes comes into our human throats as song; in the mountain fastness of granite cracks, a pine tree grows; and we humans dive backward and forward in time, beginning seventy million years ago, when the mountains came into being. We rise with the landforms. We feel the upper altitudes of thin air, sharp stings of snow and ultraviolet on our flesh.

I have lived on Wyoming ranches for eleven years but was born in the Mediterranean climate of a coastal California town. No matter where we live as adults, the landscape or cityscape in which we grew up stains us with its indelible ink, as if the umbilical cord by which we were tethered to life carried not only nutrient liquids, but also minerals, seawater, soil, and sun.

The first earthquake I experienced shook my sister out of bed. I grabbed my parakeet, Willy, ran outside, and lay down. To feel the ground move in this way was to learn what "ground" means in all senses of the word: ground as primary place, as movement, as the foundation of what is knowable—according to Webster's, "the surface which limits the downward extent of something."

Other California disasters taught me how to see. During one raging brushfire in which my sister and I had to move a herd of horses to the beach for safety, I saw a whole lemon grove go up in flames, and forever after I've thought of lemons as orbs of fire, and recalled the smell of fire as sour.

There were quiet nights too—so quiet we could hear the seals barking on the Channel islands. Their cries bounced against the mountains directly behind us and fell down on the roof of my head, poured into my ears so that when I woke I thought I was a seal floating.

To see—that is, to discover—is not an act of interpretation, of transfixing with preconceived ideas what is before us; rather, it is an act of surrender. The writer and naturalist Barry Lopez talks about bowing to the earth. Too often we have confused bowing with kowtowing; bowing is a gesture of respect, of dignity, of mutuality. If the earth could stand up and bow back, perhaps it would. Maybe that is what an earthquake is all about.

Sometimes when I am walking or riding in heavy weather I imagine that it is leaving stains on me, and that if I were able to see the inside of my skin, I would see its marks: snow, rain, hail, frostbite, sun. Surrendering means stripping down, taking away every veil, every obstacle between ourselves and the earth. It means losing ourselves in the otherness of a place, delighting



in its strangeness. To bend down and kiss a rock, as poet William Butler Yeats claimed to have done, is to seek equality, not dominance; it is to open ourselves to every small and ordinary thing for the larger purpose of knowing its truth. It is to become drenched, to be, in the words of Henry James, "one on whom nothing is lost"; it is to allow ourselves to be touched from above and below and within, to let a place leave its watermark on us. If we go out in order to find, not to impose, the landscape touches us and we it. Only then is a sense of place born.

[Notebook Entries]

## READING NATURE

*From The Lost Notebooks of Loren Eiseley, edited by Kenneth Fleuer and published this month by Little, Brown. A naturalist and a writer, Eiseley is the author of The Unexpected Universe, among many other books. He died in 1977.*

Man has grown fond of contemplating almost with submerged pride his ancestral descent from what he regards as a savage, carnivorous ape; this his later history would imply contains a grain, if not several grains, of truth. What is less flattering and less appetizing perhaps is his more genuine resemblance to that group of minute organisms known as slime molds. They can be seen devouring spoiled bread or moving in unsightly blotches over spoiled oranges—fruit that in distant eye-narrowed perspective might be mistaken for diseased planets—rotten fruit circling in the plague-infected winds of the cosmic orchard.

*Anthropomorphizing*: the charge of my critics. My countercharge: There is a sense in which when we cease to anthropomorphize, we cease to be men, for when we cease to have human contact with animals and deny them all relation to ourselves, we tend in the end to cease to anthropomorphize ourselves—to deny our own humanity. We repeat the old, old human trick of freezing the living world and with it ourselves. There is also a sense . . . in which we do create our world by our ability to read it symbolically. But if we read it symbolically, aloof from ourselves and our kindest impulses, we are returning to the pre-deistic, pre-Romantic world of depraved Christianity—the world where man saw about him "fallen nature," with the devil slipping behind each tree. Modern anthropomorphizing consists in miming nature down to its ingredients, including ourselves. This is really only another symbolic reading,

certainly no more "real" than what I have been charged with.

The wolf and man have ever been at war because at heart they are alike; they love and are rejected. Between them they have molded the dog, who is the orphan offspring of both and suffers accordingly.

About the matter of optimism and pessimism. I have to be an educator, though the activity is growing more and more difficult. I feel it necessary to offer some kind of choice to man, but in reality I am deeply depressed about the human situation. I do not fear our extinction particularly. What I really fear is that man will ruin the planet before he departs. I have sometimes thought, looking out over the towers of New York from some high place, what a beautiful ruin it would make in heaps of fallen masonry, with the forest coming back. Now I fear for the forest itself.

Nature, one may say, is the existent, but there must be included with it, and to this extent obscuring its edges, the potential, just as man once existed as mere potential in a tree shrew. Thus nature is metaphysically a kind of cosmic iceberg of which only the smallest part protrudes visibly into our understanding.

[Poem]

## TALL IN THE SADDLE

*By Ian McMillan. From Selected Poems, published by Carcanet. McMillan lives in England. This is his first volume of poems to appear here.*

Just remember

when they crash through the streets  
of a village with a name  
you cannot pronounce

and when they crash through the streets  
of a village with a name  
you can pronounce

and when they crash through the streets  
you know like the back of your house

the horse may be tall,  
the saddle may be tall,  
the stick may be tall,

but the man in the saddle is not tall,  
the man in the saddle is not tall.

[Questionnaire]

# UTOPIA BY COMPUTER

From the "Personal Preference Selection Guide," a questionnaire distributed by Human Habitat Research, a Colorado company. For \$24.60, Human Habitat Research promises to help people find "the perfect place" to live. Using "one of the world's fastest supercomputers, the Cyber 205," the company matches a client's answers to 100 questions with the attributes of 16,000 U.S. cities and towns. The computer produces a list of twenty recommended locations and a color-coded map showing the optimal places for the client to live.

## SUNNY DAYS

I prefer living in an area with  

Fewest		A		B		C		D		E		Most
Least	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		Most

 degree of importance to me  
☐ does not affect me

## GARDENING SEASON

I prefer living in an area with  

Shortest		A		B		C		D		E		Longest
Least	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		Most

 degree of importance to me  
☐ does not affect me

## PERSONAL INCOME

I prefer living in an area with  

Lowest		A		B		C						Highest
Least	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		Most

 degree of importance to me  
☐ does not affect me

## WOMEN IN WORKFORCE PER CAPITA

I prefer living in an area with  

Fewest		A		B		C						Most
Least	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		Most

 degree of importance to me  
☐ does not affect me

## SINGLE PEOPLE

I prefer living in an area with  

Most Men		A		B		C						Most Women
Least	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		Most

 degree of importance to me  
☐ does not affect me

## CAUCASIANS

I prefer living in an area with  

Fewest		A		B		C						Most
Least	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		Most

 degree of importance to me  
☐ does not affect me

## BLACK PEOPLE

I prefer living in an area with  

Fewest		A		B								Most
Least	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		Most

 degree of importance to me  
☐ does not affect me

## WEALTHY PEOPLE

I prefer living in an area with  

Fewest		A		B		C						Most
Least	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		Most

 degree of importance to me  
☐ does not affect me

## PROTESTANTS

I prefer living in an area with  

Fewest		A		B		C						Most
Least	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		Most

 degree of importance to me  
☐ does not affect me

## JEWISH PEOPLE

I prefer living in an area with  

Fewest		A		B		C						Most
Least	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		Most

 degree of importance to me  
☐ does not affect me

## MURDER RATE

I prefer living in an area with  

Lowest		A		B		C						Highest
Least	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		Most

 degree of importance to me  
☐ does not affect me

## STROKE RATE

I prefer living in an area with  

Lowest		A		B		C						Highest
Least	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		Most

 degree of importance to me  
☐ does not affect me

## AIDS RATE

I prefer living in an area with  

Lowest		A		B		C						Highest
Least	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		Most

 degree of importance to me  
☐ does not affect me

## VOLCANIC DESTRUCTION POTENTIAL

I prefer living in an area with  

Lowest		A		B		C						Highest
Least	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		Most

 degree of importance to me  
☐ does not affect me

## POLLEN INDEX

I prefer living in an area with  

Lowest		A		B		C						Highest
Least	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		Most

 degree of importance to me  
☐ does not affect me

## BLACK ELECTED OFFICIALS

I prefer living in an area with  

Fewest		A		B		C						Most
Least	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		Most

 degree of importance to me  
☐ does not affect me

## NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST FALLOUT POTENTIAL

I prefer living in an area with  

Lowest		A		B		C		D		E		Highest
Least	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		Most

 degree of importance to me  
☐ does not affect me



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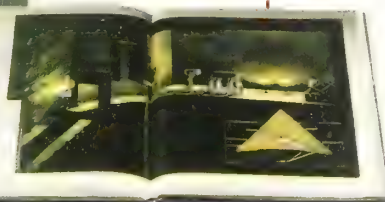


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"Sandía/Watermelon" (1986) by Carmen Lomas Garza. From *Hispanic Art in the United States: Thirty Contemporary Painters and Sculptors*, an exhibition catalogue published by the Houston Museum of Fine Arts and Abbeville Press. The traveling exhibition will be at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C. from October 24 to January 9. San Francisco's Mexican Museum will have a one-woman show of Garza's work in November.

[Memoir]

## ODE TO CORN

From *A Rocking Horse on Mars*, a forthcoming collection of memoirs by Paul West. West is the author of the novel *Rat Man of Paris*.

Corn on the cob I first sampled at Thanksgiving 1952, as a foreign student dutifully invited out of Manhattan to central Connecticut, where we fed our faces in a house hand-built from boulders of terminal moraine. What enraptured me was not the butter generously smeared on hot cobs, but well it might have done; I was fresh from an England where food was still rationed, and you got two ounces of butter a week. It was the palpable bold shape of the edible spirals, a good score of them stacked up among the turkey and the other vegetables. They looked knitted, felt glabrous, and brought the outdoors to the table more than any baked potato or celery root. Corn on the cob has bemused me ever since. Rigid with its tiny-chambered juices, a round-tower skyscraper of the year 2000, a convolulus of dimples that comes sheathed in palmy leaves and wispy silk, it is my

emblem of the American land, not phallic as some reckon but a wrapped, near-aerodynamic gift, which one devours row by row, as if stripping fertility from the axis of the Earth itself.

*Zea mays*, its proper name, seems flawlessly proper, evoking—at least as I construe it—the dancing female divinity of maize, Ceres rampant, stout and yellow, a far cry from what corn means to the English: rye, oats, barley, wheat, the flimsy cereals. This exotic corn is the Territory, bringing to mind the America of the indigenes, sun worship, red men, and some almost lost glimpse of continental Adam in the act of discovering it wild on the land and giving it a name. However seen, though, it has bulky dignity, whether horizontal against a grease-rimmed mouth or hung over doorways at Halloween to dry out into an Aztec corpse of mottled reds and browns, some of the kernels gone like teeth, some just as toothlike black and blunt. Chide the armchair atavist if you will, but this one came from a land of fog, where his principal childhood ritual was the Derby Tup, in which we went from door to door with basin, butcher knife, and thick woolly rug, enacting for those with enough patience to watch the purchase, slaughter, and bleeding of the finest



black ram that ever was fed on hay. And we sang:

    Failey, failey, fo-da-riddle-da-ray,  
    As I was going to Derby upon a market day,  
    I met the finest tup, sir, as ever was fed on  
    hay. . . .

Oddly, or perhaps predictably, since a golden bough sprawls in between the two, the ear of corn light-boiled to perfect succulence and then bitten into is a sap-letting to the bloodletting done with the fake ram. But the corn is at first hand, in my life of here and now, and unlikely ever to become a melodic trope twanging out of race memory into a small boy's uncritical, hardly understanding head.

[Anecdotes]

## BOY TALK

*From The 100th Boyfriend, by Bridget Daly and Janet Skeels, published by the Real Comet Press in Seattle. The authors compiled oral and written comments from women on the subject of boyfriends.*

**F**or a while, it seemed like most of them were named John, tall blonds with moustaches. Then I noticed that several of my boyfriends had grown up without their fathers. But the instant G. took off his glasses to kiss me, it became perfectly clear. I knew that gesture so well it made me shudder. The real common denominator was bad eyesight.

At eighteen, I knew I should be going out on dates, but dates revolve around lunch and dinner. And when I was near a man, even a stranger, my hands shook in obvious, spastic tremors. Eating was impossible. It was worse if the guy actually knew me and was trying to talk to me. My internal mantra—*Get the fork to your face. Get the fork to your face*—made conversation impossible. I finally solved my problem by ordering cheeseburgers and taking adrenaline suppressants.

He asked me to marry him and I said no. Angry and hurt, he told me that I was "no prize." A few days later he said that he realized that he was no prize either and in this sense we were well-matched—wouldn't I reconsider?

Clive has incredible patience. He once taught our cat how to turn off the lights.

Our arguments—especially those endless, circular debates about the possible intentions behind a remark—leave me, usually a rapid-

moving person, feeling like a stagnant pond. Time inches by with him; that's why I stay with him, my foul fountain of youth.

For a long time this pretty cute guy tells my friends he likes me and everything. So I say O.K., give him my number. Saturday night, I'm all dressed up and he never shows. I wait until about 10:00, by then I figure he's not coming, so I go to a party.

I tell a girl there about getting stood up. She says, "Hey, don't you know? He's in jail. He got real smashed, went out on the balcony of his apartment, and threw beer bottles at a cop car." I should've known then that the relationship would never work.

My last boyfriend and I were together for five years. He taught me to be celibate.

When you're depressed, you sleep a lot. When I got together with George, I slept twelve hours a day. He'd always be gone in the morning long before I woke up, but he left notes on my pillow—"Dedicate four more hours of sleeptime to me, my B-U-TEE, my Queen Bee," or "Noogie for Sue Bee Honey XXXO." He also left plates of vitamins for me on the kitchen table: Cs for colds, Ds for bones, Bs for depression and stress, and Es for skin and sex.

I saw him and my body fell into orbit—a circular, slow-tracking dolly shot—around his fat daggerreotypic lips. He left one twenty-second message on my machine and I replayed it for months, sucking on those vowels.

Joe polished the bottoms of the Revere Ware pans once a month.

Joe thought I looked good in shorts as long as I didn't walk too fast.

Joe masturbated before sex so he wouldn't be a beast.

Joe decorated his cat for Christmas.

Joe played in bridge tournaments for recreation.

Joe always wrote about people *that*, not people *who*, did things.

Joe learned to be a slob by living with me.

Joe was deeply disturbed by modern dance.

Joe adored home tours.

Joe was the kind of man you take home to your parents and leave there.

In this, L.A.—the land of tanned, blond film meat—even here, Tim looked more fabulous than the next guy. I am an ugly woman, so he fascinated me. One, I couldn't imagine living life that beautiful. Two, I couldn't figure out why he was attracted to me.

Turned out he had a thing about reptiles, es-

pecially lizards, and he thought I looked like one. And moved like one. We dated for about a year.

I had the hotcake sandwich; he ate eggs over-easy, hash browns, and toast. He proposed we get married in Reno. I thought, "Why not?" Down in the dumps, no money, the rent was due, my knees were giving out, and I did manual labor. I'd just been dumped by a man I was real enthused about, so who cares, why not? I warned him that I was not myself and then we got married.

[Short Story]

## KAFKAS

By Marianne Wiggins. "Kafkas" appears in *Herself in Love*, a collection of Wiggins's stories published by Viking.

**I**N DER NACHT SIND ALLE KATZEN GRAU, Fran reads. "That means IN DER NACHT—in the night—SIND ALLE—sing all—KATZEN GRAU—cats gray, right? How's that? We're getting pretty *schlau* with all this *deutsch-Verfasser*, huh? IN DER NACHT SIND ALLE KATZEN GRAU. In the night, all the gray cats sing. Good. We're breezing right along here. Gray cats. And all this time you thought they were Comanche Indians."

She arranges what she'll need tonight before her on the kitchen table, near the phone: her pen, the logbook, and the map. She'll be working towns in the far Southeastern region, Miami Beach, Fort Lauderdale, Key Biscayne, Coral Gables. . . Orlando? No, no. Too *katholisch*, too *christlich*, she decides.

She hears the sounds of Sherm and Dina's lovemaking subside in their room. Soon they'll be fast asleep; Sherm, almost immediately. Dina in a little while. Then she can begin to make her calls. Sometimes Dina gets up and goes into the bathroom afterward, depending on the time of month. Sometimes she comes into the kitchen for a glass of water. Fran tries to ignore their sounds. Who wants to listen to her sister's lovemaking? Especially, who wants to hear Sherman shout about it? They could be a little quieter, that's all. Like they used to be. Is it possible they weren't making love the first month after she moved in? Maybe her staying here is good for them. Make her presence in the guest room gets their mind off going. Sure, try that on for size. She's been going to pick up on some resentment coming from Sherman about her being

around, so maybe she'll remind him how his sex life has picked up, since she's moved in, that's what she'll do. And if Dina comes out now for a glass of water, she'll just sit here like she's working on her résumé. Nobody needs to know she's calling Kafkas.

"Operator?" she starts off, after a few minutes. "Yes, in the Miami Beach vicinity. *Kafka*, kay-ay-eff, kay-ay. What? No, kay-ay-eff. Eff as in *Frohlichkeit*. That's right. What? No, I'm sorry, I don't have a first name, just read me what you've got. Just read the misters. I'm only interested in misters. No mizzes, no misters-and-misuses, no children's telephones. Just misters. What? I'm sorry, darling, no. I don't have his address. You have *what*? You have *how many*? Thirteen? Darling, you've just made my week. I think you've struck a gold mine here, the famous ol' *Topf of Gold*, as you might say. Why don't you read them to me and I'll jot them down. . . uh huh. . . uh huh. . . uh huh. Well, thank you. You mean we have a choice? I thought we *had* to dial ay-tee and tee. . ."

A night of thirteen Kafkas? This is the most she's ever had! You'd have thought Manhattan and the boroughs would be loaded with them, but she'd exhausted New York City, Yonkers, Nassau and Westchester Counties all in about two hours a couple weeks ago. Then L.A. And then Chicago. Then Baltimore and Washington. Then San Francisco. Then the entire state of Delaware. Now Southern Florida:

"Hello, Wally Kafka of Emerald Bay, Miami? Hello. This is Fran Koslow calling. Doctor Koslow, pee-aitch-dee. Wally, what I'd like to ask you is—of *course* I know what time it is.

"Hello?"

*Der Maulwurf*. She runs a line through Wally's name and Wally's number on her list. *Der Schwindler*. Wally. What is "Wally" short for? *Walrus*? Sure, they're all related, all of them throwbacks to that decimated Kafka strain, but do they have to be so *unhoflich* to someone calling in the night?

"Hello?"

"Vance Kafka? Vance—yours is an unusual name for a Kafka. Where are you from, Vance, if you don't mind my asking?"

"Of course I know what time it is.

"Hello?"

So much for fancy Vance.

So much for Thomas, too; and Stewart, Simon, Rico—

Rico Kafka?

"Let me ask you something, if I may, Rico. Are you Czech, by any chance?"

"Am I check? Sure. I'm check bery bery good."

He laughs.

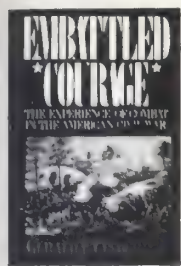
She laughs with him.



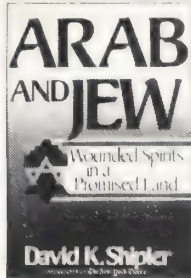
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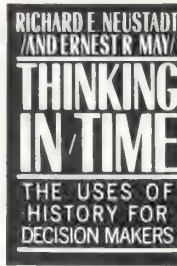
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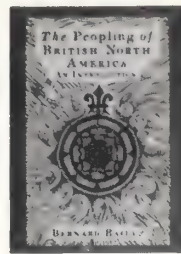
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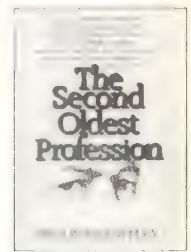
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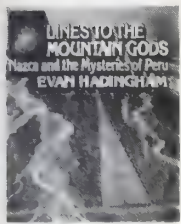
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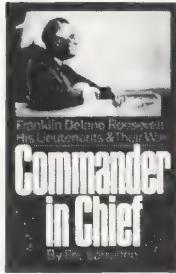
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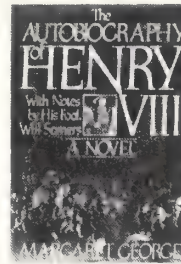
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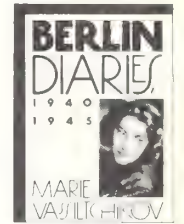
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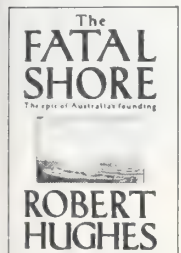
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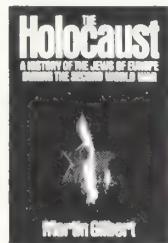
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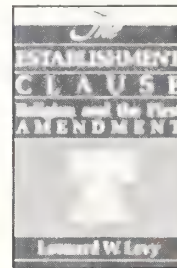
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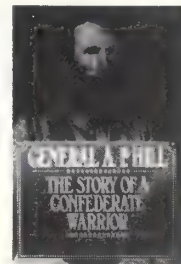
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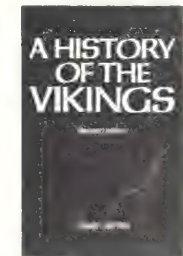
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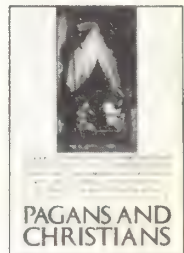
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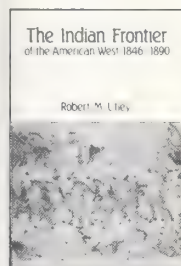
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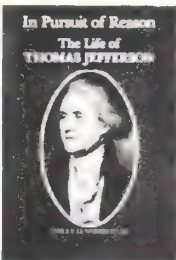
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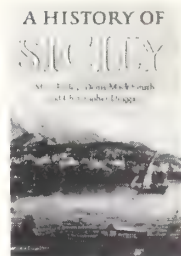
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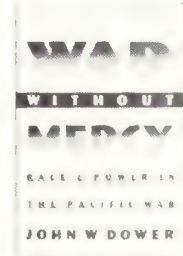
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"It's just that Rico is a Spanish-sounding name," she says.

"Spanish, sí!"

"I see. Well, the Diaspora," she says. "Let me ask you, Rico. Are you single?"

"Single, sí!"

"That's great. I'm after a single man, see, Rico? And they're so hard to find. So you've never been married? Or are you divorced? Not that it matters, in the long run."

"Married, sí!"

"You were married?"

"Married, sí!"

"And how long ago was that?"

"What I win? I win somethin'?"

"No, no, Rico. Listen. I'm calling to say that if you're single and if you'd like to share some thoughts about anti-intellectualism in America, you know, maybe you and I could get together. Have a date. Do you ever get up to Massachusetts? Hello?"

SCHÖNE WORTE MACHEN DEN KOHL NICHT FETT, isn't that what might be said? Fine words don't grease a cabbage? She's no expert in this German business—if her life depended on it she'd be dead already, if it meant she'd have to know a lot of German. It's not a natural language for small dark manic people like herself to speak. It gives them nightmares and delusions. DER SCHÖNE PLAN IST INS WASSER GEFALLEN, looks like; maybe. My gorgeous plan is going down Niagara in a barrel:

Raymond Kafka: married.

Norman Kafka: hangs up.

Norbert Kafka: ditto.

Marty Kafka: "Actually, yes. I am, yes. A confirmed bachelor, if you want the truth."

"Like a 'confirmed' reservation, huh, Marty?" Fran jokes. "That's a little joke. That's a little levity. Of course I know what time it is."

"Well, what kind of survey is this, Miss Koslow? I don't want you to think I'm being rude, but—"

"It's Doctor. Doctor Koslow. Fran Koslow, pee-atch-dee."

"I don't get too many women calling from New England at one-thirty in the morning to ask me if I'm single."

"Well, that's what makes me special, Marty."

"I beg your pardon?"

"That I'd call you up at one-thirty in the morning sight unseen just to ask you for a date."

"I think that makes you crazy, Dr. Koslow."

"Oh, no, no, no. Not crazy, Mr. Kafka. No, no, no. I have a *schöne plan*. I want to marry someone with the last name 'Kafka.'"

"Is this a joke?"

"Not at all."

"Did my mother put you up to this?"

"I don't even know your mother. Yet."

"What are you, nuts?"

"Well, think about it."

"Think about it?"

" 'Cause then I'd be Fran Kafka."

" 'Cause then you'd be . . . Fran Kafka."

"Sure."

" 'Cause then you'd be *Fran Kafka*? Why don't you try to marry someone called *Cis of Assisi* while you're at it, too? Huh? Get it? 'Cis of Assisi'? Huh? *Fran Cis of Assisi*? Or how 'bout, how 'bout, 'Klee Lady, I don't give a damn'? Huh? How 'bout that? As in *Fran Klee Lady*, I don't give a good God damn—"

She draws an extra heavy thick pen line through Marty Kafka's name and Marty Kafka's number, leaving only Kenneth Kafka, Gil and Barry Kafkas yet to go.

She's used to disappointment. After all, searching for a husband by telephone is hard enough; searching for a *Kafka* husband this way is very nearly impossible. Especially since she can use the phone with freedom only in these bleak late hours after Sherm and Dina are asleep, when there are howlings in the street, when one must draw in, make a circle 'round oneself, when it isn't safe to stand and look from windows anymore. They are all around, this time of night. They are on the black roofs, in the alleys, in the shadows of the doorways. People know that they are there, so people draw into these shelters, these closed circles 'til the dawn, another morning. There is nothing anyone can do except pull in, stay away from the perimeter, and hide.

"Have you ever read the 'K' words in the dictionary?" Fran once asked a Kafka in L.A., before he hung up on her. "I have. Because I have a 'K' name, same as you. I've read them. And you know what? 'K' words are the ghetto of the English language. All of them are foreigners: Hindi, Russian, Scottish, German, Arabic, Jewish, Japanese. You know how many words you have to read through in the 'K' section of the dictionary before you come to one that's American? Nineteen. Nineteen—in Webster's dictionary! And you know what word it is? *Kachina*. Like in *Kachina doll*. It's Hopi. The next American word after that is 'Kalamazoo.' The first English, totally English word is 'kale.' That's like on the second page, fifth column of the 'K' words in use in the English language, already, you know what I mean? Hello? Hello?"

. . . Kenneth Kafka: line's disconnected.

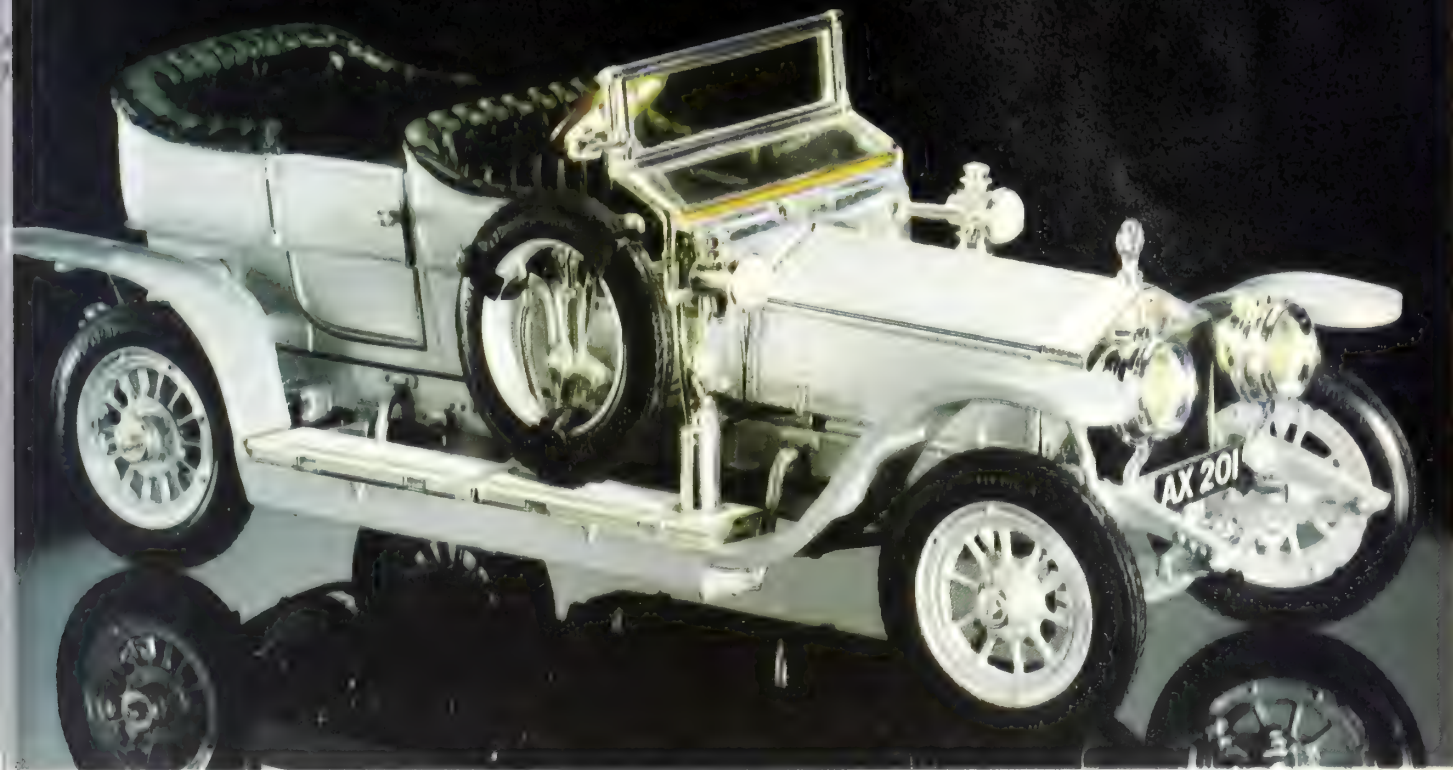
. . . Gilbert Kafka: female answers.

. . . Barry Kafka.

*Gott in Himmel*, this Barry Kafka could be the ol' *Topf of Gold*. For one thing he doesn't hang up right away. And he's single. He sounds very nice. He doesn't ask if she knows what time it



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is. He gives thought to his answers, weighs her questions:

"So let me ask you, Barry. You sound so nice. What part of the world does your family come from?"

"The Middle."

"A perfect answer."

"No... let me change that. The Fringe."

"Even better."

"No... let me change that again. I was right the first time. We come from The Middle."

"Barry Kafka! May I tell you, Barry Kafka, this is Love?"

"Sure. Go ahead."

"Or do you hold, as Schopenhauer did, and later Nietzsche, that existence as we can experience it is merely a result of a blind force that the will consists in, and that optimism—and, consequently, Love—is an immoral way of thinking?"

"Sure, well... I could play with that."

"Yes? Of course there are those who say Schopenhauer stole his best thought from Kant, but what's not derivative, huh, Barry? What the hell ever fell *new* from the sky? Can you tell me? You remember how Schopenhauer epitomized his notion of moral Wrong? Cannibalism. Yes, Barry. He epitomized Wrong as cannibalism. When one's will is eaten. And remember what Lévi-Strauss said about Culture? I think these concepts synchronize—Love, Morality, Culture—Lévi-Strauss says Culture begins, it *begins*, Barry, Culture begins where incest is outlawed..."

"Incest?"

"Culture begins where it's outlawed."

"You mean sex with a mother and son?"

"Or a sister and brother, don't forget, Barry. As in the case of the Pharaohs."

"Lévi-Strauss said that?"

"*Le même*," Fran jokes.

"The blue jeans guy?"

"Blue genes?" Fran repeats: "What a clever way with words you have—!"

"Barry?"

"Yeah?"

"I feel we're getting very close."

"Are we... are you starting now?"

"Starting?"

"Are we going to play it as 'Incest'? I've, uh, never played the incest mode, but what the hell, I'm game. Why don't you start. Go ahead. Uh, play the Mother. Talk dirty, too. I like that. Talk about cats fucking. Talk fucking filthy dirty to me, Mommy..."

Fran senses something moving in the hallway.

"Barry?" she whispers, terrified.

"Yes, Mom?"

She can hear him breathing.

Stealthily the hand of a glimpsed form falls noiselessly across the cradle of the telephone receiver and the silence holding Fran to Barry Kafka is transposed into another higher range of silence, one which threatens with each moment to burst into a howl, a savage war cry.

Dina takes the phone from Fran. She moves across the kitchen in her bare feet and draws herself a glass of water from the tap. She moves as if she's tracking something. She doesn't speak to Fran. She takes a sip of water. Her bathrobe smells of sex. She looks at Fran and finally says, "Have you completely lost your mind?"

They seem to stare at one another although Fran, herself, is looking less at Dina than at the *distance* that the walls define, the way they seem to form a ring around their voices. "Don't talk so loud," Fran whispers.

Dina puts her glass down on the counter with a force that cracks it. "I'll talk any way I goddam please. The phone bill came today."

Except for tracing interlocking circles with her finger on the tabletop, Fran holds very still.

"Who the *hell* have you been calling?"

"No one."

"Answer, Fran. I've had to take a lot of shit from Sherman over this. The bill is seven hundred dollars."

"I'll pay you back."

"The hell you'll pay us *back*: you'll *pay* it. Now. Tonight. Or else you're packing."

"I don't have the money."

"Did you go to that employment office?"

"Yes."

"Don't lie to me! I called there myself! I know you didn't!"

Fran continues to draw circles on the tabletop.

"I'm working on my résumé," she whispers.

"No one gives a fuck about your résumé! No one gives a fuck about your Ph.D.! No one gives a fuck about your thesis, do you understand?"

Fran doesn't move.

In the middle of the night the best plan, *der best-plan*, is to pull in, make a circle, keep one's head down low.

"You have to go," Dina finally dictates.

"Let me spend the night," Fran pleads. "I'll make some calls..."

"No more calls!"

"Only just a couple..."

"No."

"You want me to be killed."

"I just want you to go *away*."

"I'm not prepared."

"That's tough."

"They'll kill me."

"Fran..."

"They'll kill me, Dina. Can't you hear them? There are Indians out there." ■



## ETHICS IN EMBRYO

Soon after the introduction of a controversial technology—nuclear energy, say, or the test-tube baby or the artificial heart—something goes very obviously wrong. A baby dies, a circulatory system fails, a radioactive cloud escapes on an easterly wind.

The event sets in motion an anguished debate between those who believe in what they are pleased to call progress and those who argue unprincipled science will subvert the moral order and diminish the value of human life. The two sets of apologists agree on only one point—that the public debate began only after the damage had been done. In anticipation of this familiar complaint, *Harper's Magazine* assembled a small group of people associated with various aspects of the current discussion about the uses of genetic engineering. No subject excites stronger emotions or opens more doors into a brave new world.

Presented with three proposed techniques—not yet practicable but entirely plausible within the bounds of current laboratory research—the participants were invited to address the embryonic moral questions implicit in the biotechnologies.

*The following forum is based on a discussion held at the Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art in New York City. Lewis H. Lapham served as moderator.*

LEWIS H. LAPHAM  
*is editor of Harper's Magazine.*

NANCY NEVELOFF DUBLER  
*is the director of the Division of Legal and Ethical Issues in Health Care at the Montefiore Medical Center in New York City. She has written widely about medical dilemmas in contemporary health care.*

THOMAS H. MURRAY  
*is the director of the Center for Bioethics at the School of Medicine of Case Western Reserve University.*

JEREMY RIFKIN  
*is president of the Foundation on Economic Trends in Washington, D.C. He is the author of Entropy, Algeny, Declaration of a Heretic, and the recently published Time Wars: The Primary Conflict in Human History.*

LEE SALK  
*is clinical professor of psychology in psychiatry and pediatrics at Cornell University Medical Center and professor of child development at Brown University. He is the author of nine books on the parent-child relationship.*

## Fetal Brain Implants

### CURRENT TECHNOLOGY

*Swedish scientists have relieved the symptoms of Parkinson's disease by implanting fetal brain tissue in patients' brains. The fetal tissue causes regeneration in the surrounding brain tissue.*

### PROPOSED TECHNOLOGY

*Scientists discover that fetal brain implants restore mental lucidity in Alzheimer's disease patients.*

LEWIS LAPHAM: **L**et's say the breakthrough of using fetal brains to reverse Alzheimer's was announced this morning. This means the demand for fetal brain tissue will no longer be confined to the small number of Parkinson's patients. Now almost everyone will have a grandfather or grandmother who could benefit. Nancy Dubler, do you think there's a problem with the widespread use of fetal brains as a routine therapy?

NANCY DUBLER: That depends on the restrictions applied, the assumptions about the fetus, and the context. Fetuses deserve respect. I don't think that principle conflicts with the right of a woman to an abortion. But it would demand that nothing demeaning or repugnant be done with the fetus.

Let us assume a woman opts for an abortion and the fetus that is removed has brain tissue which could be effectively transplanted. If the mother had no objection, then it could be used. There should be a requirement that the arrange-

ment not be commercial. The woman should not profit from the procedure. The issue of profit to the physician is slightly more complicated.

LEE SALK: I agree with Nancy that the context is important. What would make it repugnant would be if a woman became pregnant in order to sell the aborted fetus.

LAPHAM: Tom Murray, why is the profit motive repugnant? We sell blood.

THOMAS MURRAY: Actually we sell very little blood in this country. The overwhelming majority is donated. We used to think that you had to pay people to get them to give blood. But that turns out not to be true. The American public is overwhelmingly against a commercial system for blood. They would probably feel the same repugnance to a market in fetal brains.

One of the primary reasons we donate blood, organs, and other kinds of tissues is to affirm our ties with the strangers among whom we live. It is one of the few ways left open for us, in a mass bureaucratic society, to minister to their needs, particularly their health needs.

LAPHAM: I really don't understand the objection to the profit motive. We're talking about a waste product here: thousands of fetuses are discarded every day.

DUBLER: We would not want to live in a society where women became pregnant for the purpose of making money.



LAPHAM: For Mary Beth Whitehead, we already do live in that kind of society.

DUBLER: That's different. And some of us want to see that practice halted.

But if you go back to blood donation—and I think Tom is right, that is the closest analogy—we discovered that to maintain the highest quality blood supply it was unwise to have people sell their blood. The profit motive, it turns out, encourages blood donations from hepatitis carriers. But more than that, you don't want to encourage commerce in human parts. That's a bad idea.

LAPHAM: Let's say there's no commercial motivation: Should you use discarded fetal brains to treat Alzheimer's?

DUBLER: In organ donations, when someone dies, we approach the family. We say, "Now that this person is dead, someone else may benefit from what remains physiologically of this person." We ask the family for their consent. That seems to me to be the closest analogy we have.

LAPHAM: So that you would ask women coming into abortion clinics routinely to sign a waiver allowing the fetal tissue to be used?

DUBLER: Yes. It would be a two-step process. First, society reaches a judgment, either through its legislative process or through a combination of political and administrative processes, that this is a good for society and should be encouraged. Step two, the individual involved—the gestational mother—can refuse or consent to have those fetal parts used.

LAPHAM: Jeremy Rifkin, do you agree?

JEREMY RIFKIN: There's a broader question that needs to be looked at. For the last hundred years in Western medical science, there has been a shift toward utilitarianism, toward short-term benefits to individuals. However, utilitarianism has thrived at the expense of a gradual desacralization of the life process. In this kind of procedure, two different values conflict: the short-term utilitarian value to the individual versus the long-run systematic desacralization of human life itself.

Science and technology in Western civilization have increasingly reduced living things to dead material for manipulation. We need to ask ourselves: Is life more than the chemicals that make it up? Is life more than tissues and cells and nucleic acid sequences?

MURRAY: I don't think utilitarianism or reduction-

ism is the issue here. In fact, if you consider how the theologians have approached organ transplantation—theologians such as Paul Ramsey—they can, in the end, justify organ transplantation precisely because they believe in the sacredness of life.

DUBLER: I am a bit surprised, Jeremy, by your answer. When you sign an organ-donation card, or when a family agrees to an organ transplant after a person is brain-dead, that is a benefit to others and not a detriment to the individual. I would argue it enhances the sanctity of life by permitting others to enjoy a better quality of life.

RIFKIN: Let me try to place this in another time context. I'm not talking about the immediate moment because one could advance very good arguments for each immediate moment over the last fifty to seventy-five years of medical advances in Western culture. I'm arguing about a longer time span. If we look at this period anthropologically we find that, step-by-step, we are reducing life to the chemical components that make it up. And we're doing it in the name of good, in the name of providing benefits for our fellow human beings. But we're going to have to look at the long-term implications of doing that. I think they are profound and disturbing, and again they get to the heart of our world view.

In public policy in Washington, ethical concerns always play a secondary role to commercial considerations. By the time the ethics of a new technology are debated, it's generally too late to change course. The technology is already ensconced in the marketplace. The religious community, the social philosophers, and the ethicists—much to my chagrin—have been edged out of public deliberation in any meaningful way on these technologies.

MURRAY: You could make those arguments about almost any earlier technology. Penicillin was a new technology once; it was discovered in 1928 and made available in the '40s. At the same time you could have said: We don't know all the effects—more children will survive childhood and that will affect housing markets; more old people will live longer because we can now cure them of pneumonia at age seventy-three instead of just letting them die. We could have faced exactly the same questions.

SALK: Take the case of diabetes: Insulin treatment has allowed millions of people to reach reproductive age who have a diabetic tendency. Insulin has introduced into the population a high incidence of people prone to diabetes.

My own research on adolescent suicide suggests that complications during pregnancy, labor, and delivery seem to increase the likelihood of suicide during adolescence and perhaps later in life. Now that we can save more babies, we might be, in a sense, tampering with nature's quality control.

Thirty years ago we did not engage in heroics in the delivery room. Newborns were allowed to die if there were any complications. Today those same babies survive and seem to be at risk for problems later. Maybe we're introducing certain weaknesses into the species. That's the disadvantage and it suggests a much larger question.

Survival of the fittest in the evolutionary process and natural selection may no longer be the only factors influencing the course of life. We have reached the point where we can control our evolution and change the world we live in without waiting for natural forces to operate. We have become the force that can control our evolution. The problem is *how* we are going to shape it. We will indeed be doing that and manipulating things that were once considered totally unacceptable. Implanting fetal brains in adults' brains is only the beginning.

## Sex Determination Before Conception

### CURRENT TECHNOLOGY

*Male- and female-producing sperm can be separated by machine. Artificial insemination then gives parents the opportunity to choose the sex of their child. The success rate is 95 percent when seeking boys, slightly less for girls.*

### PROPOSED TECHNOLOGY

*A spermicide that kills either male- or female-producing sperm and provides near statistical certainty in determining the sex of the child.*

LAPHAM: **L**et's suppose that this spermicide—let's call it Sexselex—can determine at intercourse the sex of the child.

MURRAY: I suppose it comes in pink and blue tubes?

LAPHAM: Exactly. Now, I'm the father of, say, three sons, and I want to have a daughter. I want to buy Sexselex. What do you tell me?

DUBLER: You can't buy it. I tell you to read all the pertinent literature and to arrange intercourse at that time and in that position recommended

by the literature to produce the boy or girl you want.

LAPHAM: What's the difference? I can buy it for \$5 in a blue or pink tube. Otherwise it could take ten years and I could miss. Maybe I'm not athletic enough.

DUBLER: I'm telling you there are certain technologies which could be so disruptive to the basic fabric of society that we will say they are excluded from the marketplace. Whatever shadow of that technology you can achieve through more natural processes, you're welcome to do.

Given the ongoing problem of female infanticide in China and India, it seems clear that the technology would be used to discriminate mainly against females.

SALK: I have no doubt that we will use this technology, but I have real problems with it. If we begin to manipulate the existing balance between genders in any society, we will have a major disruptive effect on society.

If a man and a woman want to bring a child into this world only if it is a certain gender, they shouldn't have a child in the first place. When it comes to French poodles, they can choose. But the nurturing of a child should not depend on its gender.

LAPHAM: Wait. I'm allowed to take an aspirin. I'm allowed to take penicillin. I'm allowed to take all kinds of products that are not natural. But now you're telling me that to conceive a child I must return to the state of nature.

DUBLER: You're also allowed to take medication that will prevent conception. But there are certain parts of the reproductive process that properly lie beyond individual manipulation by scientific technology.

LAPHAM: Do you think you have any chance explaining that to a desperate father?

DUBLER: I think that there are some plights of the human condition for which there are impermissible answers. This is one. I'm sorry that you have only three sons. I agree that daughters are highly valuable. But it is not a problem to which society permits a specific and effective solution.

LAPHAM: Even though I can buy it in the drugstore?

DUBLER: No, no. I'm not letting you buy it in the drugstore.

SALK: You're not going to be able to stop him.



DUBLER: I would make every effort to keep it out of the drugstore by having the FDA refuse to license it.

LAPHAM: If you pass that law, I'll make a fortune. I'll make much more with Sexselex on the black market than I could over the counter.

RIFKIN: This example forces us to address what's really happening here. As we move out of the Industrial Age into the Biotechnical Age, we're increasingly able to manipulate living things for our own advantage. What we're really talking about is engineering the life process. So let's begin by understanding what engineering is.

We are introducing technological principles into reproduction. We are exploiting living things with the same methodology used during the Industrial Age to exploit inanimate things.

Engineering is about quality controls, design, and building predictability into the product.

SALK: It is disruptive to any culture to interfere with the balance of male and female. But it's inevitable; it's going to happen. With so many new technologies, we look back and wonder "How did we ever adapt?" Well, we did adapt.

LAPHAM: But would you try to legislate this technology out of existence?

SALK: If we did, we would indeed make some people rich by creating a black market. My approach would be for public education to convince people it's unwise to do this. It may be better to develop a conscience than to develop legislation. People may act on their conscience.

MURRAY: We shouldn't let this product on the market. The reason Lee Salk and Nancy Dubler offer is cogent, but it's not the only reason.

If we let you choose your child's sex, we're saying it is socially legitimate to get pregnant, test the fetus, and decide whether to keep it or not.

LAPHAM: Don't we do that already?

MURRAY: We do for certain limited purposes. We use amniocentesis to look for certain serious detectable disorders. Should we also use it to screen for gender? I think not.

Look what the baby becomes—a commodity just like your car. You want it with air-conditioning? This one doesn't have air-conditioning, so you return it to the manufacturer.

## Creating a Prosthetic God

With every tool man is perfecting his own organs, whether motor or sensory, or is removing the limits to their functioning. Motor power places gigantic forces at his disposal, which, like his muscles, he can employ in any direction; thanks to ships and aircraft neither water nor air can hinder his movements; by means of spectacles he corrects defects in the lens of his own eye; by means of the telescope he sees into the far distance; and by means of the microscope he overcomes the limits of visibility set by the structure of his retina. . . .

These things that, by his science and technology, man has brought about on this earth, on which he first appeared as a feeble animal organism and on which each individual of his species must once more make its entry ("oh inch of nature!") as a helpless suckling—these things do not only sound like a fairy tale, they are an actual fulfillment of every—or of almost every—fairy-tale wish. All these assets he may lay claim to as his cultural acquisition. Long ago he formed an ideal conception of omnipotence and omniscience which he embodied in his gods. To these gods he attributed everything that seemed

unattainable to his wishes, or that was forbidden to him. One may say, therefore, that these gods were cultural ideals. Today he has come very close to the attainment of this ideal, he has almost become a god himself. Only, it is true, in the fashion in which ideals are usually attained according to the general judgment of humanity. Not completely; in some respects not at all, in others only half way. Man has, as it were, become a kind of prosthetic God. When he puts on all his auxiliary organs he is truly magnificent; but those organs have not grown on to him and they still give him much trouble at times. Nevertheless, he is entitled to console himself with the thought that this development will not come to an end precisely with the year 1930 A.D. Future ages will bring with them new and probably unimaginably great advances in this field of civilization and will increase man's likeness to God still more. But in the interests of our investigations, we will not forget that present-day man does not feel happy in his Godlike character.

—from *Civilization and Its Discontents*,  
by Sigmund Freud

LAPHAM: Our society already treats its citizenry like commodities.

MURRAY: Do you really believe we can buy and sell each other?

LAPHAM: That's exactly what we do every day.

DUBLER: This sounds like Sweeney Todd's London.

LAPHAM: No, it sounds like Donald Trump's New York.

## Genetic Profiles of Test-tube Babies

### CURRENT TECHNOLOGY

*In vitro fertilization involves the withdrawal of about six eggs from a woman. All the eggs are fertilized with the father's sperm. Those eggs which show abnormal cell division in the early stages are destroyed. The remaining fertilized eggs are returned to the mother's womb for development.*

### PROPOSED TECHNOLOGY

*The woman takes fertility drugs, or is "superovulated," to produce around thirty eggs. These are fertilized and genetically profiled to determine whether the embryo has diseases, such as Huntington's chorea; afflictions, such as Down's syndrome, or even simple astigmatism; and finally for characteristics such as eye color, skin color, and physical imperfections.*

LAPHAM: I've got thirty fertilized eggs here. Ms. Dubler, am I allowed to throw out the embryos with Down's syndrome or serious disorders?

DUBLER: Yes. We look to find out if there is Down's syndrome or any other affliction that we recognize as exceptionally painful and difficult, those that are not a "good" in human beings.

LAPHAM: How do we know which traits are "not a good in human beings"?

RIFKIN: Exactly. Every year we locate more and more genetic markers for single-gene diseases. When the technology exists to remove them, there will be parental pressure to do so. Soon parents are going to have a genetic read-out of all the traits they can potentially pass on to their children. Parents will become statisticians. They're going to ask, "Do I want to burden my child with a particular trait?"

Where do you draw the line? There are several thousand recessive traits. Leukemia can kill

your child at three, heart disease at thirty, and Alzheimer's at fifty. At what point do you say no? Society might even legislate or compel parents not to pass on certain traits because of the health costs likely to be incurred.

We're forcing a profound change in the parent-child relationship. As we introduce predictability, we create more pressure for perfect eggs, perfect sperm, and perfect embryos.

MURRAY: Let's make a distinction. With a disease, a child is sick and in pain. And there are a relative handful of genetic disorders that cause great suffering. But with a recessive trait the gene is not expressed, so the child is not ill. There are thousands of those, so why remove them?

LAPHAM: Let's get back to my petri dish. You've got thirty fertilized eggs. You're going to allow me to take out Down's. What else are you going to let me take out?

DUBLER: Tay-Sachs, Huntington's. If we have the same information about early-onset Alzheimer's as we do about Tay-Sachs, I would include early-onset Alzheimer's.

LAPHAM: I'm down to twenty-six. Now let's suppose the twenty-fifth one has got a harelip. Am I allowed to take that one out?

DUBLER: You're not going to test for that, so you're not going to know.

LAPHAM: As soon as I get the technology I'm going to test for that. Mr. Rifkin is right. Once you let me take out Tay-Sachs, there's no stopping.

DUBLER: I don't agree with that at all. There is a fundamental assumption in this discussion with which I disagree profoundly: that we as a society cannot make and enforce decisions. We as a society could have a reproductive policy which stated that we could test for those conditions that burden the life to such a degree that it is permissible to exclude them. The number of conditions would be limited. Aside from those, you would not gather the information. It would be regulated the same way we now regulate research.

RIFKIN: How do you determine "the conditions that burden life"? What about a disease that kills at age five or one that kills at age thirty?

DUBLER: Dying of Huntington's is a terrible death, and I think that society has a shared perception on certain diseases. We can draw lines. We are human beings; we deal with difficult problems all the time.



MURRAY: Jeremy, you lack faith in our ability to make judgments, yet we make judgments all the time. We decide what is a disease and what is not a disease, what's a deformity and what's not a deformity. For example, society says: "If you have a harelip, that's a deformity, and it's enough of one to warrant trying to correct it. We'll even help you pay for it."

That's a social consensus. Whereas if you

want a tummy tuck because you don't like your paunch, we say we'll let you do it, but we sure as hell won't pay for it. We draw that line. You may want to argue with me about how to draw it, but we draw it nonetheless.

LAPHAM: But our "society" is defined by the marketplace. And a capitalist ethic does not allow the state to say: Do this, do that.

## The More Evil Monster

I suddenly beheld the figure of a man, at some distance, advancing towards me with superhuman speed. He bounded over the crevices in the ice, among which I had walked with caution; his stature, also, as he approached seemed to exceed that of man. I was troubled; a mist came over my eyes, and I felt a faintness seize me; but I was quickly restored by the cold gale of the mountains. I perceived, as the shape came nearer (sight tremendous and abhorred!) that it was the wretch whom I had created. . . .

"Devil," I exclaimed, "do you dare approach me? And do not you fear the fierce vengeance of my arm wreaked on your miserable head? Begone, vile insect! Or rather, stay, that I may trample you to dust! And, oh! That I could, with the extinction of your miserable existence, restore those victims whom you have so diabolically murdered!"

"I expected this reception," said the demon. "All men hate the wretched; how, then, must I be hated, who am miserable beyond all living things! Yet you, my creator, detest and spurn me, thy creature, to whom thou art bound by ties only dissoluble by the annihilation of one of us. You purpose to kill me. How dare you sport thus with life? Do your duty towards me, and I will do mine towards you and the rest of mankind. If you will comply with my conditions, I will leave them and you at peace; but if you refuse, I will glut the maw of death, until it be satiated with the blood of your remaining friends."

"Abhorred monster! Fiend that thou art! The tortures of hell are too mild a vengeance for thy crimes. Wretched devil! You reproach me with your creation; come on, then, that I may extinguish the spark which I so negligently bestowed."

... "Be calm! I entreat you to hear me before you give vent to your hatred on my devoted head. Have I not suffered enough, that you seek to increase my misery? Life, although it may

only be an accumulation of anguish, is dear to me, and I will defend it. Remember, thou hast made me more powerful than thyself; my height is superior to thine, my joints more supple. But I will not be tempted to set myself in opposition to thee. I am thy creature, and I will be even mild and docile to my natural lord and king if thou wilt also perform thy part, the which thou owest me. Oh, Frankenstein, be not equitable to every other and trample upon me alone, to whom thy justice, and even thy clemency and affection, is most due. Remember that I am thy creature; I ought to be thy Adam, but I am rather the fallen angel, whom thou drivest from joy for no misdeed. Everywhere I see bliss, from which I alone am irrevocably excluded. I was benevolent and good; misery made me a fiend. Make me happy, and I shall again be virtuous."

"Begone! I will not hear you. There can be no community between you and me; we are enemies. Begone, or let us try our strength in a fight, in which one must fall."

"How can I move thee? Will no entreaties cause thee to turn a favorable eye upon thy creature, who implores thy goodness and compassion? Believe me, Frankenstein, I was benevolent; my soul glowed with love and humanity; but am I not alone, miserably alone? You, my creator, abhor me; what hope can I gather from your fellow creatures, who owe me nothing? ... Listen to my tale; when you have heard that, abandon or commiserate me, as you shall judge that I deserve. But hear me. The guilty are allowed, by human laws, bloody as they are, to speak in their own defense before they are condemned. Listen to me, Frankenstein. You accuse me of murder, and yet you would, with a satisfied conscience, destroy your own creature. Oh, praise the eternal justice of man! Yet I ask you not to spare me; listen to me, and then, if you can, and if you will, destroy the work of your hands."

—from *Frankenstein*, by Mary W. Shelley

DUBLER: Sure it does. Let me give you an example. On the black market, you can buy or sell anything. You can torture people. You can pay to have them killed. You can sell human flesh. I don't want to argue that criminals don't exist. On the open market, though, what society professes to believe guides our behavior.

Over the last decade we as a society have said there are certain values in medical research which we will support and ones we will prohibit.

For example, you can't do research on children where there is more than a "minimal risk to the child" unless there is an overwhelming compensating benefit. So we've taken medical research, which is also driven by the marketplace, by gain, by ego, by position, and we've said, *no*, there are certain things that you can't do.

Let me come back to our petri dish. There are certain things you can't do. You can take out Huntington's and you can take out early Alzheimer's and then you are left with a certain number of fertilized eggs. Here's what you do: You will line them up, you will take the first one in line, and you will implant it. I don't think that's any more difficult than regulating research. The black market will exist, but that doesn't invalidate my argument.

RIFKIN: What we're really talking about is eugenics. Professional ethicists keep looking out the front door saying, "I hope this technology isn't abused by a particular government or a particular ideological system. I hope another Adolf Hitler doesn't come along."

Meanwhile a new eugenics has quietly slipped in the back door. You can hear it in our conversation today. We're talking about commercial eugenics. We want perfect babies. We want perfect plants and animals. We want a better economy. There's no evil intent here. The road to the Brave New World is paved with good intentions.

Step-by-step, we are deciding to engineer parts of the genetic code of living things. Two important questions emerge: If we're going to engineer the genetic code, what criteria does this society establish for determining good and bad, useful and dysfunctional genes? And I would like to know whether there is an institution anyone here would trust with the ultimate authority to decide the genetic blueprints for a living thing?

MURRAY: Wait. You asked me to come up with a criterion for a disease everyone thinks should be engineered out. Here it is: a disease that causes a prolonged, painful, and undignified death. How does that sound?

RIFKIN: Would you feel qualified to be on the President's Commission set up to advise on this?

MURRAY: You never answer a question.

RIFKIN: Would you feel qualified to give advice and consent as to what genetic changes in the biological code of human beings are permissible?

MURRAY: Yes. I wouldn't feel qualified to make the ultimate judgment, but I would feel qualified to become part of the discussion. The alternative is to do nothing. Again, Jeremy, you hold no faith in our ability to make any distinctions, any reasonable judgments.

RIFKIN: I have faith in humanity's ability to make reasonable judgments. The question is who is making the judgments and on behalf of whom? What are the preconceptions and central assumptions that we're using?

SALK: Let's look for a moment at a technology developed two decades ago and see where that's taken us. Neonatology, the medical science devoted to troubled newborns, emerged as a subspecialty around 1965 and created a new breed of physicians. Have we made any reasonable judgments in this field? What I see is a technology driving these doctors to save babies at the lowest birth weight possible. Today I see babies born in our hospital with multiple handicaps. We can save a 600-gram baby, but I don't think the doctors are as concerned with the quality of life as they should be.

DUBLER: I disagree with that entirely. They're very concerned, although puzzled as to how to determine it. They're very aware that it would be unethical to save a 200-gram infant.

SALK: But I'm not sure it's ethical to save a 1,000-gram infant with multiple handicaps.

DUBLER: Many neonatologists would agree.

SALK: But no one is setting up any criteria that they can abide by. Thirty years ago, when a baby was born with respiratory distress, other than giving it oxygen, they would just put it in the corner and let nature take its course. Mothers were told, "This is God's will. You would have had a multiply handicapped child. It's better to let it go." And people accepted that. They had no problems with that at all.

DUBLER: I disagree with almost every one of your statements. There are some babies who are so clearly in intractable pain that they cannot lead any sort of reasonable life. At that point they



are let go. Those decisions are made carefully and adequately on moral bases by the medical team and the parents.

Neonatology is a good example where principles—incorporating both science and ethics—have provided real guideposts for caregivers. Similarly, I think a standard for genetic decisions could be developed along the lines of Tom Murray's criterion: when suffering and disease and an undignified death are inevitable.

MURRAY: It's hard to imagine a culture that would not spare people suffering and painful death, as long as it didn't come at a terrible moral price.

LAPHAM: What I hear Nancy and Tom saying is that you are prepared to breed out pain or death in our petri dish but you're not prepared to breed anything in.

DUBLER: Correct.

MURRAY: Right.

LAPHAM: Why not breed in? We could solve the problem of racism, for instance. Let's take out skin color in my petri dish. Why won't you let me do that?

MURRAY: Is that the way to respond to a social problem like discrimination?

LAPHAM: You let me prevent hideous death, but you won't let me put in any "positive" traits.

RIFKIN: When the day comes that we can make these decisions, we will probably be less tolerant of the disabled because we will perceive them as defective products.

Also, we're likely to see the beginning of a prejudice based on genetic type, on genetic read-out, which is likely to be just as virulent as prejudice based on race or ethnic background.

Should your employer know that you have a tendency toward Alzheimer's? Should your school system know the genetic read-out of your child? Should a government have these records? I suspect we're going to see the beginning of a biological caste system in the next two to three centuries. We may be seeing the gradual emergence of eugenics in civilization.

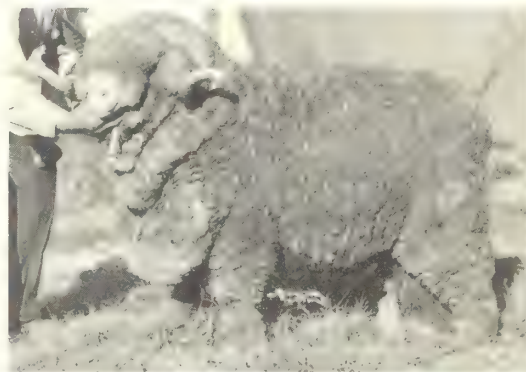
MURRAY: You're using the word "eugenics" a little too cavalierly here. Eugenics means the management of the genetic stock of a population.

RIFKIN: To improve it.

MURRAY: To "improve" it, as if we know what that means.

## Hyper Evolution

Centuries of animal husbandry have turned the shaggy, stocky bull into a short-haired meaty animal. The svelte, speedy turkey of Ben Franklin's day is now walking breast meat. But such physical changes seem quaint alongside the achievements of today's genetics—mice twice normal size, tobacco with the firefly's ability to glow in the dark, frost-resistant strawberries.



*In 1936, Rambouillet sheep were bred to be fat for their lard and wrinkly for a high yield of wool.*



*After fifty years of selective breeding, the 1987 Rambouillet is wrinkle-free to simplify shearing and lean to satisfy today's low-fat eaters.*



*Recently the University of California at Davis announced the existence of a chimera: a "geep," the genetically engineered result of a Rambouillet sheep and a goat. To date, two geep have been born in the U.S.*

RIFKIN: That's the problem with engineering for improvement. Do you know of any engineer who only wants to make technology *somewhat* efficient but not *perfectly* efficient? Do you know of any engineer who stops midway through the process and decides to accept less than the most efficient solution? I don't. Engineers want to continue the process until they have *perfected* the technology. Why would it be any different in genetic engineering than it is in mechanical or electrical or nuclear engineering?

DUBLER: Because people are not bolts of steel.

RIFKIN: But we are beginning to perceive living things as indistinguishable from bolts of steel.

## The Corpse of Science

The dilemma of today is not that the human values cannot control a mechanical science. It is the other way about: the scientific spirit is more human than the machinery of governments. We have not let either the tolerance or the empiricism of science enter the parochial rules by which we still try to prescribe the behavior of nations. Our conduct as states clings to a code of self-interest which science, like humanity, has long left behind.

The body of technical science burdens and threatens us because we are trying to employ the body without the spirit; we are trying to buy the corpse of science. We are hagridden by the power of nature which we should command, because we think its command needs less devotion and understanding than its discovery. And because we know how gunpowder works, we sigh for the days before atomic bombs. But massacre is not prevented by sticking to gunpowder; the Thirty Years' War is proof of that. Massacre is prevented by the scientist's ethic, and the poet's, and every creator's: that the end for which we work exists and is judged only by the means which we use to reach it. This is the human sum of the values of science. It is the basis of a society which scrupulously seeks knowledge to match and govern its power. But it is not the scientist who can govern society; his duty is to teach it the implications and the values in his work. Sir Thomas More said this in 1516, that the single-minded man must not govern but teach; and nearly twenty years later went to the scaffold for neglecting his own counsel.

—from *Science and Human Values*,

by Bronowski

DUBLER: I don't accept that judgment.

RIFKIN: It depends on what your highest value is. If your highest value is respect for life, then I would agree that we've got a fighting chance here. If, however, the highest value in civilization is efficiency, expediency, and engineering values, then I would say we're in trouble.

MURRAY: If that's the way the values line up, we're in deep trouble. I think fortunately the values don't line up that way.

RIFKIN: The problem with these different values is that they are being developed into a new sociology, one that goes hand-in-hand with genetic engineering. Increasingly we open up the newspaper and find articles saying we have located the newest gene governing personality or social behavior (a good example is the much celebrated but recently discredited "depression" gene).

We're beginning to believe that our social behavior is a direct result of our genetic typing. Social biologists don't come right out and say, "It's all genetics; it's all inheritance." What they do say is more subtle: That genetic inheritance is the *broad determinant* of your personality. Environment, institutions, and values play some role, they say, but it's a smaller role than we had thought.

What happens in a society that has both the technology to manipulate the genetic code and a social biology that suggests that we are no more or less than the genes that make us up? It's a dangerous combination, moving us ever closer to a eugenic civilization.

MURRAY: This is not the first sweeping intellectual change that mankind has experienced. I think Jeremy is right in saying that this challenges the way we think about ourselves. But then again so did Copernicus, so did Darwin, so did Freud. They challenged us to think about ourselves in entirely new ways—in ways at least as profound as those imposed by the genetic-engineering revolution. We still look at ourselves as creatures capable of dignity, capable of meaning, capable of morality.

DUBLER: One example of individual choice—and a simple form of genetic engineering—is choosing your spouse. If you think, for example, that sociological characteristics are linked to behaviors that are determined by genes, then you ought not to choose someone to reproduce with who has a history of assaults or burglaries or murders.

LAPHAM: You're allowing me free choice with my spouse but not my child.



DUBLER: Yes, absolutely. Even though over 50 percent of us in this country make bad decisions in our choice of a spouse, we will not limit that foolishness even when it's repetitive foolishness. That's because there are values inherent in individual choice.

LAPHAM: I don't understand what value system anybody at this table lives by. You'll allow me free choice with a spouse, but not with a child.

SALK: We'll allow you free choice about whether or not to have children.

LAPHAM: And you'll allow me to design my child with enormously expensive neonatal care, private schools, child psychiatrists, Yale University.

DUBLER: That's coping with your decisions.

LAPHAM: No. It's trying to imprint on my descendant a certain set of traits.

DUBLER: You get to rear your child, that's all.

LAPHAM: I get to rear—not design—my child?

DUBLER: Yes.

RIFKIN: But wait a minute. What I gather from you is that some design is permissible and some isn't.

DUBLER: To manipulate for a good—such as ruling out Huntington's—is different than designing.

RIFKIN: To plan in advance the outcome of something: That's what design is. So what you really want is to eliminate the word "design."

DUBLER: Because language helps us distinguish among processes even when they are similar.

RIFKIN: Haven't you introduced design by eliminating one gene? It seems to me you're not taking full responsibility for this. You're saying you are willing to design for some things but not others. It's not semantics. It's a question of whether you're willing to plan any part of the genetic make-up of your offspring in advance.

MURRAY: I'm willing to spare my offspring the horrors of a few terrible diseases.

RIFKIN: It's interesting how we use language. Scientists used the term "genetic engineering" up until the late 1970s. When the controversy over genetics emerged the word was changed from "engineering" to "therapy." Suddenly we're talking about gene therapy. What's the difference between engineering and therapy?

LAPHAM: From this discussion it seems obvious. Therapy connotes taking away the negatives, and engineering connotes putting in the positives. The sentiment here is that it's okay to take away the negatives; that's therapy. It's not okay to put in the positives; that's engineering.

RIFKIN: So when an engineer takes a defect out of a machine, that's not engineering—that's therapy.

MURRAY: We're not talking about engineering; we are talking about eliminating a disease.

RIFKIN: You're talking here about changing the blueprint of life itself.

MURRAY: When a physician cures a disease, is that engineering?

RIFKIN: Yes, if the physician engineers changes into the genetic blueprint. When an engineer eliminates a defect in the design of a tool, that's engineering. Because you're going right to the heart of the actual technology that you've created. Remember, just because something can be done doesn't mean it inevitably should be done. Throughout history many more technologies have been rejected by various cultures than accepted. It's only in the last 200 years of the Western world view that we have come to believe that if it can be done, it's inevitable—a *fait accompli*. As if new technologies come here in some mysterious way, by the gods, and we just stumble across them and therefore have to live with them as we do the changing seasons. That view allows us not to take responsibility. I don't assume that any of these things are a *fait accompli*.

DUBLER: It's a wonderful moment: Jeremy and I agree. There is no technological imperative. That's exactly what I've been arguing. Simply because a technology exists is no reason that we must use it or that we can use it.

RIFKIN: But what are you going to do? You have to have a change in world views to deal responsibly with this technology. You can't use this world view to critique this technology because this world view is the architect of this technology.

DUBLER: I believe that scholarly discussion serves as the basis for public discussion and that is how our society should proceed. Ideas are addressed by scholars, which are then discussed by legislators, which then become the subject of articles in the public press. Eventually, but not without great difficulty, this debate will produce a consensus on what our overriding values should be. ■

# The way beyond Babel.

Imagine trying to build a railroad system if every locomotive manufacturer used a different track gauge. Every local stretch of railroad had its own code of signals. And in order to ride a train, you needed to know the gauges and the signals and the switching procedures and the route and the conductor's odd pronunciation of the station names.

The business of moving and managing information is in a similar state today. Machines can't always talk to each other. Proprietary systems and networks abound, with suppliers often jockeying to make theirs the *de facto* standard. The enormous potential of the Information Age is being dissipated by incompatibility.

The solution, as we see it, is common standards which would allow electronic systems in one or many locations to work together. People will be informed and in control, while the systems exchange

process, and act on information automatically.

AT&T is working with national, international, and industry-wide organizations to set up comprehensive, international standards to be shared by everyone who uses and provides information technology. We think it's time for everyone in our industry to commit to developing firm, far-reaching standards. The goal: to provide our customers with maximum flexibility and utility. Then, they can decide how and with whom to work.

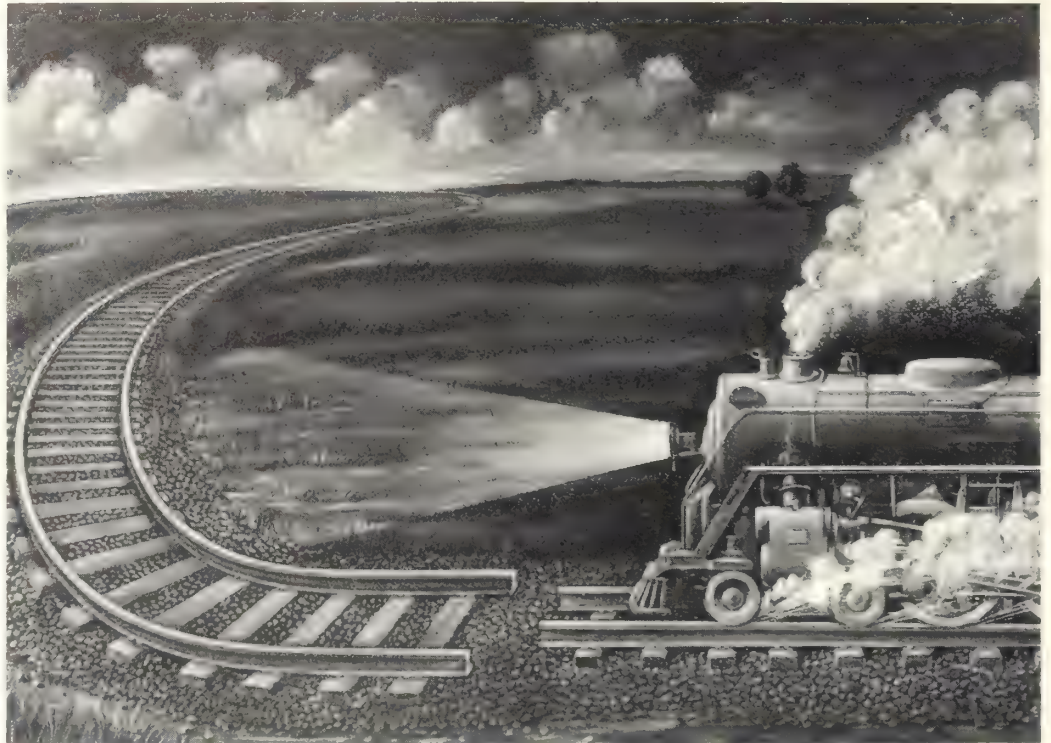
We foresee a time when the promise of the Information Age will be realized. People will participate in a world-wide Telecommunity through a vast, global network of networks, the merging of communications and computers. They'll be able to handle

information in any form—conversation, data, images, text—as easily as they make a phone call today.

The science is here now. The technology is coming along rapidly. But only with compatibility will the barriers to Telecommunity recede.

Telecommunity is our goal. Technology is our means.

We're committed to leading the way.





# HITLER'S SHADOW

On being a self-conscious German

By Peter Schneider

What I write here, I write in anger and disgust. I would like to be able to maintain that we Germans—those in their fifties and sixties who sit at the controls of the Federal Republic of Germany, and those of my generation (in our forties) who entered politics in 1968 with the anti-authoritarian revolt—we, all of us, are not guilty. I would like to say the breast-beating has got to cease. German history does go beyond the twelve years of the thousand-year Reich; it has produced traditions of which we can be proud. I would like to agree with those who claim that in the end no one will benefit from the German eagerness to confess—from our unending bad conscience. But why do these phrases, when uttered by Germans, sound so wrong?

The year 1986 may be remembered in Germany as the year a “historians’ debate” made the news. It began with an essay, published in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* on June 6, 1986, by the historian Ernst Nolte, a Berliner. Nolte argued that Hitler, in building the concentration camps, had taken preemptive action against the “Asiatic barbarism” of the Soviets, and that Hitler was justified in treating the Jews as “prisoners of war.” In the months that followed, angry responses defending and attacking Nolte appeared in the magazine supplements of all the big newspapers. The debate soon acquired an odor of notoriety, even among the laity, that went beyond the explosive subject matter of the dispute. It generated a level of curiosity among the general public normally aroused by photos of the British royal family in swimsuits. Suddenly, the standard-bearers of an order that, according to tradition, pursued its work *sine ira et studio* could be seen entering the ring unprotected. There, they slugged it out with insults like

*Peter Schneider is the author of The Wall Jumper, a novel. He lives in Berlin.*

For those of the older  
generation, the  
historians' debate was  
a chance to claim a  
'distance' from the  
Nazi past.  
Obviously, the  
distance is  
not so great

"demagogue," "establishment historian," "Nazi constitutionalist," and "Himmler apologist." Suddenly it was evident that even historians have their passions.

The argumentativeness of the combatants inadvertently uncovered a dilemma: when German historians address the recent past, they do so not only as scholars, but necessarily as participants too. I was born in 1940, and I was struck by the fact that the historians fighting over the "uniqueness" or "comparability" of Auschwitz belonged, by and large, to a single earlier generation—those born in the 1920s and 1930s. (Those who came later, including the so-called protest generation, either didn't speak on the subject or weren't heard.) For me, the importance of the historians' debate lies less in the arguments bandied about than in the opportunity it gave a new generation to advertise its view of history.

It couldn't have been the factual material of the dispute that caused the stir. No new historical data surfaced, as one might have expected in a historians' debate. The facts on which Nolte based his reading of Nazi fascism were thin gruel. He referred to Hitler's comment about the "rat's cage" the Soviets would use to force the cooperation of German officers captured at Stalingrad. The statement, confirmed by a stenographic record, had long been known. Only Nolte's musings on it were new: according to Nolte—and this despite Hitler's explanations to the contrary—Hitler owed his understanding of the rat's cage to the Russian socialist Melgunov. In the 1920s Melgunov had written a description of the rat's cage that Nolte quotes as follows: "Over his [the captured officer's] face, one places a cage containing a rat half-crazed by hunger." This is what the Communists had in store for the Germans.

Nolte also quoted the statement of the president of the Jewish World Congress in September 1939 that, in case of war, the Jews would be on the side of the British. This statement has also long been known, as has the fact that it was made *after* passage of the law "on the protection of German blood and German honor"; *after* Kristallnacht, September 11, 1938; *after* the Nazis had deported or forced into exile hundreds of thousands of Jews. Again, only Nolte's interpretation was new. For him, the statement by the JWC president meant Hitler had the right to treat the Jews as prisoners of war; however, Hitler, unlike his interpreter Nolte, certainly knew that the Jewish World Congress had no standing in international law and therefore couldn't declare war.

Nolte's colleagues have said enough, and with sufficient clarity, about his inadequacies as a historian. There is no convincing evidence for Nolte's supposedly "unavoidable question": Did Nazi leaders commit an "act of Asiatic cruelty" (the persecution and murder of the Jews) because they feared they could be the potential "victims of an act of Asiatic cruelty" (the Gulag)? The thesis that Hitler was taking preemptive action cannot be substantiated; it belongs to the realm of myth.

But was what we Germans witnessed last year in fact a "historians' debate"? Nolte's article sparked interest because it met still smoldering needs. His thesis tapped a feeling long suppressed, and it caught on precisely for that reason. For those taking part in the debate, those of the older generation, it was a chance to break the silence of the previous generation, to claim a "distance." Obviously, as can be seen from the intensity of the debate, that distance is not so great

**T**o the horror of many of his peers, Helmut Kohl claimed a privilege for his generation when—in 1984 in, of all places, Israel—he said he was the first Chancellor of the Federal Republic to have been spared any entanglement with the Nazi regime, to have, in that famous phrase, "the grace of having been born too late." When I heard Kohl had uttered that phrase, I asked myself for the first time when the people who currently sit at the controls of the Federal Republic were born. Kohl, Geissler, and Dregger, now fifty-seven to sixty-seven years old, were ages fifteen to twenty-five at



the war's end. In 1945 they were too young to be responsible for their beliefs and actions. But did that mean they were not tainted? In 1933 they were of or near school age. They belong to the generation that spent much of its childhood and youth in National Socialist schools. We know what children learned there, thanks to the numerous accounts of those who have studied the Nazi educational system's influence. The rituals of education under the Nazis—youth films, celebrations of the solstice, the collection of compulsory charity, prayers for the Führer—this is what occupied the inner and outer worlds of children. And then there were the opportunities for young activists to prove or distinguish themselves: the Führer's schools, the pre-military training camps, the Hitler *Jugend*, and the *Volkssturm*.

Those of this generation who have thought and written on the subject have also told us that the Nazi years were by no means years of horror for them. They were years in which children got to play at being adult, years of comradeship, group solidarity, adventure. In his masterly novella *Cat and Mouse*, Günter Grass has a memorable passage about the attraction Nazi rituals had for children. I don't know whether Helmut Kohl has read the story, but it seems to me his calls for wholeness and the harmony of group solidarity go back, unconsciously and uncritically, to childhood experiences. If it is true that a human being is emotionally and intellectually molded by childhood experiences, then no generation was more completely offered up to National Socialist indoctrination than the one for which Helmut Kohl claims the blessing of having been born too late. His generation was born too late only in the sense that it didn't have to pay for its enthusiasms as did those who were a generation older.

I don't mean this account, as rough and therefore unfair as it is, to be a reproach. But it describes a burden of which no one can relieve himself simply by referring to his age. Naturally the Hitler Youth generation has a right, like any other, to renounce its antecedents; I don't believe in some biologically acquired fate. But such a renunciation, precisely in the case of Helmut

Kohl's generation, can't begin with a declaration of clear conscience. His generation can only make its innocence plausible by confronting its innocently acquired complicity.

**A**long with the claim to innocence Kohl made in Israel, there have been his historical comparisons, now world famous. One, uttered in the fall of 1986, compared Mikhail Gorbachev's public relations skills to Goebbels's. In a more recent statement Kohl likened the work camps for political prisoners in the German Democratic Republic to "concentration camps."

Those who came before Kohl—those who did not have "the grace of having being born too late"—could not use language to justify themselves. Adenauer, Erhard, and Kiesinger preferred to seek their salvation in silence. They spoke, when they spoke at all, of "the unimaginable" and "the darkest chapter in German history," but they were cautious about making comparisons. The reason for such reticence was probably straightforward: many of the political dignitaries of the young republic had no choice but to recognize their complicity—given their NSDAP membership cards or some other, more binding, evidence. Those were circumstances that encouraged discretion rather than wild comparison.

What are we to make of the new German passion for historical comparison? When are such comparisons appropriate? It is certainly one of the tasks of historiography to establish parallels between events that are separate in space and time. A famous example of this is Hannah Arendt's attempt, in the 1950s, to unite the structural features common to fascism and Stalinism under the rubric of totalitarianism.

But Arendt insisted that such comparisons degenerate into apologias unless they highlight the differences. In other words, the historical comparison is useful only when it illustrates the uniqueness of a historical event: Uniqueness is essential for the political and moral evaluation of a historical

*Helmut Kohl's generation was born too late only in the sense that it didn't have to pay for its enthusiasms as did those who were older*





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crime. Generalized comparisons make it possible to equate the destruction of the Jews with that of the kulaks; or, at a somewhat greater remove, with the destruction of the Armenians; or, beyond that, the eradication of the Indians, and, more recently, the genocide perpetrated by Pol Pot on the Cambodian people. Where such a chain of comparisons ends, one always encounters the lazy formulation: we are all to blame.

Certainly there is a case to be made for the uniqueness of Stalin's crimes, as well as Hitler's: but that only means that both Germans and Russians must come to terms with the uniqueness of the crimes committed in their names, and not console themselves with the thought that somehow, at some level, everyone—which is to say, no one—is to blame.

It may seem that I am reserving the phrase "the grace of having been born too late" for my own generation. It is those of us who are younger, in our forties, who may properly place ourselves under the "born too late" rubric. Born between 1938 and the end of the war in 1945, we didn't learn to read and write until the fascists had been militarily and politically defeated. One might conclude from this that my generation was capable of a radical new beginning—and that is what, in the 1960s, the best minds of my generation seemed to have, more or less unconsciously, concluded. The anti-authoritarian revolt of 1968 owed its fury and its pathos, at least in West Germany, to this presumption of innocence.

The protest movement in West Germany differed in this regard from other contemporaneous ones, the American New Left, for example. In the United States the anti-war protestors could appeal to the democratic traditions of their fathers, who had after all, waged war against Hitler. In Germany, we could only voice our protest by taking a stand against our fathers. From the beginning we were burdened with the historical urge—to *not be like our fathers*. On an emotional level, the protest in Germany was specifically addressed to the generation responsible for Nazism.

It is now clear, in retrospect, that the protestors were terribly naive and unself-conscious in their anti-fascism. There has probably never been a movement at once so obsessed with language and so incapable of articulating its ideas and desires. A tally of the most often used expressions of the time would probably show that no denunciation was more often used and misapplied than the deadly one, "Fascist!" In a kind of reflex insult response, anyone who opposed the "revolutionary" order of the day was sent to the corner as a fascist. The fast and loose use of "fascist" had grotesque results. We thought we could detect traces of fascism in every corner of West German society; of course such blanket suspicion made specific proofs, which were often possible, simply unnecessary.

One has to concede that long before Kohl began formulating his hair-raising comparisons for Goebbels and the death camps, the children of the postwar period had de-historicized the concept of Nazism. After "fascism" had become a generalized term of opprobrium in Germany it served hardly at all to refer to the twelve years that gave it its concrete meaning. The term was used mainly to denounce one's political opponents. The rebels of 1968 were as uninterested as today's revisionist historians in the uniqueness of the Nazi crimes. They were after comparisons, though for the students the term of the comparison was capitalist democracy, not Soviet communism. Only now has it become apparent that the Leftist misuse of the accusation of fascism is an equally reflexive attempt at relief: for the reduction of the historical profile of Nazism to general and transferable characteristics also had, apart from its instructive value, an unburdening function. If National Socialism was the "conspiracy" of a couple of powerful industrialists, our parents, no matter what they had done, were the victims of the conspiracy.

This historic lie spared us the need to deal with the concrete and personal guilt of our parents and, therefore, with its implications for us as their



sons and daughters. This personal investigation of our pasts began to come to light only in the so-called father-literature of the late 1970s. Significantly, such autobiographical stories have a common point of departure: they begin with the sickness or death of a parent, and develop into what one might call a posthumous confrontation. Only the death of a parent, it seems, made it possible for those of my generation to admit their emotional wounds—wounds inflicted from without or self-inflicted, wounds opened by a recognition of our complicity.

**A**gain, I don't mean this summary as a reproach; it simply shows that even my generation can't claim the blessing of having been born too late. Moreover, there have been costs imposed by the abuse of "fascism." They can be felt most obviously in the generally unconscious attempts by younger Germans to project their fathers' guilt onto parties who are "guilty" today.

How else does one account for the not-insignificant segment of the sixties generation that identified unreservedly with the Palestine Liberation Organization? These young Germans did so precisely at a point when spokesmen for the PLO had declared their aim of driving the Israeli Jews into the sea. It should be obvious that criticism of Israel's aggressive policy of occupation is not simply "anti-Semitic." The criticism is made by many Jews both in and outside Israel. But more than anyone else, a German anti-fascist's critique should be informed by an honest reading of recent German history. It is the hounded Palestinian's business if he chooses to call his occupiers the "new Nazis"; a German's self-consciousness ought to keep him from joining in such accusations.

It is obvious that the Nazis' sons and daughters went shopping in Al Fatah headgear to prove they were free of historical inhibitions. Many identified with the PLO in order not to appear as inhibited as their fathers, who identified with Israel. But I'm afraid that my generation and those younger than us have to submit to the following curfew: we will truly have the right to talk freely about Israeli politics only when we have admitted our very real historical inhibitions.

So I would maintain that even the anti-fascism of the student movement was motivated by an unconscious desire for exculpation. It is an anti-fascism that hasn't been worked through—either historically or emotionally.

**O**ne might think it would be left to another, younger generation to work through anti-fascism. Those born in the fifties and sixties, those born at one remove from the Nazis—perhaps they would be the ones. Thus far at least, this has not been the case. To make this point clear we have to talk about the members of the Red Army Faction and their apologists. Although the operations of the RAF have been almost unanimously rejected by today's Left, the Left still praises the RAF combatants for their proclaimed anti-fascism (and anti-imperialism). This kind of apology stems from repression, if not pure ignorance.

Let me begin with an example that is already history—with the kidnapping and murder of the industrialist Hanns Martin Schleyer by an RAF commando group in 1977. Could any German terrorist who knew anything about Nazi history have communicated Schleyer's murder with the following words: "We have *put an end to* his miserable and corrupt existence"? In the letter claiming responsibility for the murder, that's what the RAF said. The expression "put an end to" is the language of the Wannsee Conference. And I maintain that the slightest historical consciousness would have prohibited not only the use of this Nazi euphemism but the act itself, which necessitated "ending the existence" of four more people—Schleyer's driver and three bodyguards.

Only nine years later—shortly after Ernst Zimmermann, chairman of a German air and space company, had been murdered, execution-style, by

*It is obvious that the Nazis' sons and daughters went shopping in Al Fatah headgear to prove they were free of historical inhibitions*

*Even the  
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a tradition they  
would like to believe  
they are fighting*

an RAF commando group—only then did the former terrorist Klaus Jünschke utter the liberating cry: “When I hear the phrase ‘a shot in the nape of the neck’ in Germany, I want to vomit!” I consider this statement historic. Imagine a young SS man who has his victims dig a mass grave before dispatching them—with a bullet to the nape of each neck—into it. In 1985, with this image in his head, could a German terrorist, no matter how fanatical, have stood behind a bound Ernst Zimmermann and pulled the trigger? How could he or she not have conjured up such an image? One could argue that I’m making a gratuitous criticism of a handful of criminals. But the truth is that many a Leftist dislikes terrorism for its practical baggage, not its ideology.

One year later, Gerold von Braunmühl, an official in the Foreign Ministry, was shot by the RAF. In an unusual appeal, “To Our Brother’s Murderers,” von Braunmühl’s siblings challenged the murderers to examine their motives. The two letters, printed in the left-wing Berlin daily *taz* on November 7 and December 22, 1986, got no response from those to whom they were addressed. But a part of the *taz* readership felt called upon to reply. I read the fifty-odd letters with astonishment. Certainly they represent only a small number of those who read *taz*, those inclined to write, and much of what they wrote may have been written out of defiance rather than conviction. But it became apparent that, given the first opportunity, even the grandchildren of the Nazi generation—those in their twenties—carry on in a tradition they would like to believe they are fighting.

The majority of the letter writers more or less openly approved of the murder of Gerold von Braunmühl, but in doing so, most used the rhetoric of evasion. One preferred turn was the argument that the editorial board of *taz*, by publishing the appeal on the front page, had given too much importance to what one letter writer called the “Christian- and Enlightenment-flavored condemnation of the RAF.” The paper had chosen to run coverage of state security measures on its inside pages, a clear sign of imbalance to this letter writer.

Closely related is the other ready-made argument from the Stalinist toolkit: “What you say may be true, but in itself your statement simply makes the case for the counterrevolution.” From there, it was a short leap to the assertion that the brothers hadn’t even written the appeal themselves. One *taz* reader hypothesized it had been written “by public-relations wizards in order to disrupt a far-reaching campaign of solidarity between the Left and the RAF.”

The cynicism of this insinuation was then projected onto the victim’s brothers. They were earnestly reprimanded for not trying to understand the killers’ motives: “Apparently you are incapable of putting yourselves in the shoes of those who won’t accept the shocking injustices being perpetrated in this country.” (This approach is reminiscent of Ernst Nolte’s proposal that we ought finally to try to understand Hitler’s nightmares about the rat’s cage.) And finally the murder was justified by comparison with another kind of “murder”: “The fact is, I get more upset about a couple of tons of dead fish than the shooting of Gerold von Braunmühl.”

At this point, I have to stop. These connections make me dizzy, nauseous. True, these opinions are offered by those who represent a tiny fringe on the Leftist spectrum and aren’t typical. Still, I’m afraid they could be offered only in Germany. It seems that even the grandchildren of the Nazi generation can’t claim the blessing of having been born too late, or they wouldn’t be reproducing fascist behavior so unself-consciously. Of course the letter writers have good consciences; of course they want something completely different and define themselves, if there is any doubt, as anti-fascists. The fact that, in so doing, they aren’t troubled by memories in their choice of words or methods shows they haven’t elaborated their anti-fascism. For the moment, one suspects that the sins of the fathers are passed on both to the sons and the grandsons, and will continue to be until the sins have been acknowledged. ■



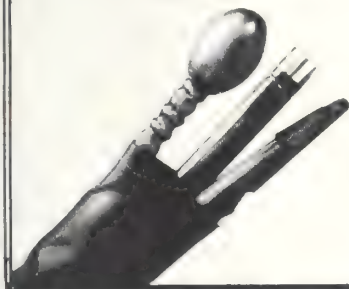
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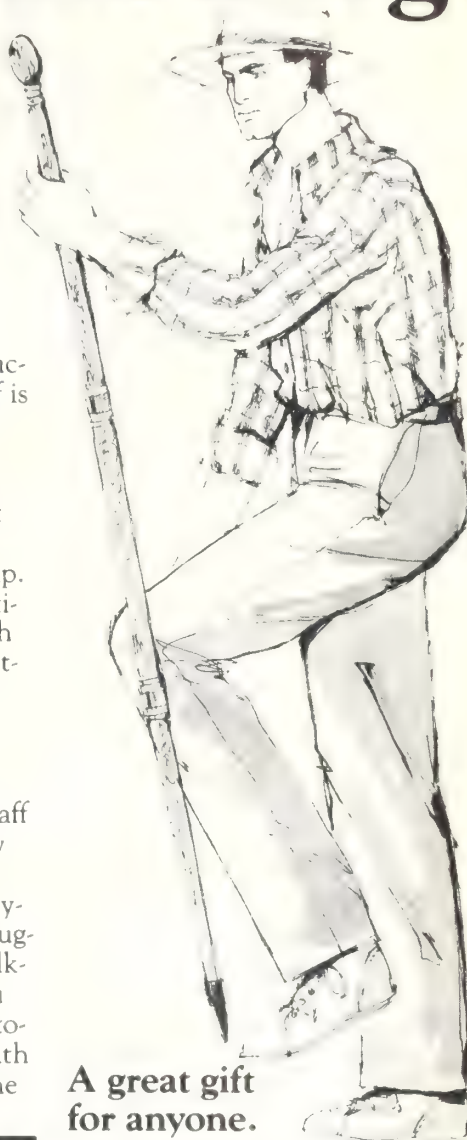
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# TO TAKE PAPER, TO DRAW

A world through lines

By John Berger

I sometimes have a dream in which I am my present age, with grown-up children and newspaper editors on the telephone, yet nevertheless have to leave and pass nine months of the year in the school where I was sent as a boy. In the dream, I think of these months as a regrettable exile, but it never occurs to me to refuse to go. In life, I ran away from that school when I was sixteen. The war was on and I went to London. Between the air-raid sirens and amid the debris of bombing I had a single idea: I wanted to draw naked women. All day long.

I was enrolled in an art school—there was not a lot of competition; nearly everyone over eighteen was in the services—and I drew in the daytime and I drew in the evenings. There was an exceptional teacher in the school at that time, an elderly painter, a refugee from fascism named Bernard Meninsky. He said very little and his breath smelled of dill pickles. On the same imperial-sized sheet of paper (paper was rationed; we had two sheets a day), beside my clumsy, unstudied, impetuous drawing, Bernard Meninsky would boldly draw a part of the model's body in such a way as to make clearer its endlessly subtle structure and movement. After he had gone, I would spend the next ten minutes, dumbfounded, looking from his drawing to the model and vice versa.

Thus I learned to question with my eyes the mystery of anatomy and of love, whilst outside in the night sky, I heard the R.A.F. fighters

crossing the city to intercept the German bombers before they reached the coast. The ankle of the foot on which her weight was posed was vertically under the dimple of her neck... directly vertical.

When I was in Istanbul recently, I asked my friends if they could arrange for me to meet the writer Latife Tekin. I had read a few translated extracts from two novels she had written about life in the shantytowns on the edge of the city. And the little I had read deeply impressed me with its imagination and authenticity. She herself must have been brought up in a shantytown. My friends arranged a dinner and Latife came. I do not speak Turkish, so naturally they offered to interpret. She was sitting beside me. Something made me tell my friends—no, don't bother, we'll manage somehow.

The two of us looked at each other with some suspicion. In another life I might have been an elderly police superintendent interrogating a pretty, shifty, fierce woman of thirty repeatedly picked up for larceny. In fact, in this our only life, we were both storytellers without a word in common. All we had were our observations, our habits of narration, our Aesopian sadness. Suspicion gave way to shyness.

I took out a notebook and did a drawing of myself as one of her readers. She drew a boat upside down to show she couldn't draw. I turned the paper around so it was the right way up. She made a drawing to show that her drawn boats always sank. I said there were birds at the bottom of the sea. She said there was an anchor in the sky. (Like everybody else at the table we

*John Berger's most recent book is Once in Europa, a work of fiction.*



were drinking raki.) Then she told me a story about the municipal bulldozers destroying the houses built in the night on the city's edge. I told her about an old woman who lived in a van. The more we drew, the quicker we understood. In the end we were laughing at our speed—even when the stories were monstrous and sad. She took a walnut and, dividing it in two, she said up to say—halves of the same brain. Then somebody put on some Bektaşî music and all the guests began to dance.

In the summer of 1916, Picasso drew on a page of a medium-sized sketchbook the torso of a nude woman. It is neither one of his invented figures—it hasn't enough bravura; nor is it a figure drawn from life—it hasn't enough of the idiosyncrasy of the immediate.

The face of the woman is unrecognizable, for the head is scarcely indicated. However, the

torso is a kind of face. It has a familiar expression. A face of love, become hesitant or sad. The drawing is distinct in feeling from others in the sketchbook. The other drawings play rough games with cubist or neo-classical devices, some looking back on the previous still-life period, others preparing for the Harlequin themes he would take up the following year when he did the decor for the ballet *Parade*. The torso of the woman is very fragile.

Usually Picasso drew with such verve and directness that every scribble reminds you of the act of drawing and of the pleasure of that act. It is this that makes his drawings insolent. Even the weeping faces of the *Guernica* period or the skulls he drew during the German Occupation possess an insolence. They know no servitude. The act of drawing them is triumphant.

The drawing in question is an exception. Half drawn—for Picasso didn't continue on it for long—half woman, half vase, half seen as by Ingres, half seen as by a child, the apparition of the figure counts for far more than the act of drawing. It is she, not the draftsman, who insists, insists by her very tentativeness.

My hunch is that in Picasso's imagination this drawing belonged somehow to Eva Gouel. She had died only six months earlier of tuberculosis. They had lived together—Eva and Picasso—for four years. Into his now famous cubist still lifes he had inserted and painted her name, transforming

austere canvases into love letters. JOLIE EVA. Now she was dead and he was living alone. The image lies on the paper as in a memory.

This hesitant torso has come from another floor of experience, has come in the middle of a sleepless night and still retains its key to the door.

**P**erhaps these three stories suggest the three distinct ways in which drawings can function. There are those that study and question the visible; those that record and communicate ideas; and those done from memory. Even in front of drawings by the old masters, the distinction between the three is important, for each type survives in a different way. Each speaks in a different tense. To each we respond with a different capacity of imagination.

In the first kind of drawing (at one time such



Between 1603 and 1609 the Flemish draftsman and painter Roelant Savery traveled in Central Europe. Eighty drawings of people in the street—marked with the title “Taken From Life”—have survived. Until recently they were thought to be

by an eternal present. Tense: Present Indicative.

There are no confrontations, no encounters to be found in this category. Rather we look through a window onto a man's capacity to dream, to construct an alternative world in his imagination. And everything depends upon the space created within this alternative. Usually it is meager—the direct consequence of imitation, false virtuosity. Such meager drawings still possess an artisanal interest (through them we see how pictures were made and joined—

There are drawings that measure the visible; those that record ideas; those done from memory. Each speaks in a different tense.

*In a few great drawings, everything appears to exist in space, the complexity of everything vibrates*

like cabinets or clocks), but they do not speak directly to us. For this to happen the space created within the drawing has to seem as large as the earth's or the sky's space. Then we can feel the breath of life.

Poussin could create such a space; so could Rembrandt. That the achievement is rare in European drawing may be because such space only opens up when extraordinary mastery is combined with extraordinary modesty. To create such immense space with ink marks on a sheet of paper one has to know oneself to be very small.

Such drawings are visions of *what would be if*. . . Most record visions of the past which are now closed to us, like private gardens. When there is enough space, the vision remains open and we enter. Tense: Conditional.

**F**inally, there are the drawings done from memory. Many are notes jotted down for later use—a way of collecting and of keeping impressions and information. We look at them with curiosity if we are interested in the artist or the historical subject. (In the fifteenth century the wooden rakes used for raking up hay were exactly the same as those still used in the mountains where I live.)

The most important drawings in this category, however, are made (as was probably the case in the Picasso sketchbook) in order to exorcise a memory which is haunting—in order to take an image out of the mind, once and for all, and put it on paper. The unbearable image may be sweet, sad, frightening, attractive, cruel. Each has its own way of being unbearable.

The artist in whose work this mode of drawing is most obvious is Goya. He made drawing after drawing in a spirit of exorcism. Sometimes his subject was a prisoner being tortured during the Inquisition to exorcise his or her sins: a double, terrible exorcism.

I see a red wash and sanguine drawing by Goya of a woman in prison. She is chained by her ankles to the wall. Her shoes have holes in them. She lies on her side. Her skirt is pulled up above her knees. She bends her arm over her face and eyes so she need not see where she is.

The drawn page is like a stain on the stone floor on which she is lying. And it is indelible.

There is no bringing together here, no setting of a scene. Nor is there any questioning of the visible. The drawing simply declares: I saw this. Historic Past Tense.

**A** drawing from any of the three categories, when it is sufficiently inspired, when it becomes miraculous, acquires another temporal dimension. The miracle begins with the basic fact that drawings, unlike paintings, are usually monochrome.

Paintings with their colors, their tonalities, their extensive light and shade, compete with nature. They try to seduce the visible, to solicit the scene painted. Drawings cannot do this. They are diagrammatic; that is their virtue. Drawings are only notes on paper. (The sheets rationed during the war! The paper napkin folded into the form of a boat and put into a raki glass where it sank.) The secret is the paper.

The paper becomes what we see through the lines, and yet remains itself. A drawing made around 1553 by Pieter Bruegel is identified in the catalogues as a *Mountain Landscape with a River, Village and Castle*. (In reproduction its quality will be fatally lost: better



to describe it.) It was drawn with brown inks and wash. The gradations of the pale wash are very slight. The paper lends itself between the lines to becoming tree, stone, grass, water, cloud. Yet it can never for an instant be confused with the substance of any of these things, for evidently and emphatically, it remains a sheet of paper with fine lines drawn upon it.

This is both so obvious and, if one reflects upon it, so strange that it is hard to grasp. There are certain paintings which animals could read. No animal could ever read a drawing.

In a few great drawings, like the Bruegel landscape, everything appears to exist in space, the complexity of everything vibrates—yet what one is looking at is only a project on paper. Reality and project become inseparable. One finds oneself on the threshold before the creation of the world. Such drawings, using the Future Tense, *foresee*, forever. ■



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# A SOPHIST'S THEO

Judge Robert Bork's First

On this page of the *Indiana Law Journal* (Fall, 1971), Robert Bork construes the First Amendment in ways both erroneous and chilling. If provided the opportunity, he might limit the speech protected by the Constitution as never before in the nation's history. The page is worth examining in some detail because it reveals the workings of Judge Bork's mind. Just as a biologist can understand a good deal about an organism from an analysis of a single cell, so too it is possible to infer from a surprisingly few sentences the dimensions and texture of an author's thought. Under such analysis, Judge Bork proves not an "intellectually powerful" jurist, as President Reagan would have it, but a pinched and cagey sophist, brimming with contempt for law, precedent, and the high Court to which he has been nominated.

Bork would have the Court protect only that speech which is "explicitly political"—speech having to do with "how we are governed." He arrives at the notion not by divining the Framers' "original intent," as is his wont. His reasoning here is more specious: 1. Our laws and institutions, as established by the Framers, require political speech in order to be maintained. 2. Therefore, political speech is protected. 3. Other forms of speech are not protected because they cannot be *inferred* from the needs of government. The judge apparently believes that citizens exist solely to oil the engines of government. He conceives of government as an end in itself, not as a means to liberty, truth, knowledge, and happiness.

Bork would have society and its elected representatives decide which nonpolitical speech is protected and which is not—this despite the fact that the First Amendment begins "Congress shall make no law," and despite the Fourteenth Amendment, which, as long understood, imposes upon the states the same restrictions about free speech that federal lawmakers must abide by. Implied here too is a casual disregard for the body of judicial opinion and interpretation upon which our understanding of free speech rests. So much for the conservative's valuing of history.

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INL

The category of protected with governmental behavior mental unit involved is explicitly political speech. This category therefore includes engineering and propaganda. It commercial or literary expressions attitudes that affect political judicial protection. This is the rationale of the first amendment or activities that influence power we have seen that it is. Moreover, any conduct may and we cannot view the function of government to regulate lie between the explicitly political made of the undeniable fact the first amendment that do expression, which is to say a spectrum be cut and the arbitrary. The question is justified. The existence of a line and so deny majoritarian power is legitimate.

The other objection—that leave much valuable speech more troublesome. The not protected by the first amendment with their wisdom. Freedom for other valuable for society and its elected representatives at least a society like ours ought

The practical effect of of speech would probably go prohibition of pornography, obligation to apply its self theme of the material taken sex; (b) the material is patently community standards not sexual matters; and (c) the



# OF FREE SPEECH

ment, by Gerald Marzorati

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Which forms of speech would Bork have society deem explicitly political? A "wide range of evaluation, criticism, electioneering and propaganda." Thus Bork is an absolutist in defense of the stump speech, the op-ed essay, and the public-opinion poll.

Bork states that he would offer no protection to "scientific" or "educational" expressions—heartening news to Creationists. Among the authors who might be legislated out of schools and libraries: Darwin, Einstein, and Freud.

Nor would Bork protect the novel. But what of the novels that have prompted political debate, broadened our understanding of what is, in truth, "political"? What of Flaubert, Conrad, Kundera, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*? Bork's response is that "any conduct may affect political attitudes." True, but nonsensical: The First Amendment separates out speech as a specific and exceptional act, worthy of extraordinary protection. The judge's equating of fiction writing with looting or bomb throwing is fallacious.

Bork is unwilling to protect certain types of explicitly political speech—speech advocating acts of civil disobedience, for example. To his mind, one cannot infer from our government structure the right to advocate the violation of a law that is of that structure. Bork, then, would have left to the discretion of enlightened state legislators the right of Martin Luther King Jr. to advocate sit-ins at lawfully segregated lunch counters.

Bork may be found this summer distancing himself from his own ideas—maintaining that their practical effect would be simply a ban on pornography. He has been portrayed as a friend of free speech by *Time* and *The Washington Post*, which have welcomed his 1984 federal appellate ruling in support of broad protections against libel suits by public figures. Publishing is a business, and Bork has long been bold in defending the right to profit. But free speech in a democracy means more than the right to vilify politicians and celebrities. It is time to move beyond ideological arguments about Judge Bork and to begin contesting his confirmation on the grounds of his bad judgment, lack of reason, and ringing endorsement of censorship.

# Nuclear energy helped America achieve its energy balance. Is it a balance we can keep?

**T**he 1973 Arab oil embargo forced America to turn to alternatives to foreign oil. Reliable alternatives. America increased its use of electricity from nuclear energy and coal and began to make important strides toward energy independence.

We have since let our guard down. Oil imports are rising steadily and now rival 1973's. The implications of this foreign dependence are clear. So are the solutions.

## A dangerous rise in oil imports

America imported four million barrels of oil a day in 1985. In 1986, that figure jumped to over five million barrels a day. By 1990, we will most likely rely on imports for nearly half our needs. Some say as much as 75%. Compare that to 35% in 1973.

What happens when we become too dependent on foreign sources? We lose our balance. It's the first misstep toward losing our

energy security. In 1973, that meant short supplies, long gas lines, expensive fuels and critical damage to our economy.

## A reliable supply of nuclear electricity

America has over one-fourth of the world's uranium. We have over 100 plants to convert it to electricity. According to energy analysts at Science Concepts, Inc., U.S. nuclear plants saved over two billion barrels of oil between 1973 and 1986. That's roughly one-fourth of the total amount of oil imported from Arab OPEC countries during the same period.

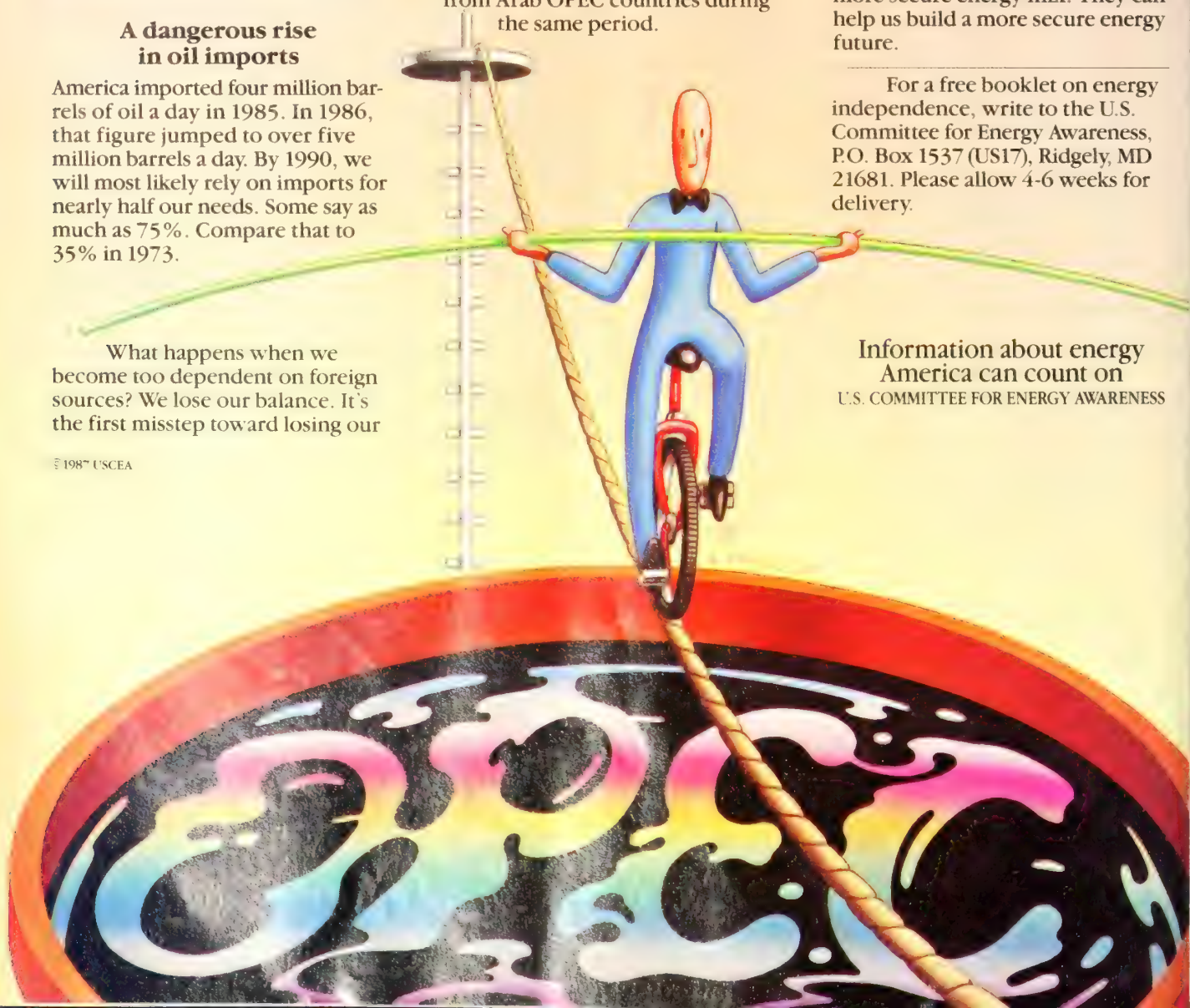
And, while our use of oil and natural gas is down from 1973 levels, we now use about 45% more coal and almost 400% more nuclear energy than we did then.

## Nuclear energy for a secure future

Obviously, nuclear energy can't completely replace oil here. And our own limited oil resources will force us to continue to rely on foreign suppliers. The good news is nuclear energy and coal, America's two leading sources of electricity, have helped us establish a more secure energy mix. They can help us build a more secure energy future.

For a free booklet on energy independence, write to the U.S. Committee for Energy Awareness, P.O. Box 1537 (US17), Ridgely, MD 21681. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Information about energy  
America can count on  
U.S. COMMITTEE FOR ENERGY AWARENESS





# THE CRIME OF THE TOOTH

Dentistry in the chair

By Peter Freundlich

**I**f you are anything like me (and you must pray, of course, that you are not, and behave yourself besides, or your prayers will be denied), you will have experienced this. Just before eye-crack on a sunny day, warm light on the eyelids only, and already a trickle of pleasure, a soft worm in the ear, an electric tingle to which—still asleep—your muscles react, tightening in preparation for the flinging back of the covers and the springing up from the bed.

And then, awesome quick change of weather, there is a blackness across the sun and a dampness in the soul. You recollect, at the very moment of the leap from bed, with feet high and arms wide, that this is the day you go to the dentist.

How well, as Auden wrote, the Old Masters understood suffering. How the calamity happens on a mild golden day, and goes unseen by the happy and the hard at work. Auden was talking about the fall of Icarus, and so am I, for what else is the sudden recollection of an appointment with the dentist than a terrible chuteless fall from hopeful, sleepy midair, a melting—no, a vaporizing—of the wax wings of dream and a blind drop to the killing ground.

The truth on such a morning is that in half an hour you will be laid out on a morgue slab rigged to look like a reclining chair, with Dr. Kaliper's masked face filling your entire sky, and all eight of his hands at play in your mouth.

The knowledge that you are going to the den-

tist changes everything. Where a minute ago the sunlight seemed marmalade, richly spread across your window, now it is a mockery. It does not beckon, it jeers.

You would have jumped into your clothes before, all eager cinchings and zippings and knottings. Now you drag your leggings on, shrug mournfully into your shirt, fuss thick-fingered with every button. Your face in the mirror is smudged with worry.

It is not the local pain that causes dread, but the *greater* pain: the loss of speech, the pinioning, the drool tides coming in and washing out, the marooning of the brain. For two hours, the brain is Robinson Crusoe alone in the bone cup of the skull, peering out at faraway chrome implements and rubber-sheathed fingers and cotton cylinders red with blood, peering out but forbidden to signal for help.

Pushing open the lobby door, you descend three marble steps into the anteroom of the underworld. In place of Charon, there is only a buzzer to conduct you across this Styx; you are vacuumed into the starched white smile of the receptionist and, behind her, the starched white smile of the hygienist and, behind her, the green-tunic smile of Kaliper himself.

There is perfunctory talk. How are you today? You are fine. (Or would be, if not here.) And how is the practitioner this morning? He too is fine.

Meanwhile you have been settling yourself into Kaliper's astronaut's couch, in preparation for the launching.

Of course, he would not have you go unin-

*Peter Freundlich, a former CBS News writer, is currently working on a novel.*

Under any  
other  
circumstances,  
you'd be gone  
in a flash from  
a masked  
mugger like  
Kaliper

formed into that good night. He explains at length his objectives and methods while showing you what looks to be the seating plan of a Greek amphitheater, two opposed semicircles with many Xs along the perimeters. These do not mark reserved seats but the sites of work to be done.

Kaliper continues to hold forth on such matters as roots and canals and crowns and tiaras and diadems. You pretend to follow it all, but in fact have already turned your attention inward, into your mouth, which is independently alive: All the little underskin creatures—the stalks and cones and antlered antennae—are nervously atwit, snuffling, shuffling, pawing, like forest animals before a storm.

You have had the X-rays already. The lead blanket was laid on your chest and you were told to be still while that timid funnel-beaked behemoth with its triple-jointed metal neck poked its snout against your face. Though eyeless, the creature still managed an audible wink wherever it stopped tenderly to nuzzle. All that by which you are everywhere known to be you and not someone else—your entire exterior, your features, hair color, eye color, skin color, marks commemorating your birth and childhood diseases—the funnel-beaked thing sees not at all. It is blind except to your insides.

Now Dr. Kaliper stands by the X-ray lightbox and points to the snapshots: a valley to be filled, a ridge to be rounded off, a cave in which something rotten lurks. Kaliper will turn spelunker, go into the cave and yank out the rot. You continue to nod sagely; the underskin animals are braying wildly now.

He asks, rhetorically, if you are ready. Then, pressing a button that makes the machinery of the chair moan, he causes your head to be lowered. You turn pink as blood sloshes down from your feet and legs.

**T**hey must be taught in school not to let their patients see the needles and the instruments coming. Kaliper manages the sleight of hand nicely. His forearm grazing your nose, he takes the novocaine-filled syringe from the hygienist. Then, he brings the thing down along your jawline, too low for your radar to pick up. Finally, he has it under your chin, then up, aimed, and ready. It is now too close for you to focus on; you have a strong impression—an orange cylinder and a glint.

“It’s all right,” he says, “you’re going to feel this.”

There is a sharp pricking into your gum, a cold, sharp pricking. A steel no-see-um has landed there. A small, round, orange nudge grows suddenly much heavier, more insistent. It is Kaliper, of course, his arm extended to work now.

Okay, we'll give that a minute or two to numb you up.

It seems that your upper lip is growing not numb but fat and thick, as if swollen with liquid. It is now out beyond the tip of your nose, billowing in a spinnaker curve until finally it is so big and heavy that it hangs down even over your lower lip.

Starting to work?

You mutter as much of a *yeah* as you can with your lower lip alone, the upper answering to no authority now.

Kaliper is ready to begin.

And your brain, crazy Crusoe, settles in a hunker on a bone ridge.

This, unless you ask for fumes, is one of the few things in life from which you cannot turn away. It is an event that happens on you, in you: a subcutaneous circus, a riot under your nose.

And only your brain, that ball bearing in its bone cup, only your brain is free. Under any other circumstances, you would flee before these chrome threats. All your greater muscles would clench and work—legs wildly pumping, arms wildly swinging—and you'd be gone in a flash from a masked mugger like Kaliper. But now all your retreats must be microscopic, tics and twitches and tremors only. All you can do, on a large scale, is think.

And you do. What *don't* you think?

This is what a road would feel, if it were sentient, when the yellow trucks of early spring bring burly armed men and pots of tar to repair frost heaves. Just so, you are being worked on: jackhammered, steam-chiseled, bulldozed.

You yourself, having become a structure, are sentient in a different way now. You feel a pounding in your joists, as if the dentist were a carpenter working in your attic. The thudding he causes with his little mallets and mauls is conducted down through your studs, raising a pulse to rival the heart's.

Why was Shakespeare silent on this subject? Hath not a Jew teeth? Does he not cry out to high heaven when, molar-pierced, he feels the iron worm in the velvet hand, and hears the keening of his own resisting bone?

There are no dentists in nature. Animals doctor themselves and each other, probing and licking and tamping on wounds mud- and spittle-bound grass. But no animal puts on rubber gloves and...

Wider. Open wider.

Wider? The corners of your mouth have already met at the back of your head, and Dr. Kaliper blandly asks for easier access. To what?

How fine to feel your bronchioles warmed by his lamp, and the fresh breeze from his nostrils rippling your intestines.

Turn toward me.



Only lovemaking happens at this range: Arm's length is otherwise the closest we come, but this is finger's length, and finger's width, and less.

What confidence these men must have, to work so very close to hostile observers, offering themselves for microscopic inspection, aware as they must be that their every pore looks like a dreadful hole from this vantage point. Look: the tapioca surface of the skin, the thick upstanding face-hair bristles grown out from that cheesy plain like cacti, like the legs of half-buried scorpions struggling to right themselves.

But then this is the scale at which they work (and tit for tat): they, nose up against your breath, digging with microshovels in the topsoil of your tooth-rot, and you, threatened by their follicles.

Our mouths should be full of horn, sharp wedges of antler or tortoise shell, grinders that grow like fingernails trimmed weekly to a new, fresh edge.

There is music playing, yes. Music: old tunes made toothless by accordions and violas and clarinets. Soothing music, Kaliper must think it is. But it is not music enough to catch the ear, or really to engage the brain. It is just a mask for the drill sounds, and ineffective even at that. The drill plays an octave higher than any instrument on the radio.

The body rejects foreign objects and Kaliper is most foreign. You gag and guff and hack, your throat-flap lashed by drill-storm, a minuscule typhoon of spray.

You have down your gullet already air-jets and water-jets and a teeny goddamn bilge pump on a metal hook. Now comes a vacuum cleaner on a stick put in your mouth to slurp up more of your juices.

*Hold on now. Be still a moment.*

You would laugh sardonically, if you could. Snake-fingered Gorgon Kaliper, who has long since turned you to stone, now commands stillness.

**T**hrough your mouth he is drilling holes in your wallet.

Last night, you remember now, you had a dream. You were eating money. Your own money, green and fibrous, vegetal. Next to you was an insurance-looking man. He threw coins into

your mouth, a nickel for every dollar of your own. Looking up beyond him, you saw a vast herd of big-eyed dentists, all of them placidly grazing in a field of rippling sawbucks.

What is the prayer for surcease from dentistry?

You remember your daughter's first tooth, and the joy: she in that scooting thing she had, a sling seat hung in a wheeled metal frame with a fore-mounted tray, and one day in the wide smile, a glint of white in the upper pink ridge. A toof! A toof! Lookit, lookit, clap clap clap. The sight made you break into ecstatic Eddie Cantorish dumbshow, palms pushed repeatedly flat together, fingers straight up, just below the chin. A toof, a toof, welcome to toddler's estate.

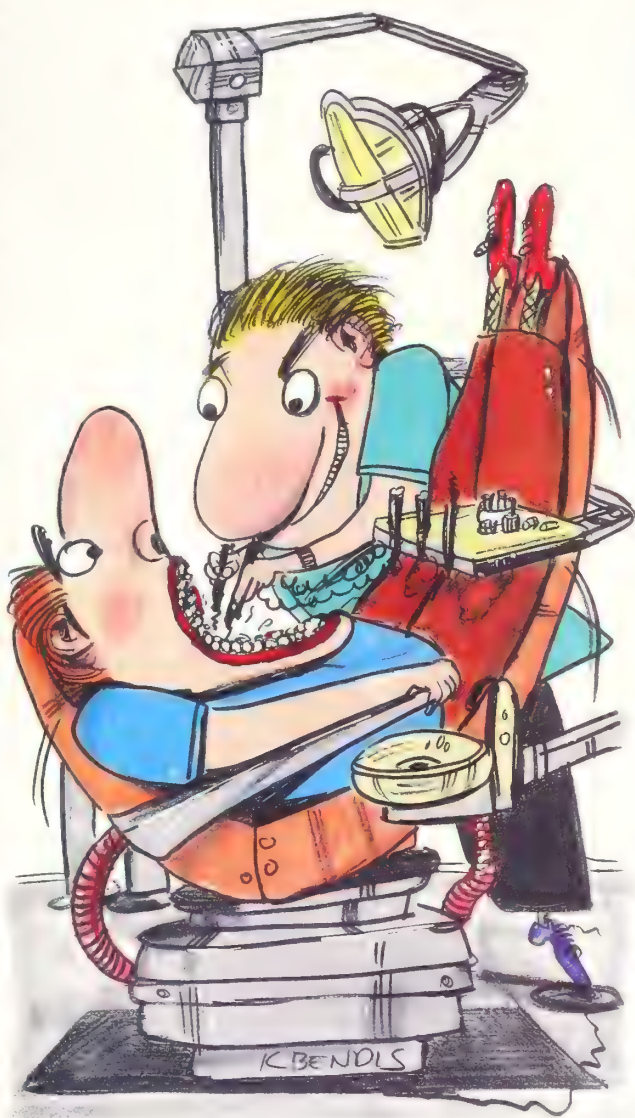
And welcome to all this.

Dentists are our alchemists, transmuting rot into gold.

There was an Ancient Dentist, and he drill-eth one of three. Then he drilleth the other two. Then he billeth.

There is no fetish involving teeth. Men secretly adore feet and buttocks and thighs and axillae. But Krafft-Ebing never lapsed into Latin over teeth. Some aborigines wear teeth around their necks: they ought to wear dentists—little

*Dentists are our alchemists, transmuting rot into gold*



*The Brits, a  
people of  
deplorable  
dental  
cavalierness,  
would rather  
invest their  
money in  
Bentley motor  
cars and manor  
houses*

shriveled sun-dried dentists.

It is high tide in your mouth now. Your nose is Cape Horn, and, God help you, Kaliper means to round it, to point his chrome prow toward the rocky promontories of your teeth, to find safe passage between them. He means to land somewhere under your uvula.

Peace, peace. You are here for a reason and you must hug close the promise, which is that you will have a smile of tourist-attraction quality, a smile of such perfection and brilliance that omnibuses bursting with camera-strewn pilgrims will pull up at your door, Japanese, Germans, Italians, all with their heads cocked attentively toward their bull-horned tour-guides who, in their respective languages, will tell the tale of your teeth, will put your teeth in their proper dento-historical contexts, who will make plain to the milling bell-shaped women and the big-nosed men that, in your mouth, they will be seeing the dental Sistine ceiling, the periodontal Pietà, the bridgework winged Victory of Samothrace.

You will feel the long lenses and the moist eyes trained upon you, and you will favor the pilgrims with a glimpse of the fabled teeth. But slowly, gradually, so as not literally to knock them arse over teakettle with the splendor of the sight. You will be impoverished, yes, but with God's own smile.

The Brits will not come, of course, they of the gnarled yellow choppers, overlapped, jagged. A people of deplorable dental cavalierness, the Brits would rather invest their money in Savile Row tailoring and Harley Street doctoring and Bentley motor cars and manor houses. A fine thing. The thirtieth Duke approaches, tall, fair-skinned, as richly veined about the nose and cheeks as Stilton cheese, in balmoral and balmacaan, walking stick at the ready; says hello and, beneath the grenadier's mustache, shows chiaroscuro smile, some teeth long and tending toward the spiral, some squat and striated, as rune-covered as river rocks. Of course he has money, having forsworn dentistry.

Why exactly does Kaliper wear a mask? Is it to hide his own teeth? Do they become, when he's working, black and pointed or blood-red and outward-curved, like the tips of Turkish slippers?

**K**aliper is hot with enthusiasm now. His hands fly about the tray held by his mechanical butler, selecting picks and spears. Inside your mouth, your pulse must be visible again, a growing and shrinking of the veins. Kaliper constructs this, you suppose, as a readiness to reach a dental climax, in tandem with him.

*Nearly there, he says, nearly there.*

How do they endure this, the famous? They

must endure it with great regularity, for, as is well known, the teeth of the famous are not teeth at all. They are wonderful facsimiles, made by master technicians and implanted by master dentists. If Michelangelo were alive today, he'd be carving teeth in Hollywood.

**T**he drill sounds like a winch now, makes the sound the winch makes when, the mourners having turned to go, the coffin begins to be lowered. You feel pain, not in your teeth, but everywhere else—the small of your back, your legs, your neck, your shoulders, and especially your face because you've been holding your mouth scream-wide for so long.

Or you were holding your mouth open. Now it is stuffed, overstuffed, filled to cracking, with egg-beaters and chrome tricycles and socket wrenches and antique wristwatches, small prams, suits of armor, coffee-makers.

You think you feel the lower end of a ramp being placed on your tongue, and you think you hear, from a distance, the sound of a motor being cranked. Kaliper must be mounting an expedition into your interior, with fresh supplies loaded aboard a Land-Rover.

You gurgle.

*You alright?* Kaliper asks.

You gurgle again.

*Good,* he says.

Kaliper is maneuvering into position, for a trial fitting, the crown he has had made. It is a bit of porcelain-covered metal, very like a tooth. But it is not a tooth, and your flesh knows it.

You are given a mirror to see what Kaliper has wrought. And of course your eyes, stupid gelatinous organs, are fooled.

*Looks good, you mumble.*

And you mean it: the simulacrum does look good. But your tongue worries the thing, frets and pushes at it as would an animal at something dead. Your gum, the flesh most directly intruded upon, pulses, is offended. And there is an undulation in your cheek, a threadwide, millimeters-long surf—your cheek is offended on behalf of your gum.

Kaliper has emptied your mouth of his gear. His work now, a tightly controlled scratching, has an air of finality. You think he may be etching his name on the permanently installed crown. You will have *Kaliper fecit* inscribed on the dark side of the not-tooth, a joke to be appreciated someday by the coroner.

*All done,* he says.

And his assistant swings away an arm of the chair on which you have been marooned, so that you may stand.

Which you do, crowned now, and dizzy. ■



You deserve a factual look at . . .

# Israel's Borders

## Are they "legitimate"?

### Should they be changed?

**M**any in the Arab world insist that the State of Israel is "illegitimate" and that, in order to be considered for "recognition", it must, at the very least, "adjust" its borders. In order to justify that insistent demand, Arab propaganda has created many myths. By dint of constant repetition, some of these myths have come to be accepted as reality.

### What are some of these myths, and what are the facts?

**Myth:** The establishment of the State of Israel in 1948 changed border arrangements that had existed for centuries.

**Fact:** The borders in the Middle East were drawn arbitrarily after World War I, by Britain and France. In the spoils, Britain got Iraq and Palestine. In 1922, contrary to its mandate from the League of Nations, Britain gave the area east of the Jordan River (77% of Palestine) to the Hashemite tribes.

**Myth:** Israel has been expansionist since its establishment.

**Fact:** In 1974, Israel returned to Syria territories captured in the 1967 and 1973 defensive wars. In exchange for a peace treaty, Israel returned the vast Sinai area to Egypt, with all of its settlements, strategic installations, and economic assets. Thus, Israel proved conclusively that peace and security—not extra land—are its top priorities.

**Myth:** Judea and Samaria (also called "the West Bank") are part of Jordan.

**Fact:** The British allocated the area east of the Jordan river to the Hashemite tribes. These tribes founded a kingdom and called it Transjordan. In 1948, after the declaration of Israel's independence, the British-led Transjordanians attacked the newly-founded Jewish state and were able to occupy Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") and the eastern part of Jerusalem. They renamed themselves "Jordan" and stayed in that occupation for 19 years, until they were defeated and driven out by Israel in the 1967 Six Day War.

**Myth:** Israeli settlements in Judea and Samaria ("West Bank") are illegal, an obstacle to peace.

**Fact:** Contrary to what Arab propaganda suggests, Jordan was never sovereign in Judea-Samaria (the "West Bank"). Thus, the constantly-repeated accusation of "Israeli occupa-

tion" is pointless. Numerous international legal authorities, among them Eugene Rostow, have shown conclusively that Israel's rights in Judea-Samaria (the "West Bank") are based on international law and are further affirmed by U.N. Resolutions 242 and 338. President Reagan concluded that Jewish settlements are not illegal and that "... all people—Moslems, Jews, and Christians—are entitled to live in the West Bank."

**Myth:** Israel annexed the Golan Heights illegally and has no right to hold onto them.

**Fact:** The Golan Heights is a desolate area the size of Queens, NY. The arbitrary boundary lines drawn after World War II did place the Golan Heights in Syria. It put Israel at an impossible military disadvantage. From 1948 until Israel captured the Heights in the 1967 Six-Day War, Syria subjected Israeli settlements in the plains below to constant bombardment. Israel has been prepared to negotiate all issues with Syria, including the status of the Golan Heights.

**Myth:** Israel's insistence on defensible borders is unrealistic in this age of missiles and long-range bombers.

**Fact:** Israel, including Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") has an area about half the size of San Bernardino County in California. In contrast, the land area of the Arab nations is twice that of the U.S.! If Israel were to give up Judea and Samaria, it would only be nine miles (!) wide between the Arab military machine and the Mediterranean Sea. That narrow waist contains 75% of Israel's population and most of its industrial installations. Missile and bombers would not be needed. In case of attack, Israel could not mobilize and its principal population centers would be reduced to rubble within a matter of minutes.

Israel is the only victorious country in recorded history that, in quest for peace and acceptance, has surrendered vast territories to the vanquished. Still, Israel is not prepared to commit suicide by yielding to propaganda and myth and by adjusting its boundaries to suit the purposes of its implacable enemies. The insistence on "adjustment" of borders is one step in the plan for its destruction. The solution? Sit down at the negotiating table and work out an agreement on borders, just as Israel did with Egypt. Israel has been ready for such talks for 20 years. So far, only Egypt has finally agreed to sit down and talk to Israel. All other countries concerned consider themselves in a state of war with Israel, deny its "existence", and will not consider any talks or negotiations.

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H#6

## LETTERS

Continued from page 5

lots of events and parties, yet I can count on one hand the number of good conversations I have had in the last few years. I don't mean to suggest that I am surrounded by ignorant people. It's simply that our lives are conducted on such a quick and superficial level that deep discussions are rare. People seem to prefer to "keep things light."

Rice's letter strikes a chord because my ninety-year-old grandfather—a farmer—is being pressured to "move into town" to a retirement center or to pay for someone to live in and care for him. I can't imagine anything more ghastly than having one's home invaded by a cheerful, bossy sixty-five-year-old woman who pats you on the back and busily ignores your eccentricities. My grandfather is in good health, but he's getting forgetful and feeble. The worry is that he will injure himself when he's alone. When to surrender one's independence is a tough question, but I think much of the pressure comes from the sons and daughters who want to ease their minds and to relieve the guilt that would plague them if something did happen.

Merlaine Anderson Lang  
Ardmore, Okla.

I'm seventy-six and have lived alone since losing my wife in 1969. I've had all sorts of notions about my "last stop" in these solitary years. Two recent falls—from simple clumsiness, not drink, which I quit twelve years ago—have warned me that sooner or later I'll have to make the kind of move to a retirement home that Milard Millburn Rice did. His observations on the "finality of the disposal of things" and "that frightening sense of oneliness" have strengthened my resolve to marshal my inner resources so that I will be able to make that move with more grace and fortitude than I could otherwise have counted on.

In Baltimore, I directed a research program at Levindale Geriatric Center. We interviewed 200 people over



Mon.



Tues.



Thurs.

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Wed.



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fifty-five who lived either independently, in housing for the elderly, or in nursing homes. Except for those living independently, the grimness and dismal quality of life for the elderly was nearly beyond my capacity to absorb. I thanked the good Lord for having spared me from losing my independence so far.

More recently, I developed an experimental "learning program" to reduce the "fear of crime" among older people, here in Richmond. This experience—especially the fifty-odd film and discussion sessions in senior centers, clubs, and churches—reinforced my sense of the dreariness, aimlessness, and closed nature of daily life for many of our older citizens.

Rice wrote that he dreads not death itself but its approach. That is the heart of the matter. I was at my father's bedside when he drew his last breath (after an inability to recover from a severe pneumonia because of heart-overstrain). Years later, I was with my brother (who had suffered

from cerebral palsy his whole life) when he was dying. Then, last November, my other brother died of Parkinson's disease; I visited him in his last two weeks and *felt* (communication being impossible because of his loss of faculties) that some interaction had occurred.

These recollections are not intended to induce melancholy but to concur with Rice's final remarks: not stopping to think about death is the only defense against the trauma of the last stop. I am sustained in my own thoughts of the future by the calm dignity the men in my own family brought to that last "activity." I hope I can bring to my own last days something approximating the grace they brought to theirs.

W. P. de Mille  
Richmond, Va.

I am only forty-nine years old, but after sixteen years with multiple sclerosis I could neither walk nor drive. I

was delighted to find that the Electric Mobility Corporation of Sewell, New Jersey, puts out a full line of outdoor and indoor three-wheel vehicles. The one I bought has carried me over gravel country roads and fields for two years now. The ability to get up and go has improved the quality of my life immeasurably.

W. T. Geiling  
Lansdowne, Ontario

I read Millard Millburn Rice's letter with interest, possibly because I am halfway into my ninety-fifth year. Actually, I didn't read it; I listened to it on the record player provided to me without charge under a federal program to aid those who no longer can read.

I stopped driving two years ago, finally turning the wheel over to my wife, who is twenty years younger than me. That was complete surrender. Also about that time, I attempted to drive nails in some shelving and

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I am learning now how precious sight is. I urge all elderly to keep in constant touch with their eye specialists. Various methods of eye protection, which have only recently been suggested to me, must be employed. For instance I golfed for over seventeen years without sunglasses, simply because I didn't like to wear them. I am sure the degeneration would have been slowed had I done so. I still golf twice a week, though I am at a terrible disadvantage because I can't see the

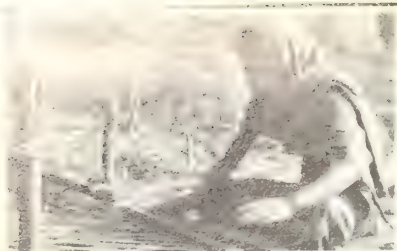
Robert M. Harper  
Sarasota, Fla.

Carlin Romano's review, "Notions of Ideas" [*Harper's Magazine*, June], implies that no one has published intellectual history since Hofstadter. Romano indicates that there are no

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LETTERS 75



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lectual history here than in Europe, I suggest that is due to a slack standard among American book reviewers.

Janine C. Hartman  
Chicago, Ill.

## In the Beginning

Fred Schmutge's questions ["Campbell's Primordial Soup," Readings, *Harper's Magazine*, May] have long intrigued evolutionists. He says that if four and a half billion years have elapsed since spontaneous generation took place, it would seem high time for a reoccurrence. Actually it's thought that one billion years elapsed before life first appeared on Earth; the first organisms were formed three and a half billion years ago. But suppose life were formed spontaneously once in several billion cans of soup. How would we know? The first organisms were not food-spoilage organisms. So if Schmutge's can of soup contained microbes formed by spontaneous generation, he wouldn't even know they were there. After he opened the can, some present-day organisms would get into the soup and gobble up their "spontaneous" ancestors.

Pasteur's experiments showed that for the world we live in only life begets life, but he did not attempt to explain the origins of the first bacteria.

Thomas H. Jukes  
Berkeley, Calif.

## Foreign Aid

In his essay 'Perils of Policy' [*Harper's Magazine*, May], William Pfaff correctly asserts that "aid does not invariably help development," and that the precise historical experience of the Marshall Plan is unlikely to be replicated in any developing region of today's world. However, Pfaff uses the dishonorable debating technique of setting up a straw person. No development professional believes that aid *invariably* helps development. Pfaff unfairly lampoons this community, and then implies that aid *invariably* does not help development. This line of argument belies his earlier good sense in opposing dogmatism.

Pfaff also misunderstands how development professionals use the term

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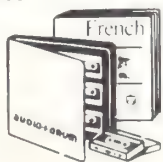
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"Marshall Plan." As employed by the Kissinger commission and others, it stands as a metaphor for a concerted effort requiring substantial amounts of money, not as a request for duplication of post-World War II history. More seriously, he dismisses as silly the possibility that outside aid can promote democracy. In doing so, he comes in late on the wrong side of an old debate. Twenty years ago, conventional wisdom held that economic development for very poor countries required such wrenching social dislocation that only an authoritarian government could see the process through. Two of Pfaff's model countries—Korea and Taiwan—provide evidence for such a thesis. However, democracies such as India and Malaysia provide compelling examples of economic development.

Whether development promotes democracy depends on the development pursued. Elitist strategies do not; more broad-based, democratic strategies of development may. There is no unbreakable link between democracy or authoritarianism and sustained economic growth.

Pfaff's argument rests on the assertion that "economic successes... [owe] little to foreign capital and much to the capacity of... societies to organize themselves to the demands of modern industrialization." Very fancy words. What do they mean? His statement is true, but it obscures the critical element in acquiring such a capacity: education.

South Korea had already attained universal primary education by 1965, and 35 percent of its teenagers were in high school. By 1983, 89 percent were in high school. These numbers track well with the European experience after World War II. Educated labor forces could "organize themselves to the demands of modern industrialization." What about Africa? In Zambia, a country experiencing prolonged, profound economic decline, the figures for 1965 were 53 percent for primary school and 7 percent for high school. By 1983, primary enrollment had increased to 94 percent, but high school had only increased to 17 percent.

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poor as well as better-off citizens can help poor countries develop. It could reinforce nascent democratic tendencies. Given these opportunities, would Pfaff suggest we do nothing? Surely, assistance for such efforts by wealthier nations should continue. Dogmatism—whether from historical determinists or from Pfaff—must be rejected.

Walter E. Fauntroy  
Washington, D.C.

Walter E. Fauntroy is chairman of the House Subcommittee on International Development Institutions and Finance.

### September Index Sources

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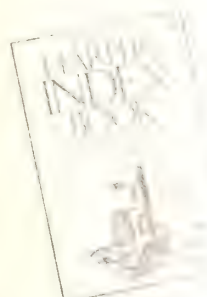
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by Thomas H. Middleton

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The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 79.

## CLUES

A. Strong drink personified (2 wds.)

69 98 216 142 1  
10 27 108 18  
192 122 144 44  
8

B. Dusk

46 177 129 6 219  
207 55 134

C. Battle to be fought on the "great day of God"

90 116 97 75 35 50 68 154  
187 24

D. Eponym's complement

185 105 191 115 195 95 72 29

E. Perplexed

100 123 12 84 85 127 170

F. Makes correspondent or comfortable

30 34 148 139 64 193 119

G. Symbolic

224 198 3 17 73 117 7 25  
38 81

H. U.S. President, "Old Rough and Ready" (full name)

66 136 54 210 149 13 118 74  
107 5 181 2 179

I. Mishap, calamity, distress

173 32 83 220 56 150 114 93  
52 201

J. Title of Ethiopian royalty; sweetened wine beverage

169 211 15 197 113

K. Suspicion

4 184 111 37 212 160 11 120

L. Vigilant, alert

222 131 70 151 163

M. Slanted line, old form of comma

218 33 166 202 101 128 79

N. Presumptuous

130 183 208 63 22 178 176 91  
103 78 165

O. Asked

182 153 61 203 205 140 162

P. Food or provisions for a group

51 132 199 99 110 159 20

Q. It, anatomist (1524-74), a founder of modern anatomy

217 82 96 143 14 71 42 200  
206

R. Light, gauzy fabrics

172 65 109 147 188 180 106

S. "Tall —, branch-  
charmed by the ear-  
nest stars" (Keats,  
"Hyperion")

167 152 88 171

T. Endure oppressive heat

89 9 67 221 204 45 164

U. 1905 song by V.  
Herbert and H.  
Blossom from *Mlle.  
Modiste* (5 wds. fol-  
lowed by WORD X)

23 137 58 39 209 94 194 155  
102 158 175 21 87 48

V. Elbow, jostle

161 53 77 223 62

W. Flushed, shone

186 135 60 104 36 92

X. See WORD U (4  
wds.)

157 49 141 57 146 80 190 47  
215 213 189

Y. Compliant; not  
severe

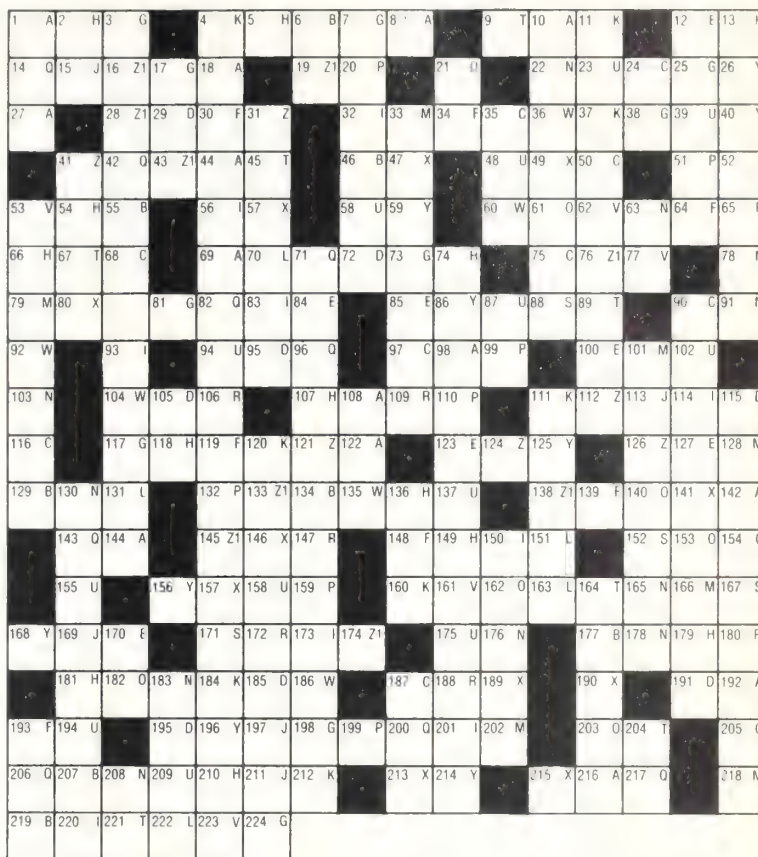
86 214 125 168 196 40 26 59  
156

Z. Light lunch, esp. in  
England or India

41 121 126 31 112 124

Z1. Character in com-  
media dell'arte

145 19 174 28 43 138 133 16  
76



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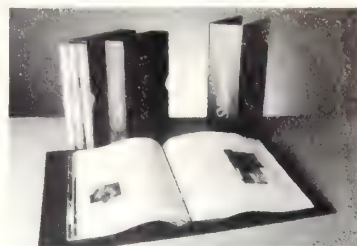
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## NOTES FOR "CARTE BLANCHE"

ACROSS: 1. CO-(O) PUP; 2. AF-FIRM; 3. HA(H-A)S; 4. EUROPE, "you're up"; 5. ALL-E.G.-OR-I-ST; 6. SH-TICKS; 7. GAIT, "gate"; 8. TI(PSTA)FF, anagram of "past"; 9. BUR(PGU)N, anagram of "pug"; 10. TANDOOOR, anagram; 11. ROBUSTLY, anagram; 12. ERUP(t), reversed; 13. VESTIGE, hidden; 14. PLUG-UGLIES (anagram); 15. AD(A-G)O; 16. BAMBI, anagram; 17. TRA(reversal) SHY; 18. W(I)TIED, anagram of "lit." DOWN: 19. CHESTY, anagram; 20. I(OATH)e; 21. HS-I-LAP, reversed; 22. PE-EKAB(reversal)-O-O; 23. FROUFROU, anagram; 24. FORGE(t); 25. RESID(U)E; 26. MUTT ON; 27. HATPINS(s), anagram; 28. THO-ROUGH; 29. FURBELOW, anagram of "rube" in reversal of "wolf"; 30. EGOTISM, hidden; 31. TABULAR, anagram; 32. TAPPET, "tap it"; 33. OSTEAL, anagram; 34. E(YE)LID, anagram of "lied"; 35. VEGA'S, & Lit; 36. GIBE(n), anagram.

**SOLUTION TO AUGUST DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 56).** BERYL MARKHAM: WEST WITH THE NIGHT. To men the zebra is a complete ambiguity. He resembles a donkey, but will not be trained and cannot stand work; . . . His hide while striking in appearance, is only fairly durable and has made its greatest decorative triumph as panelling for the walls of a New York night club.

**CONTEST RULES:** Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 57, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's Magazine*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by September 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the October issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 55 (July) are Elinor Kamath, Menlo Park, California; Margo Sorzano, Culver City, California; and Sharvel Horn, Ft. Collins, Colorado.

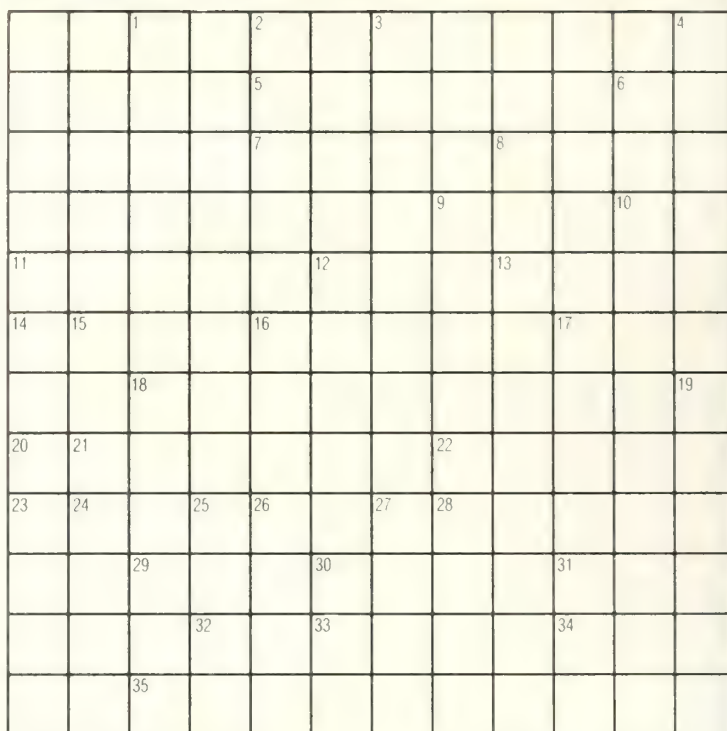
# PUZZLE

## See Directions

by E. R. Galli  
and Richard Maltby Jr.

**E**nter the clue answers at their appropriate numbers, following directions. If the perimeter of the diagram is reached before an entry is completed, reenter from the opposite side (thus heading toward where the entry begins). Many entries have one or more unchecked letters.

There are five proper names and one variant spelling (18) among the clue answers. The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 79.



1. Priests in ceremonial cloaks not dissembling (7)
2. She was shaking in thin coats (6)
3. Girl coming out with me returned to get closely involved? (5)
4. Bad sorts, filled with heightened insensibilities (7)
5. They inspire renovation of 70% of real estate (7)
6. Angry about wife that's said to be true (5)
7. Stands for artists, but not as slippery characters (4)
8. Not exposed, re insect? (6)
8. "Like a broken-down horse" . . . a cryptic indication for "yaws"? (10)
9. Extra cards for the high bidder, with one down short (5)
10. Hardly cools off, left out in playground (6, 4)
10. Scandinavian almost finished holding silver shaped with a hammer (6)
11. Graceful people, suitors . . . but not me (5)
12. Houseguest reveals a musical connection (5)
13. Aren't nice bananas fruit (9)
13. Knows, we hear, the Parisian is in bed, possible result of scuffle (9)
14. Made out check, marginally in need (6)
15. You and I in half-nelson becoming upright on landing (5)
16. I do the laundry when talking bunkum (7)
17. Temptress almost goes all the way with father (4)
18. Roil mob, e.g., possibly producing this! (9)
19. Runners without velocity would create panics (7)
20. No Poles seen recycling rubbish (8)
21. Diamond requires reversal of charge on personal property (4)
21. So nun converted, admitting error in front of church. What an extraordinary person (8)
22. Kangaroo's last regret: comeback of wallaroo (4)
23. English statute overturned, Democrat made marks with Whip (5)
24. Justice according to a Greek sense. I'm shocked (7)
25. Finishes off this, for sins (4)
26. Famous Swede said to be anything but a beauty (5)
27. Abruptly carry off Spanish into court? Just the opposite! (5)
27. Sea birds returned, but just one appears! (4)
28. Where witches operated "Meals on Wheels"? (5)
28. Prophet joins up with fool . . . is this material? (10)
29. Run up all the points (4)
30. Bristled when liquor's laced with a bit of rotgut (8)
31. Vacillating in pinch, losing head (4)
32. Greek god relinquishes right for Greek goddess (3)
33. Was supportive about Left—took a lateral position? (6)
34. Anne Baxter's role's said to be a standout part (5)
35. Small crustacean disorders were fatal (5, 4)

**Contest Rules:** Send your solution to "See Directions," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's Magazine*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the November issue. Winners of the July puzzle, "Aaabcdeeint" are Steven Dorfman, Los Angeles, California; Howard M. Einspahr, Kalamazoo, Michigan; and David F. Walsh, Scituate, Massachusetts.



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# LETTERS

## I Cannot Tell a Lie

The cropped painting on the July cover of *Harper's Magazine* invites a deconstructivist commentary. The subject is obviously George Washington's confrontation with his father about cutting down the cherry tree. Just beyond the naughty if truthful George are his father's other "children," the obedient slaves picking cherries from a tree rather than cutting it down.

The direct simplicity of the fable is marred, however, by the truncated torso and the pointing forefinger behind the drapes. These, we learn from examining the uncropped painting (on page 46), belong to Parson Weems, who first told the cherry-tree story in his 1806 biography of Washington. As we look through the parson's eyes, we realize that the episode provides not only an opportunity to make the young George's courage and honesty manifest but also a foreshadowing of his future leadership of the rebellion against the father figure of George III. The virtue of the obedience of the slaves pales in contrast to the implied virtues of the aberrant behavior of the future father of this country.

Ultimately, of course, it is neither George's story nor that of either the slaves or Parson Weems. It is a painting by Grant Wood. And it is a painting cropped by your art director,

published by *Harper's*, viewed and commented on by me. The texts—hence meanings—proliferate ad infinitum.

Lloyd N. Dendinger

Mobile, Ala.

## Days of Books and Roses

Michael Pollan's essay, "Cultivating Virtue" [*Harper's Magazine*, May], was fascinating, and I think his essential point that gardening in America, unlike in England, has long been connected with moral virtue is partially correct. Lately, I've been reading old American books touching on gardening, such as Henry Ward Beecher's agricultural essays and his daughter's book on domestic economy. The Beechers certainly bear out Pollan's thesis, but there is some evidence of parallel thinking in England during the same period.

Where I disagree with Pollan is on the issue of aesthetics—and whether we have any important literature on gardening in this country. I believe we do. The truly great English horticultural writers of the past are William Robinson (for his influence), Gertrude Jekyll, and Vita Sackville-West. Some would add Reginald Farrar and E.A. Bowles. In America, Celia Thaxter (1835–94) wrote some god-awful poetry, but her *An Island Garden* is wonderful and entirely aesthetic in its approach, a reveling in color. She doesn't appear to have read much British horticultural literature, but she was strongly influenced by John Ruskin, as was, I think, Jekyll. Somewhat later, Alice Morse Earle,

*Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.*



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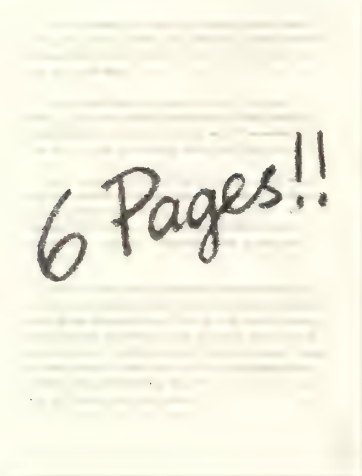
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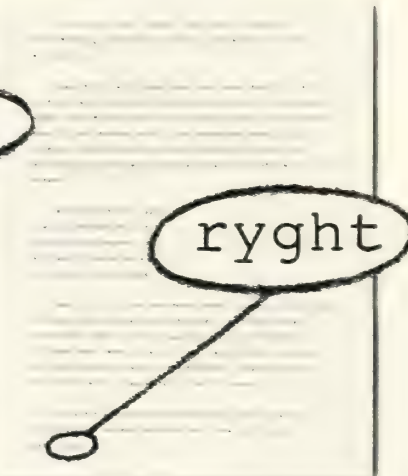
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with her powerful sense of observation, wrote a good many books on gardening, none better than *Old Time Gardens* (1901). And Louise Beebe Wilder, who was very prolific in the 1920s and '30s, was able to hold her own perfectly well against the British competition. Finally there was Elizabeth Lawrence, whose book on market bulletins of the South I edited for Duke University Press after her death in 1985. Lawrence's *A Southern Garden* and *Gardens in Winter* are true classics.

The real mystery is not why America hasn't produced any important horticultural literature, but why so little has come from the South. Lawrence was a North Carolinian, and maybe Wilder could be counted since she grew up in Baltimore, but among the fifty people who have written well on gardening over the past 150 years, New England clearly dominates.

To get back to an aesthetic approach to gardening, I think the reason it appears in America so late is that it runs counter to asceticism. Roses were grown in abundance in the Shaker colonies, but strictly for making medicinal rosewater. The blossoms had to be plucked without stems, lest a Shaker sister be tempted to pin one on her dress as an ornament and turn away from God toward the world. Such asceticism was widespread well into this century. My Sabatarian Methodist grandmother in Texas used to justify partaking in the guilty pleasures of the garden by turning flowers into parables such as "the lilies of the field." The same thing happened in Great Britain, incidentally, as is evidenced by "Mrs. Blatty's" five volume *Parables From Nature* (1855-71) or any number of books by Charles Kingsley, where nature and gardening are didactic exercises.

Allen Lacy  
Stockton State College  
Pomona, N.J.

Allen Lacy writes gardening columns for The New York Times and other publications.

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as in the hearts of those for whom he saved the Union, the memory of Abraham Lincoln is enshrined forever." Having reflected on these words, I believe that Arthur Danto is wrong to say that the idea of the Union has less meaning as a justification for combat than Helen of Troy [Readings, "Addressing Gettysburg," *Harper's Magazine*, July].

America was conceived as a nation with a civil religion—based on equality and liberty—not an established church. Lincoln knew that this startling experiment would fail if the nation were to be divided because half of its people renounced one of those two founding ideals. Had the Union not been saved, an apostate South might have survived only to be as rejected by the world as South Africa is today.

There is ultimately no justification for inciting war. But Lincoln had all the reasons a leader could have had to fight the Civil War and preserve the Union. That is what his words at Gettysburg proved, and that is why six score and four years later, men and women are still moved when they stand at his memorial.

Jack Duwall  
Alexandria, Va.

Arthur Danto writes well about Gettysburg, but I have two quibbles: First, I was taught (and still believe) that "the climactic battle of the War of the Roses" was fought, not at Tewkesbury in 1471, as he says, but on Bosworth Field in 1485. Second, I question his assertion that "the Trojan War speaks to what is universal and human, regardless of political division and national culture." Excepting a few scattered colonials, the Trojan War has had little relevance to that half of humanity which lives east of Suez and south of the Sahara.

Martin Shockley  
Allenspark, Colo.

Arthur Danto's characterization of the Gettysburg Address as "an inappropriate political speech on an occasion that called for generosity, vaunting and confessional," must be deconstructed to pierce its meaning. Generosity toward the Southern

cause and its soldiers in November 1863 would have seemed to Lincoln's listeners like generosity toward "Japan's gallant legions" by President Roosevelt in, say, 1943. War is, after all, war. As for "vaunting and confessional"—those are merely sneers.

One can enter the Gettysburg battlefield wherever one chooses and use one's own itinerary. Everything in the park testifies to "a great battle between heroic adversaries." Should the fact that it was a Union victory be disguised? To what end?

Phillip Leininger  
Cold Spring, N.Y.

## Soul Selling

We Americans periodically rediscover our Puritan heritage, often in much the way we discover our political corruption: as a maddeningly persistent tradition we would prefer to shake off. Curiously, our present culture of public life seems to combine, in far from attractive ways, both the scrutiny of inner life that Richard Sennett attacks ["A Republic of Souls," *Harper's Magazine*, July] and the Machiavellian masking he proposes as a solution to our distinctive, and debilitating, cult of personality.

The invention of the political "personality" has made authenticity itself a persona: the studied concealing of the salesman's art. The problem is not masks per se, but that charm and authenticity have to carry the whole weight of public meaning. Of course, in America personality sells very well, just as the jargon of the true, spontaneous self dominates our language. And more self-scrutiny cannot lead us out of the morass of authenticity. Here Sennett is right on the mark. But as we have so recently been reminded, artful acting, divorced from context, is not a direction-finder.

For things to be otherwise, there must be political substance in public life. This draining of substance into mere performance, as in "celebrity," is most troubling. The public self will not be recaptured or created anew without shared public goods and the debate among citizens over what the *res publica* is about. The achievement of the public self, which Sennett is



right to hope for, depends upon our ability to learn that the enriched self we seek so earnestly is only possible when the practice of citizenship transcends the self and produces examples of public excellence and prudence. No republic, not even a constitutional one, is a "machine that can go of itself," regardless of what the Framers may have thought. Our task is to nurture not political distance between rulers and ruled but the practices of civic argument that can give genuine context to public life.

William M. Sullivan  
LaSalle College  
Philadelphia

Richard Sennett's complex piece of consensus, which argues for greater distance between the governed and governing, is based upon a false premise: "moving the nation forward has come to seem less important than rituals of mutual understanding between a leader and the people."

Sennett suggests that the nineteenth-century myth of progress applies to current governmental practices, but these are only as good as the people making them. Unless these decisions are honest and just, they cannot possibly move the nation forward. The laws and institutions of the United States have, as Sennett points out, made this country the most stable political regime in the modern world. But these are humanly shaped laws and institutions. Some Americans look for leaders who defer to a higher power than themselves; I believe nothing less than God can inspire trust. But this deference cannot be a product of public relations; it has to be real or else our culture mocks itself with wishful talk of "moving forward."

Louise Hazlett  
Honolulu

I object to Richard Sennett's claim that public discussion of AIDS is the latest manifestation of the "Puritan legacy." Mandatory AIDS testing is controversial, but I don't see why informing the partners of AIDS patients should be. There is quite a difference between "open discussion of a moral

lapse... this compulsive need to reveal" and an attempt to limit the spread of a fatal disease.

Katherine Lieber  
New York City

Richard Sennett's essay on Puritanism and the American presidency is an interesting intellectual exercise but not a realistic representation of the American mind and its response to our leaders.

The success of the American system of laws and government depends on the honorable nature of our public servants and their dedication to act in the public interest rather than their own. We empower our representatives in Congress to enact laws which we deem appropriate or inappropriate. Some members of the Reagan administration believed that because their judgment was better than Congress's, they could act outside the law. What has happened to the laws that constrain the executive branch, our only safeguard that presidents will not act like kings?

Sennett pooch-poochs the responsibility of the media for the public's alleged demand for "openness" and "inspection." Which came first, the chicken of public demand for inspection or the egg of media surveillance and hype? If the need for inspection came first—indeed, can be traced to our Puritan ancestors—why were Jefferson, Franklin Roosevelt, and Kennedy not hounded out of office for their sexual indiscretions? Could it be because Americans prefer to believe their leaders are heroes, or because the media did not then see fit to make public scandals out of private behavior? Similarly, why would Representative Gerry Studds's constituents in Massachusetts engage in a public display of overwhelming support for him, despite the media's best efforts to fan the flames of scandal over his homosexual relations with a Senate page, if America's natural tendency is toward Puritan inspection, disclosure, and censure? Ever since Watergate, the media fancy themselves as vigilantes, assuming for themselves the responsibility of safeguarding the public trust.

Gary Hart's mistake was not in



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## Syria and the Middle East

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Syria has been much in the news lately. Still, most Americans don't quite know what to make of it. We hear about Syrian involvement in terrorism and know of its hostility to Israel. But we are not sure just what role it plays in the Middle East. Syria doesn't clearly come into focus. It deserves a closer look.

### What are the facts?

■ Syria is a "client" of the Soviet Union. It's their most trusted ally in the region. It is the Cuba of the Middle East. The principal enemies of the USSR and Syria are the United States and Israel. Ironically, Syria has great understanding of Israel's role as defender of Western interests. Because Syria realizes that it's only Israel that stymies Soviet hegemony in the Middle East and insures U.S. influence in the area and in the Gulf region.

■ Syria is the most destabilizing influence in the Middle East. It is in war-like conflict with every one of its five neighbors. Syria claims large areas of Turkey. Over the years, Syria has launched many armed incursions against Jordan and it is only the threat of being confronted by Israeli military force that has prevented Syria from attempting a full-fledged takeover of that country. There is mortal enmity with Iraq and its leaders, which has caused Syria to make common cause with non-Arab Iran in the destructive Gulf War. Syrians consider Lebanon to be part of their own country and have now virtually occupied and annexed it. But their main fury is directed against Israel, because it represents an intolerable "non-Arab presence" in the area, because it has wrested the Golan Heights from Syria, but mostly because it is (rightly) perceived as a bulwark of Western influence and civilization, both of which Syria totally rejects.

■ Elimination of U.S. influence in the Middle East is where Syrian and Soviet wishes intersect. The interests of the Soviet Union are global and those of Syria regional, but their aims coincide. The Soviet Union is, of course, desirous to see the U.S. retreat from the Middle East, enabling the Soviet Union to extend its dominion over the entire region, which is close to their own strategic "soft underbelly". It would also give them

control over the oil reserves of the Persian Gulf, the lifeblood of the Western world. Syria enthusiastically cooperates in the effort to dislodge the U.S., because the U.S. and its ally Israel stand in the way of the dream of "Greater Syria".

■ Syria's immediate military aim is to build to "strategic parity" with Israel. This would enable Syria to wage war with Israel, if necessary without the assistance of any of the other Arab States. To that end, it has so far acquired over \$19 billion worth of the most advanced and sophisticated Soviet armament. This includes the most advanced Soviet fighters, the most advanced missiles, and major capability in chemical weapons, the most formidable and sophisticated air defense system, a tank force greater than that of France and England combined, and a promise by the Soviet Union of atomic weapons for "when the need arises". "We Syrians are not afraid to push the button", says Defense Minister Mustafa Talas.

■ Terror is the most pervasive aspect of the Syrian regime. Syria perceives of terror as a legitimate tool for furthering its national objectives. That terror is conducted by Syrian organizations sponsored by or affiliated with the government, or indirectly through "clients", primarily the Palestinians, Iranian and Libyan terror factions to whom Syria extends warm hospitality and support. Syria uses terror against Israeli and Western targets, or against Arab elements that do not conform to the Syrian policy line. But they reserve their most brutal terror against those suspected of internal opposition. In 1982, President Assad put down a rebellion in the town of Hama. Over 25,000 people were ruthlessly killed. *The New York Times* said President Assad "... turned half the town into a parking lot".

Syria is the leading ally of the Soviet Union and the outstanding enemy of the U.S. in the Middle East. The Syrian regime is one of unmitigated terror, of human rights violations, of ruthless persecution of political and religious minorities — especially, of course, the pitiful remnants of the Jewish population, who are not allowed to emigrate and are kept as hostages in the country. Syria is in conflict with every one of its five neighbors. Its political and military aim is the destruction of Israel, the establishment of "Greater Syria", and the elimination of any influence of the United States in the immediate area and in the Persian Gulf.

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committing adultery, but rather in not having the good judgment to realize that if he brought a woman to his home for the weekend he would find himself on Monday's front page. In the public's mind, it is not a far leap from such a lapse of judgment to the sort that resulted in Watergate and the Iran-contra affair.

The media should reevaluate its idea of what is news, and cease reporting on public leaders' activities that don't bear on their ability to carry out the duties of office. Then we could focus clearly on the issues.

Lori Buzzell  
Brookline, Mass.

### Mizejewski's Romania

Having been in charge of the academic exchange programs at the American Embassy in Bucharest, Romania, from 1983 to 1985, I feel qualified to comment on the letters written by Craig Bridgman and Nick Montana [*Harper's Magazine*, July] about Linda Mizejewski's article, "The Erotic Stripped Bare," in the March issue.

Mizejewski's article was a perceptive and largely accurate account of the difficulties of Romanian life. The gentlemen's comments, by contrast, were petulant and uninformed.

Bridgman noted sarcastically that Mizejewski wore a "quilted parka" and took advantage of her privilege of going to the heads of gas lines, behavior which he suggested "taunted prisoners with glimpses of wealth and privilege."

As one who survived the winter of 1984-85 in a Bucharest apartment where the indoor temperature stayed below 40 degrees for two months because the authorities had cut off the heat, I imagine that Mizejewski wore her parka indoors as much as outdoors. She may even have slept in it, as I sometimes slept in mine, to avoid freezing to death (as many Romanians did that winter) rather than to "taunt" anyone.

As for the gas lines, I also used my privilege as a foreigner—paying in hard currency—to cut ahead. Anyone care to bet that Bridgman, faced with a mile-long line every time he wanted gas, wouldn't do the same? Gas lines of 200 or more cars are



common in Romania. While cutting ahead was embarrassing and uncomfortable at first, the prospect of spending hours—perhaps even days—in line made it unavoidable.

Concerning Montana's letter, I'm always leery of someone whose best advice on a given subject is to "keep an open mind." Open-mindedness is not an end in itself but rather a tool to help people sift through choices and make decisions. Mizejewski lived under difficult and bizarre conditions for nearly a year, and on the basis of her experience, has made judgments about what she saw. It is unfair to imply that she has a closed mind merely because some of those judgments are critical. Montana is wrong to say, "No place could be as bad as the one [Mizejewski] describes."

The most thoughtful comment I have heard on the subject came from an elderly Romanian who, during a conversation about conditions in his country, elaborated on the repression and fear, the rationing and food shortages, the barbaric hospital conditions, the near-total lack of heat and power during the winter, the conspiratorial nature of Romanian society, and several other unpleasant Romanian realities. At the end he sighed and said, "You know, if we had a little more food it would remind me of the war."

James A. Morgan, III  
Martinsburg, W. Va.

## Ubiquitous Terror

Alberto Moravia's essay ["The Terrorist Aesthetic," *Harper's Magazine*, June] on the ubiquitous use of terror by groups ranging from the artistic avant-garde to the Wall Street corporate raiders provides an interesting, if incomplete, view of an important cultural ethos. According to Moravia, terror, as practiced by these ostensibly divergent groups, involves the destitution of positively held values.

Yet Moravia's essay fails to address why terror has become so all encompassing. French philosophers Maurice Merleau-Ponty (*Humanisme et Terror*), Alexandre Kojève (*Tyrannie et Sagesse*), and Jean-Paul Sartre (*Critique of Dialectical Reason*) treat-

ed terror in a similar fashion. They presented the concept of negativity—roughly, Moravia's "paralysis of reason"—as the essence of human freedom, since negation necessarily entails the ability to conceive of things differently from what is positive or existent.

If we accept that the "paralysis of reason" is an essential element of freedom, it follows that free people must constantly be engaged in the negation of truths. Terror—in its many manifestations—is a requisite but oft overlooked element of freedom. Herein lies the point behind the endless discourse on newness and obsolescence that characterizes our culture.

Eddie Stern  
New York City

## October Index Sources

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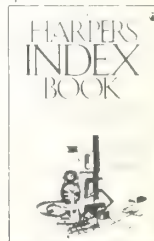
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# NOTEBOOK

## Wall painting

By Lewis H. Lapham

*The artistic temperament is a disease that afflicts amateurs.*

—G. K. Chesterton

**I**n New York last spring, Christie's sold at auction, for \$26,400, an idea for a drawing. Not the drawing itself. Nothing so crass as an object or a design on paper, but the right to render the drawing in a space eight feet square. The buyer of the work in question, *Ten Thousand Lines Ten Inches Long, Covering the Wall Evenly*, received a sales receipt and a set of instructions not unlike the page in a first-grade coloring book inviting a child to connect the dots. The buyer retained the right to choose the texture and placement of the wall—stucco, fiberboard, facing south, in the library—but it was strongly recommended that he hire (at his own considerable expense) the artist's own draftsmen to draw the lines in their proper width and sequence. Under the terms of the sale, the buyer further agreed to wash the drawing off the wall if and when he decided to sell it to another collector or donate it to a museum. The subsequent owner would be entitled to proof of erasure.

The artist, Sol LeWitt, expounded the thesis of conceptual art as long ago as 1969: "Ideas can be works of art—they are in a chain of development that may eventually find some form. All ideas need not be physical."

The observation is neither new nor profound. An unkind critic might go so far as to say that it was both fatuous and banal, on a par with the discovery that sailors have been known to die by drowning. But the unkind critic would miss the point and fail to appreciate LeWitt as a prophet. Within the minimalist aesthetic has come to de-

fine the character of postmodernist politics, sex, literature, and war.

For many years now the more refined literary fictions have relied on the techniques of omission. The authors tastefully leave out of their narratives all the emotion and most of the drama. In the manner of Samuel Beckett or Ann Beattie, they supply 10,000 lines of oblique irony with which the reader is expected to construct his or her own story on a blank page. Sometimes the authors furnish a few lines of dialogue, but in language so abstract that the words can mean anything the reader wishes them to mean. The effect bears comparison to a conversation partially overheard at a distance of 400 feet through the breaks in a strong wind.

What else is the presidency of Ronald Reagan if not a work of conceptual art? Like LeWitt, the President has a talent for promoting what isn't there. All his speeches, all his tinselled sentiments, all his homilies and tiny sermons might as well be entitled *Ten Thousand Words Five Letters Long, Covering the Silence Evenly*. He invites his audience to hear what they choose to hear, to connect the dots and make their own drawings of America the Beautiful.

Throughout the spring and summer the Iran-*contra* committees listened to daily reports of a National Security Council gone sick with paranoid delusions of oriental grandeur, but none of the testimony damaged Reagan's reputation as a man of benign and democratic intent. Various unkind critics wondered why so much evidence produced so small a result. Their confusion followed from their failure to understand the minimalist aesthetic.

What was important about the hearing was what wasn't said and who

wasn't there. If the politicians were careful not to ask impolite questions (about Israel's percentage in the deal, or the character of the assassins and arms dealers with whom the United States allied itself in two hemispheres), the witnesses were equally careful to describe the White House and the Departments of State and Defense as large empty spaces in which nobody of importance was ever present. All of the witnesses had heard rumors about the drawing in progress (*Ten Thousand Memoranda Ten Paragraphs Long, Covering the Failure Evenly*), but none of them had ever seen it rendered on a government wall. Certainly the President hadn't seen it, and neither had Secretaries Weinberger and Shultz. The only man that everybody was sure had seen it—William Casey, former director of the CIA—was dead.

What is telephone sex if not a display of conceptual art? The Puritan bias of the American mind, much exaggerated by the fear of AIDS, has chased the nation's sexual expression into the realms of the abstract. The back pages of the better pornographic magazines glow with advertisements for "live phone fantasy," "mind images," "telefantasies," "sensuous, exotic, live phone playmates!" In return for a draftsman's fee (all major credit cards accepted), Lori or Cherry Blossom or Evita agree to describe any number of erotic acts ("150 Portrayals; Safe and Private!") that might be entitled *Ten Thousand Whispers One Syllable Long, Covering the Night Evenly*. To render the promises in physical form might prove too expensive, too inconvenient, too dangerous.

The curators of the nation's foreign policy haven't yet learned to manage their affairs as efficiently as Lori or Evita, but certainly they think of their



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wars and stratagems as works of conceptual art. The current naval expedition into the Persian Gulf might well be entitled *Ten Thousand Radar Signals Ten Seconds Long, Covering the Map Evenly*. The Reagan administration apparently wishes to make an avant-garde statement about America's place and stature in the world. To what end, or at what cost, nobody can say. Our geopoliticians don't know what the United States stands to win or lose in the event of a war with Iran, Iraq, or any other enemy as yet unannounced, but clearly the excitements of the moment demand something impressive in "a chain of development that may eventually find some form." Understood as objects as crass as a collection of ungainly ships in warm water, our fleet has little or no chance of victory within the confines of what amounts to an Iranian lake. Understood as minimalist art, as an idea of power rather than a fact of power, our navy is invincible. We supply the military schematics and expect our enemies to fill in the blanks with their own trembling and fear.

LeWitt's drawing was one of the first works of conceptual art to be sold at auction, but I expect the prices to move steadily higher. The trend is so well established that the leading Democratic candidate for next year's presidential nomination exists as a set of instructions for a series of yet unconnected dots. Mario Cuomo retains his value in the opinion polls precisely because he hasn't declared his candidacy, because the political consultants (i.e., the analogues of LeWitt's draftsmen and the girls on "Lori's Hotline") haven't drawn his 10,000 lines on the walls of the media.

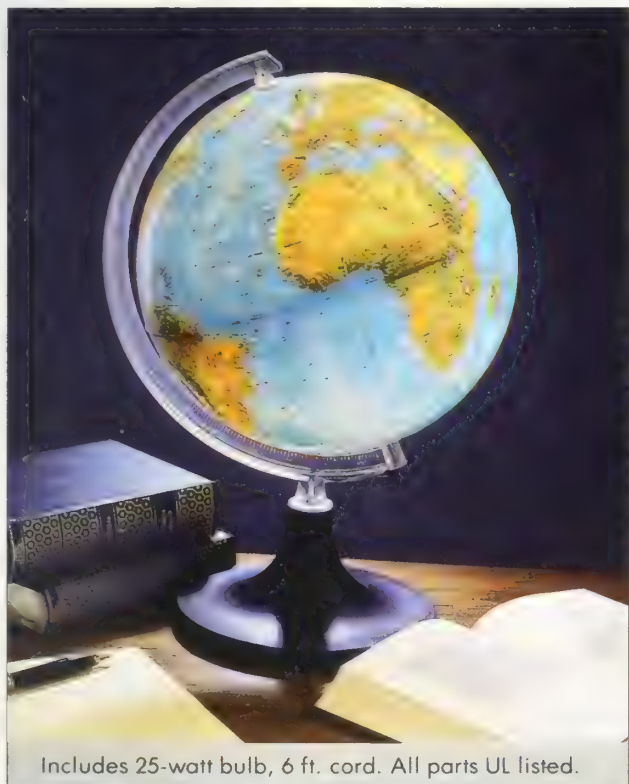
If the trend continues to follow the ascent of the stock market and the price of New York real estate, maybe the public will learn to occupy impalpable states of theory and possibility. Give people enough practice with the aesthetic, and maybe they will be persuaded to omit the tiresome chore of having to live their lives. Museums like to collect conceptual art because it takes up so little space in the basement. Rapacious landlords and ambitious politicians like to collect conceptual lives because they make so few demands and such little noise. ■



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# HARPER'S INDEX

- Number of times Michael Dukakis has cried in public since announcing his candidacy : 2
- Number of states that have voted Republican in every presidential election since 1968 : 23
- Number that have voted Democratic in every election since 1968 : 0 (see page 22)
- Percentage of black Republicans who are under 30 : 49
- Amount that Gary Hart's list of 1984 campaign contributors brought at auction in August : \$6,500
- Average amount of campaign funds received by Sen. Lloyd Bentsen each day this year : \$20,000
- Names in Ronald Reagan's contributor file in 1980 : 200,000
- Names in Pat Robertson's contributor file today : 2,500,000
- Minutes Jerry Falwell spent soliciting contributions during the average *Old Time Gospel Hour* in July : 26
- Additional hours Americans will spend on paperwork in 1987 as a result of the 1986 Tax Reform Act : 105,000,000
- Percentage change, since 1980, in the number of senior government officials who are political appointees : +13
- Federal and state laws declared unconstitutional by the Warren Court : 171
- By the Burger Court : 319
- Percentage of Americans who believe that "some civil liberties must be suspended in the war on AIDS" : 42
- Cost of storing a unit of blood for three years at Bloodline, Inc., in New Jersey : \$150
- Percentage of Americans who know CPR : 51
- Who know how to jump-start a car : 70
- Percentage of the U.S. passenger-airline business controlled by the top eight companies in 1978 : 81
- Percentage controlled by the top eight companies today : 91
- Average daily increase, since August 1982, in the market value of all publicly traded U.S. stocks : \$1,000,000,000
- Troy ounces of gold mined in the United States in 1986 : 3,700,000
- Number of countries that have claimed to have discovered America : 11
- Chances that a resident of Santa Fe is a "healer" of some kind : 1 in 52
- Bibles and hymnbooks the Soviet Union has allowed the Russian Baptist Union to import this year : 20,000
- Number of commercial TV channels in Western Europe in 1975 : 1
- Number today : 31
- Number of revolutions that Polish journalist Ryszard Kapuściński has witnessed : 27
- Price per person of a nine-day package tour to Vietnam : \$3,000
- Price per person of a ten-day "Baseball for Peace" tour to Nicaragua during its fall baseball season : \$1,150
- Number of the 254 newspaper reporters covering major league baseball teams who are black : 4
- Number of baseball gloves that can be made from the average cowhide : 2.5
- Percentage of professional football players who wear a cup during games : 52
- States that have not outlawed cockfighting : 5 (see page 34)
- Percentage increase in fraternity membership on college campuses since 1975 : 119
- In sorority membership : 25
- Percentage of women who wash their hands in a public restroom if someone else is present : 90
- Percentage who do so if they are alone : 16
- Maximum amount that entrants in the Homemaker of the Year contest may earn a year : \$500 (see page 24)
- Number of Betty Rubble tablets in a bottle of Flintstone Chewable Vitamins : 0

*Figures cited are the latest available as of August 1987. Sources are listed on page 11.  
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# READINGS

[Memorandum]

## A 'CONTRA' DEMOCRACY?

*From a memo sent by Robert Owen ("TC," or The Courier) to Oliver North ("BG," or Blood and Guts) on March 17, 1986, and released this summer by the Iran-contra committees. Owen was North's liaison to the contras. The FDN, which is headed by Adolfo Calero, is the largest contra faction; the UNO (United Nicaraguan Opposition) is the contra umbrella organization. The Nicaraguan Humanitarian Assistance Office (NHAO) was the State Department office responsible for dispensing nonlethal aid to the contras in 1985 and 1986.*

TO: BG

FROM: TC

SUBJECT: OVERALL PERSPECTIVE

The following report... comes from my involvement over the last few weeks, but some of the thoughts have been percolating for some time. As I have been in a somewhat unique position these last two years, I have seen and heard a number of things, and people are now coming to me with bits and pieces of information which I can't fully evaluate, I can only pass along. . . .

### FDN/UNO POLITICAL SITUATION

The FDN is now driving UNO, not the other way around. UNO is a creation of the United

States government (USG) to garner support from Congress. When it was founded a year ago, the hope was it would become a viable organization. In fact, almost anything it has accomplished is because the hand of the USG has been there directing and manipulating. . . .

Calero . . . has used his strength and will and the FDN to further consolidate his hold on the resistance and to gain control of UNO. Perhaps UNO is the correct acronym, for there is only one leader in the Democratic Resistance, Adolfo Calero.

As long as the USG understands this to be true, it can go forward with planning. But, if USG agencies actually believe that UNO is a strong and functioning body that truly represents all factions of the Democratic Resistance, they are fooling themselves into believing something that is not true. This is dangerous for the USG and for the effort as a whole. . . .

I write the above only to point out the facts as I see them. Perhaps a strongman is the only thing Nicaraguans understand; perhaps Adolfo Calero is the man to lead Nicaragua back to democracy. He is a creation of the USG and so he is the horse we chose to ride. I have no problem with this, as long as we know and understand his shortcomings. The best way to point these out is to take a close look at whom he keeps around him—only those whom he intimately trusts. Unfortunately, they are not first-rate people; in fact they are liars and greed- and pow-

er-motivated. They are not the people to rebuild a new Nicaragua. In fact, the FDN has done a good job of keeping competent people out of the organization. . . .

#### NHAO FUNDING

NHAO was the worst possible vehicle which could have been devised to pay the bills. Because there is no verification, it is impossible to ensure the integrity of the operation. The attached paper shows the amounts of money transferred into Miami accounts. As the black-market exchange rate is about [currency symbol blacked out] 2.75 to \$1.00, while the legal rate is 2.00 to \$1.00, and the suppliers are being paid at 2 to 1, there is about a 37 percent profit. . . .

All the money that has been deposited adds up to about \$2.3 million, which is divided between the suppliers and the FDN. This does not even take into account the false receipts. . . . There is some money going somewhere. I am not saying it is being pocketed, but there are questions unanswered. . . .

#### RWO AND THE FUTURE

I have been active in the cause since 1983. . . . I have tried to give my all and to do my best. Hopefully I've contributed something. Perhaps the time has come for me to move on to other things. I am burned beyond belief. My name has now openly been linked to yours in Congress. I am looked on as your boy by Calero and gang, and thus no longer trusted. Don't know what [name blacked out] and Company think of me, but I don't think too much of the incompetence that has come out of the Agency.

In fact, I have probably never been more discouraged. UNO is a name only. There is more and more fluff being added, but there is no substance. I care and believe in the boys and girls, men and women who are fighting, bleeding, and dying. But the reality, as I see it, is there are few of the so-called leaders of the movement who really care about the boys in the field. *This war has become a business to many of them; there is still a belief the marines are going to have to invade, so let's get set so we will automatically be the ones put into power.*

If the \$100 million is approved and things go on as they have these last five years, [it] will be like pouring money down a sinkhole. The Agency has done a shitty job in the past, there is no evidence they are going to change, especially as they are going to have the same people running it as far as I know. State Department is no better. No one talks to each other, there is no coordination, and there is little leadership. Without significant changes, things will not get better, they will get worse. The heavy hand of the gringo is needed.

[Q & A]

## SAKHAROV: THE FOLLY OF SDI

*From an interview with Andrei Sakharov in the June/July issue of SIPIScope, a publication of the Scientists' Institute for Public Information. The interview was conducted by Alan McGowan, SIPI's president.*

*You have publicly opposed SDI. Can you outline your views?*

I am strongly against the creation of SDI by either the United States or the U.S.S.R. Such a system cannot be effective. It would be destroyed very early in a war, even before the thermonuclear stage is reached. Moreover, the destruction of SDI early in a war could provoke a thermonuclear response.

Destroying SDI is technically much simpler than creating it. The system will depend on a relatively small number of observation stations that will be very vulnerable. As for systems that seek to destroy missiles after they have been launched—X-ray lasers and so on—they can be rendered ineffective simply by shortening the missile's boost-phase time. Studies show that by cutting the boost-phase time in half, defensive missiles would not be able to respond in time.

SDI will raise new questions of space law. Only until SDI is deployed will space remain international. Recently Gorbachev stated that so-called "near-earth" space over Soviet territory could be declared part of Soviet jurisdiction. Thus if SDI components pass through that space, the Soviet Union would feel justified in knocking them down.

But that's only one side of the issue. SDI is not cost-effective. Neutralizing SDI will cost the Soviet Union significantly less than it will cost the United States to deploy it. Deployment will also free the Soviet Union from the conventions of SALT I and II, as well as other arms-control agreements. This is another way in which SDI is provocative and will make the situation more perilous. All this was perfectly clear back in 1972 when the ABM treaty was concluded. Both sides felt that an anti-missile defense would be destabilizing and should therefore be limited.

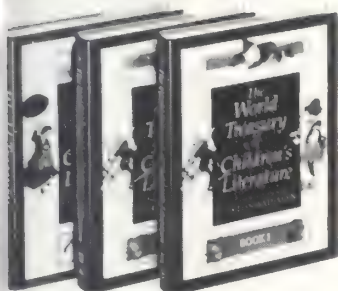
I believe that, in order to cut through this knot of diplomatic, psychological, and strategic issues, the Soviets should decide the question of disarmament independently of SDI. If the Soviet Union takes this position, SDI will inevitably die its own death. That is why it is a mistake for the U.S.S.R. to tie it into a "package" with other arms-control proposals.



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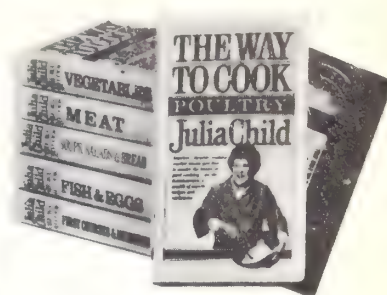
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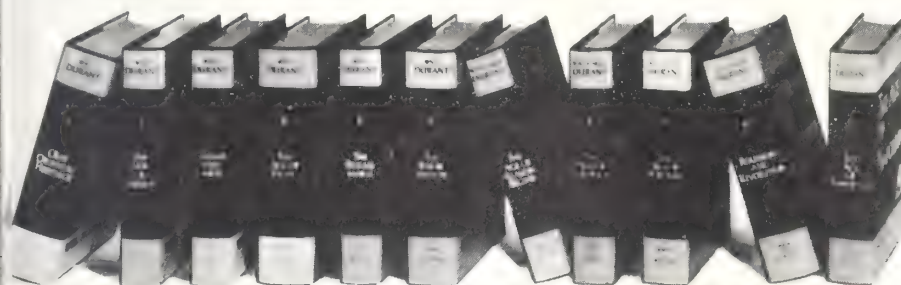
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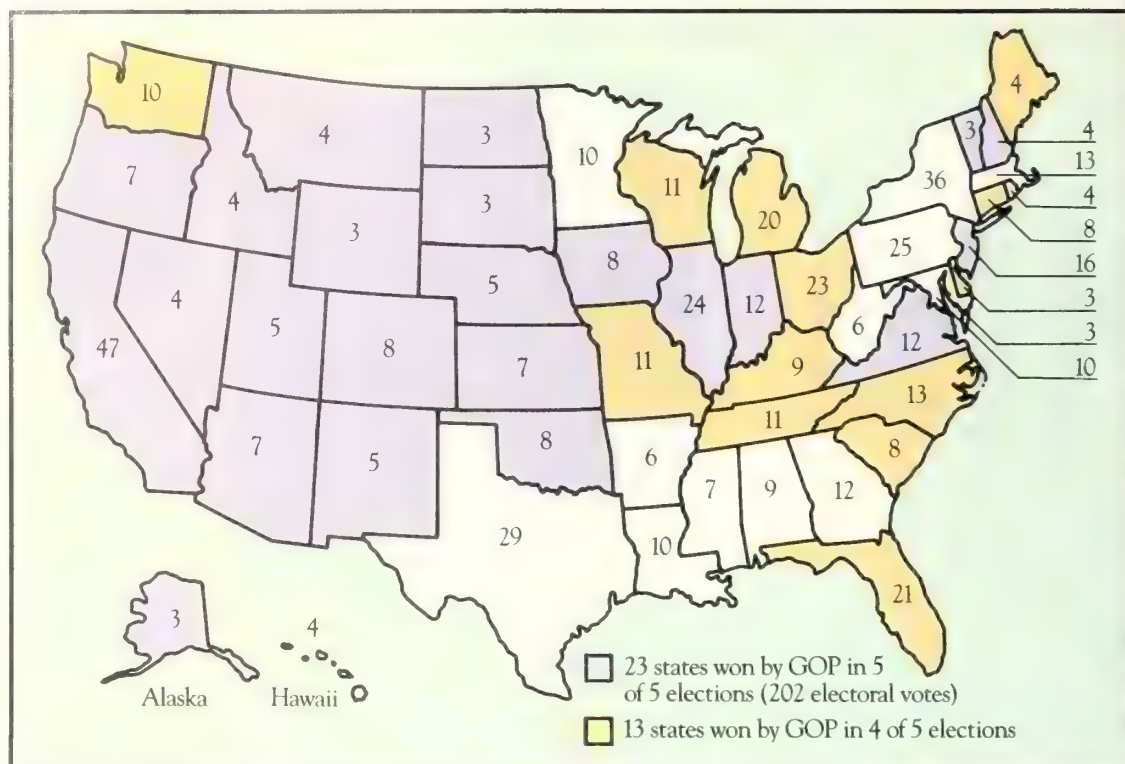
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[Map]

## THE REPUBLICANS' RACE TO LOSE



From "An Analysis of the . . . Circumstances Confronting the Democratic Party in 1988," a study prepared by Patrick Caddell for IMPAC '88, a group of Democratic Party donors. Caddell argues that the Republican Party has developed such a powerful base in electoral-college voting that a Democratic victory in 1988 is "at best a long shot." The twenty-three states carried by the Republicans in every presidential election since 1968 currently control 202 electoral-college votes; 270 are needed to win. The Democrats have carried only the District of Columbia in all five elections.

[Speech]

## MARK TWAIN ON THE SAFEST SEX

From "Science of Onanism," a speech delivered to the Stomach Club in Paris by Mark Twain in 1879. "Science of Onanism" appears in *The Outrageous Mark Twain: Some Lesser-known But Extraordinary Works*, edited by Charles Neider and published by Doubleday.

All great writers upon health and morals, both ancient and modern, have struggled with this stately subject. This shows its dignity and importance. Some of these writers have taken

Homer, in the second book of the *Iliad*, says with fine enthusiasm, "Give me masturbation or give me death!" Caesar, in the *Commentaries*, says, "To the lonely it is company. To the forsaken it is a friend. To the aged and impotent it is a benefactor. They that be penniless are yet

rich in that they still have this majestic diversion." In another place this excellent observer has said, "There are times when I prefer it to sodomy."

Robinson Crusoe says, "I cannot describe what I owe to this gentle art." Queen Elizabeth said, "It is the bulwark of virginity." Cetewayo, the Zulu hero, remarked that "A jerk in the hand is worth two in the bush." The immortal Franklin has said, "Masturbation is the mother of invention." He also said, "Masturbation is the best policy."

Michelangelo and all the other Old Masters—Old Masters, I will remark, is an abbreviation, a contraction—have used similar language. Michelangelo said to Pope Julius II, "Self-negation is noble. Self-culture is beneficent. Self-possession is manly. But to the truly great and inspiring soul they are poor and tame compared to self-abuse."

Mr. Brown, here, in one of his latest and most graceful poems refers to it in an eloquent line which is destined to live to the end of



time—"None know it but to live it, none name it but to praise."

Such are the utterances of the most illustrious of the masters of this renowned science and apologists for it. The name of those who decry it and oppose it is legion. They have made strong arguments and uttered bitter speeches against it. But there is no room to repeat them here in much detail.

Brigham Young, an expert of incontestable authority, said, "As compared with the other thing, it is the difference between the lightning bug and the lightning.

Solomon said, "There is nothing to recommend it but its cheapness."

Galen said, "It is shameful to degrade to such bestial use that grand limb, that formidable member, which we votaries of science dub the 'Major Maxillary'—when we dub it at all, which is seldom. It would be better to decapitate the Major than to use him so."

The great statistician, Smith, in his report to Parliament says, "In my opinion more children have been wasted in this way than in any other."

It cannot be denied that the high authority of this art entitles it to our respect. But at the same time I think that its harmfulness demands our condemnation. Mr. Darwin was grieved to feel obliged to give up his theory that the monkey was the connecting link between man and the lower animals. I think he was too hasty. The monkey is the only animal except man that practices this science. Hence he is our brother. There is a bond of sympathy and relationship between us. Give this ingenious animal an audience of the proper kind and he will straightaway put aside his other affairs and take a whet. And you will see by the contortions and his ecstatic expression that he takes an intelligent and human interest in his performance.

The signs of excessive indulgence in this destructive pastime are easily detectable. They are these. A disposition to eat, to drink, to smoke, to meet together convivially, to laugh, to joke and tell indelicate stories—and mainly a yearning to paint pictures. The results of the habit are: loss of memory, loss of virility, loss of cheerfulness, loss of hopefulness, loss of character, and loss of progeny. Of all the various kinds of sexual intercourse this has least to recommend it.

As an amusement it is too fleeting. As an occupation it is too wearing. As a public exhibition there is no money in it. It is unsuited to the drawing room. And in the most cultured of society it has long since been banished from the social board. It has, at last, in our day of progress and improvement, been degraded to brotherhood with flatulence. Among the best bred

[Lyrics]

## 'LET'S TAKE LOVE STEP-BY-STEP'

*Below are the lyrics to "Detente" ("Wait"), recorded by Tatiana and Johnny, a Latin American pop duet. The song is the second in an Agency for International Development program that uses popular culture to teach "sexual self-restraint" in Latin America. The program's first song, "Cuando Estamos Juntos" ("When We're Together"), also recorded by Tatiana and Johnny, sold over 500,000 copies. (Its lyrics appeared in the November 1986 Harper's.) Both songs were developed at the Johns Hopkins School of Public Health, to which Tatiana and Johnny have donated their share of the profits.*

Johnny: Hear how our heart beats  
Hear how fast it beats

Tatiana: Wait

Johnny: Feel how this great love grows  
Feel how everything is shaken up

Tatiana: Understand

Johnny: I no longer can, I no longer can  
I want you in my arms  
I want to love you

Tatiana: Let's take love step-by-step  
Let's go step-by-step, wait

Johnny: I can't

Tatiana: Try it drop by drop, it will taste better  
Try it drop by drop so that it grows

Johnny: I don't want to

Tatiana: There's no need to run  
Love that is rushed  
Is love that is lost

Chorus: Understand

Both: Let's not love at the wrong time

Chorus: Wait

Both: Later it will be a shame

Chorus: Understand

Both: That love on the run

Chorus: Creates

Both: Bread and water children

Chorus: That love on the run

Tatiana: Creates children  
Without love, without anything.

these two arts are now indulged only in private. Though by consent of the whole company, when only males are present, it is still permissible in good society to remove the embargo upon the fundamental sigh.

In concluding I say, "If you *must* gamble away your lives sexually, don't play a Lone Hand too much."

[Essay]

## AIDS AND EROS

*Adapted from "In Search of a New Repertoire of Pleasure," by Julia Kristeva, in the June 1 issue of Libération, the Parisian daily newspaper. Kristeva is a French psychoanalyst who teaches at Columbia University and the University of Paris. She is the author of Tales of Love among other books. Translated by Leon Roudiez.*

**A**IDS is upsetting everyone's sexual habits. The "erotic liberation" achieved by the generation of 1968 and sustained by the pill has been replaced by such notions as "responsibility," "curbing sexual freedom," and the bland ballad of "abstinence"—each of which reflects the

panic felt in the face of that newly relevant Shakespearian coupling, love and death.

But what about women? To be sure, sexual liberation never had the same meaning for women as for men. Less attracted to sexual adventures, less fascinated by the idea of constantly changing the objects of their desire, women are more concerned with the quality of their relationships. Nevertheless, women were the true pioneers of a permissive sexuality. Protected by the pill, they boldly explored their bodies' possibilities. Daring experiments often took them beyond the old myths of women's excitability and seduction.

Yet women found there was a cost to such liberation. If we grant that a woman's sexual organ lies in her psyche, then we can understand that casual relationships, despite the intense pleasure they give, can engender a sense of dissatisfaction. Sex safe from the danger of pregnancy was always "safer" for the man than the woman, for it was her job to prevent pregnancy. The worry over contraception, itself not completely free of medical risks, sometimes weighed heavily on women. Some experienced the "liberating" pill as a negation of their own body, as a death sentence for feminine narcissism in its most specific aspect—the power to be a mother. For some, preventing oneself from becoming a mother amounted to self-mutilation.

Under the threat of AIDS, a new, more euphuistic chart of love—a new Eros-Thanatos itinerary—is being drawn for female sexuality. Since the condom is the most common protection against the virus, it is replacing the pill in protecting against the risk of pregnancy. The man now insures "safer" sex. Spared the worry, do women gain an advantage? They do, but the gain is offset by the fact that women must often propose or impose the device on the man. Such an artificial intrusion can, at least initially, rattle a man's sexuality. Moreover, in the present context a condom serves as a visual and tactile reminder of the danger inherent in sex, even as it precludes the possibility of childbirth, a possibility which is a source of feminine *jouissance*.

It isn't, of course, impossible to lift these inhibitions. Nevertheless their presence signals the end of the rather naive idea of a "natural," spontaneous sexuality. To avoid panic in the face of AIDS, women and men must now avail themselves of information on the actual risks of contamination through sperm and blood. I want to suggest that they should add to such knowledge an awareness of the diversity of all that is known as "sex," its masks and its strategies, which differ from men to women and vary from one individual to the next.

In short, if women and men are to find not a justification for abstinence in the inherent risk

### [Contest Rules]

## MRS. AMERICAN HOMEMAKER

*From the entry form and official rules of the Third Annual Full-time Homemaker Award, sponsored by Eagle Forum. Eagle Forum is a conservative group whose leader is Phyllis Schlafly.*

**E**agle Forum invites the nomination of qualified women for its 1987 Full-time Homemaker Awards. The awards will be presented at a dinner on September 25.

These awards will honor one woman in each state who is a full-time career homemaker, raising her family on a single income earned by her husband.

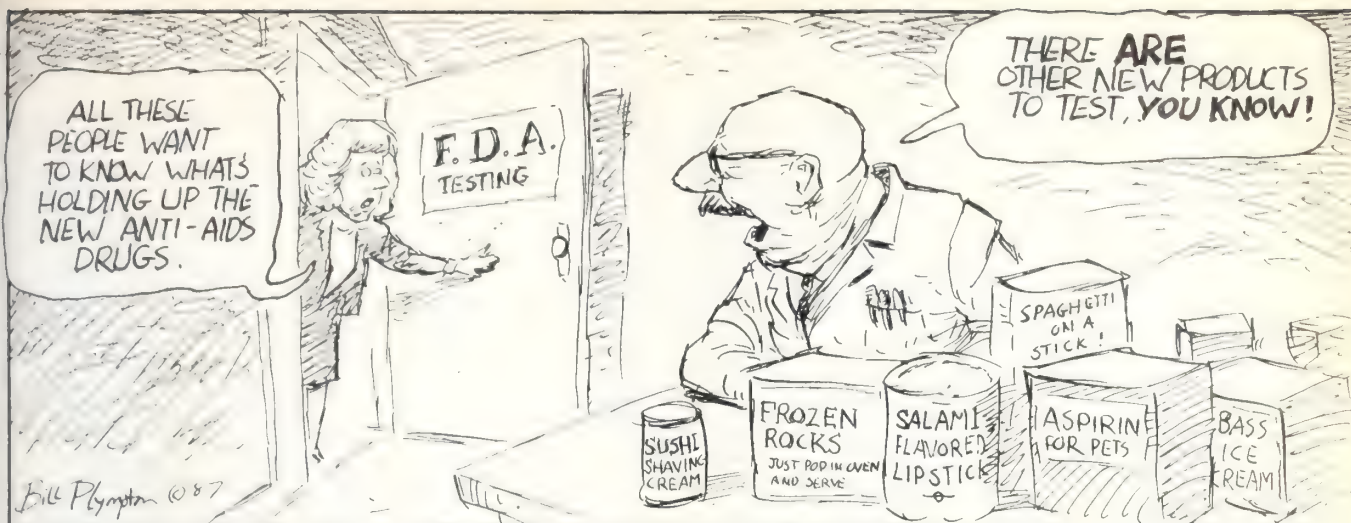
Those traditional families have made the commitment to give their children something very special—a resident mother in the home to provide constancy, stability, and emotional security to her children.

1. Nominations may be submitted by the nominee, a friend, or a family member.

2. Each award recipient must be a full-time homemaker who:

- a) lives in the traditional family life style—husband-breadwinner with wife-homemaker
- b) has at least one child under age eighteen currently living at home
- c) uses no artificial birth control
- d) did not divorce or remarry in 1986 in excess of 10 days





From the San Francisco Bay Guardian.

in pleasure but a source of increased intensity, they need to chart a new sexual revolution. This should not prove impossible. After all, in their erotic lives men and women are not driven solely by their sexual organs, but by the complexity of their psyche, their power to imagine and elude danger and death. One should be able to bring into play other satisfactions, the sexual value of which have been too easily forgotten in the era of sexual liberation, an era which led us to believe that sex was only physical, organic, corporeal. Think of the refinements in speech and conversation, the give-and-take of sublimations and celebrations, the clever refinements to the game of love and hate between social partners that is known as civilization.

Along these lines, one might begin to think more about the possibilities of various sexual techniques aside from penetration. AIDS opens up an auspicious era for the so-called preliminary pleasures. Women will surely not deny power to the imagination in that domain. There is, too, the possibility of discovering new erogenous zones, the arousal of tenderness, and (at last!) the erotic use of speech. Could the threat of AIDS be the harbinger of a new libertine practice, one less performative but more diverting, more narcissistically perverse?

The burdens of modern life seem to leave little room for a new amatory code that might provide a spontaneous and imaginative adjustment to viral danger, the symbolic struggle of life against death. Is a new code merely a dream of courtliness or sophisticated licentiousness? Is it only a spiritual consolation in the face of an irreparable intrusion of death into the realm of sex? Perhaps, but such a counterpoise to the present sexual depression isn't inconceivable—and women should be the last to complain.

[Fiction]

## ARREST ME

*From The House Next Door to Africa, by Denis Hirson, published this month by Carcanet. Hirson grew up in South Africa and now lives in Paris. His father, a physicist, spent nine years in South African jails for his anti-apartheid activities.*

I want to be arrested so that I can read the Bible. Everyone is being arrested, or receiving special visits in the middle of their dreams, or hearing trees shake when there isn't even a breeze. One might at least expect to walk outside in the morning and find the rosebushes with their toes up in the air, freshly dug holes in the ground around them where someone was prospecting for banned books. But ever since they came for my father, our house has been unfairly ignored.

Once again I begin the book of Genesis. Once again the light is divided from darkness, the waters under the heavens are gathered together unto one place and the dry land appears. But there is always some interruption. I have to drive off to the Greek cafe to buy some cat food, or fetch my brother from judo, or the newspaper lands on the lawn covered in blood.

I unfold it, and out fall foaming dog-bites and well-sharpened bicycle spokes, hose-pipes fixed from gas-taps to lovers' mouths, black widow spiders, boxing gloves, and bars of soap. Out fall laws and words of the dead. By the middle of the night the grass is still red.

But the house is so quiet. My brother and sister have sunk into sleep. My mother is learning

about nerve messages and electricity. Nyanga the schizophrenic cat is up a tree, stalking moonlight. The house is so quiet, standing in its garden in the night. There are only the termites picking at its foundations, and then my mother running a bath.

Suddenly there is a rash of car doors slamming all around our block and I think to myself this is it, they are coming to take me away. I hold my breath waiting for our gate to squeak open, wondering how I am going to get at my toothbrush now that my mother has locked herself into the bathroom. But then the cars grunt and rumble off, there must have been another meeting at the Cripple School across the road.

I want to be arrested so that I can read the Bible, right through from the beginning to the end. I have had enough of this suspension in the cool jasmine air, neither here nor there, the blacks and the others surrounding me with their ancestral bones and their battles staking out a birth-right which is not mine.

I want four pocked walls and a little lock in the door, steps going in the other direction down the corridor. And then at last I will open the Book, and set out across its fine-beaten burning words.

I will learn their ancient shivering heat, the way they heap and flex and infinitely divide. Facet by facet I will follow the contours of their questioning.

And at night I will watch the darkness cover them, letter by letter claiming their white territory, until they each subside and go dumb. And in their silent company I will lay myself down, flat and faithful as a bookmark, waiting for daylight to deliver the next sentence.

[Horn]

## DRAB SHUTTERS

By John Ashbery. From *For Nelson Mandela, a Festchrift*, ed. by Jacques Derrida, Mustapha Habib and Kenneth Surin. Published by Henry Holt.

The whole family is keenly interested in

Of course, there are ways out ways  
You never thought of  
Before, so interested in the sun  
And everything it shines on  
You want to explore, explore's the word  
For all that happens to us, rains down on us,

Makes us come apart  
In the middle of some perfectly okay  
conversation  
About what the prehistoric monsters did, what  
routes they took  
Out of the chasm of their being unable to  
survive,  
Of how extinction thoughtfully embraced each  
one,  
Even the startling pterodactyl,  
And sealed its fate with a kiss.

But today, you see, is different,  
The rent in the sky has been mended  
That annoyed people on earth so long  
Its invisibility became a chore,  
And we are sealed up  
In our climatized jungle habitat, that's so vast  
That variations on it are unlikely  
For at least a century, but  
You can put down that book.  
And walk out into the world  
The illustration has become.

And it's back to instances,  
To proceeding case by case to the one  
Irreducible situation the zippered sky had  
outlawed,  
Though it's almost too old now: young, but still  
past its prime.  
When he threw her at the dishes  
And the Darjeeling splashed  
It tasted warm, was stamped "good" so as to  
Shovel all this under the figured rug.  
There must be no exclamation point; italics,  
too,  
Are suspect, and I  
Don't know how I got down here, but know  
I must thank someone for it, otherwise the  
game, the day will be lost  
And the gray return again, to seize us like  
tweed.  
In case you thought we had an emergency here.

Well, it's true. I rub my eyes  
As much as anybody and don't know how the  
world (read: "my world")  
Is going to survive *this* one, yet again,  
That killed vaudeville once, all up and down  
the east coast  
As far west as Ashtabula. I always forget  
How you can't see in the dark, but I see  
That tribes have gathered in this last, plush  
valley  
Under a millennial tree, to sort out, bathe  
And remove the last vestiges of ambiguous  
Truth, of European civilization, and our arrival  
May be shuttered in dark early morning, better  
Than the time it took to get here  
And all the wonderful things we came to see.





LABOR BATTALION  
» Work-command, line up! <  
passing the gate in the morning  
ON WAY TO PLANT



crematories going on full blast—  
a batch of DUTCH JEWS HAS TO BE  
disposed of before dawn...

MARCH 1944

From *The Book of Alfred Kantor: An Artist's Journal of the Holocaust*, published by Schocken Books. Kantor, a Czech art student, was imprisoned in three Nazi concentration camps from 1941 to 1945. Upon his release he spent two months drawing a record of his confinement.

[Essay]

## BELFAST: THE ALLURE OF THE 'TROUBLES'

From *Living with War: A Belfast Year*, by Sally Belfrage, published this month by Elisabeth Sifton Books/Viking. Belfrage, who lives in London, traveled several times during the course of a year to Northern Ireland, staying with Catholic and Protestant families.

Everyone who is not terminally bored with Northern Ireland seems to be looking for a way to help the people there out of their plight. Is it not presumptuous to do their thinking for them? Any citizen who wants to get out of his "plight" has to change the way he acts or votes. Yet no one there does. Therefore it seems sensible to assume he can't see how to or doesn't want to. It is a strange place where peace is unknown in the lifetime of almost half the population, but Northern Ireland fills the bill; and like everyone else, people there prefer the familiar. "The people do not believe in change," writes one experienced correspondent, "neither in its pos-

sibility, nor in its desirability." Living in perpetual war may seem unthinkable to someone who knows it only in the abstract; but in the particular, war has something to be said for it, especially if it is your own. Of course everyone says he wants peace—it would be crazy to suggest otherwise—but peace only on his own impossible terms. Otherwise he wants war.

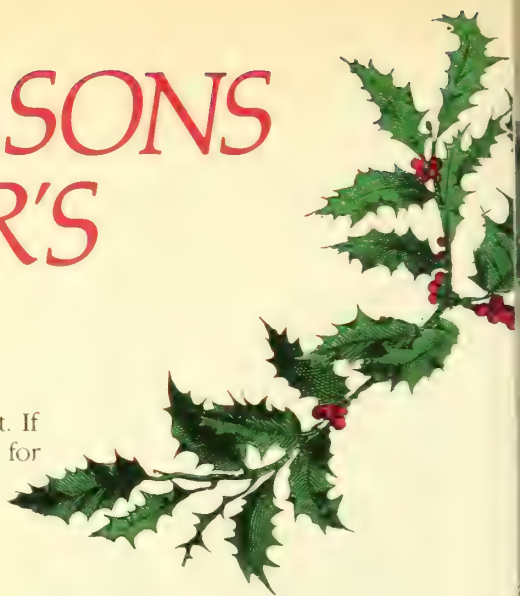
I once introduced an ex-paramilitary friend to my daughter, who would have nothing to do with him: "Those kinds of people really frighten me." What worried her, she said afterwards, was that "he's crossed a line. He's done something immoral. I don't mean illegal. It's like what I'm reading at school. When Hamlet kills Polonius and overcomes all his inhibitions, somehow his principles have lost their original meaning. And he's so proud of himself; he screams, I've done it! I've done it!" She thought that if people could kill so readily for a cause, they might "lose the grip they have over themselves, over right and wrong. They could kill their family. They could kill you. It would mean nothing."

I told my friend, after some thought, what she had said. "She's right" was his answer.

Fighting a war is certainly a better *raison d'être* than none at all, which is what confronts

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so many people in the British Isles of the 1980s. What is so enviable about the "peace" the rest of us live in? What is preferable about enduring the unemployment, riots, crime, welfare cuts, and economic hopelessness of the Northern Irish without their reasons for getting up in the morning? Their grand cause, their commitment, sense of purpose, *clarity*. "Something great got hold of you," said an eighty-year-old Englishman of World War II. "Even clear-cut suffering is better than long-term depression—it gives you something to kick off against." Being in Belfast is like being in a magnetic field: everything points one way or the other and lines up.

War on a parochial scale has a certain appeal in a world where nuclear annihilation looms over all of us, whatever the color of our passports. The war seems to have concentrated minds in Northern Ireland well away from such nightmares. Reading a thoughtful piece by Michael Hall, a popular historian in Ulster, I encounter this passage: "... isn't it totally farcical, given the dangerous state our society is now in, that the question of how we avoid the possible catastrophe isn't being tackled at all by the educational establishments?" To me, reading this in London, the only "possible catastrophe" is nuclear annihilation. I had to read much further before realizing he was talking about something else. At most, only three or four of all the people I met in Belfast alluded to nuclear war as a concern, and then only glancingly. A Sinn Féiner, when pushed, said "it would solve our problem anyway, 'cause it would fuckin wipe out the Brits." It may well be a delusion to avoid the issue, but it must also be a relief.

Another aspect of war is how significant it can make you feel in the world picture. People in Northern Ireland feel that they really count yet, considering there are only a million and a half of them, the attention their altercation earns in the media is preposterous. Belfast is chock-a-block with journalists, academics, social scientists, photographers, every kind of pundit. Interviewing the most out-of-the-way people, I got used to the idea that I was the fourth interviewer they'd spoken to that week. Sometimes I felt as if I were part of a delegation visiting China; wherever you go, the seats are still warm from the last group. Of course China contains a quarter of the world's population.

None of this can be held against the people of Belfast: Who wouldn't enjoy being in such demand? If you have to be unemployed, it is a great solace to have experts on your doorstep forever asking you how it feels. You are like the victim of a disease who is given only a placebo yet thrives because of the attention.

There is also, for those who enjoy that sort of thing, the excitement of participating in an

atrocious and then going home to watch it replayed on the six o'clock news. Does anyone watch television news the way people do in Belfast? Even in homes where there isn't enough to eat there is always a very large color TV playing in the corner of the living room. That way people are always ready for a local flash. As for the flashers, you get the feeling that Northern Irish events are almost designed to be televised: precision-targeted enough not to panic the cameramen and sufficiently imaginative to sustain their interest.

One of the more ghoulish sets of statistics to emerge from the "Troubles" indicates an inverse relation between the homicide and suicide rates—make of this what you will. The incidence of suicide fell by half in the early 1970s and has grown only gradually since then. The same is true of the rate of depression. These people, when asked, turn out to be, incredible though it seems, some of the happiest on earth. According to a Gallup poll "values survey" conducted worldwide in the mid-1980s, 39 percent of the people of Northern Ireland described themselves as "very happy" (compared, for example, to 10 percent of West Germans and Italians, and 15 percent of Japanese). Perhaps what makes them happy is a fierce commitment to a cause transcending themselves. The world of my own dreams has no war in it. But what if you are stuck between war and a world with no dreams?

[Memoir]

## MY DINNER WITH IMELDA

*From "Manila Clipper," by Richard Howard, in the Winter 1987 Yale Review, a special issue titled "Encounters." Richard Howard's new book of poems, No Traveller, is forthcoming from Knopf.*

**A**n American writer of stoical bent and belittling straightforwardness had left Manila a few days before I arrived, and after his visit and his pronouncements, Philippine PEN—which I was visiting on my way to the 1977 PEN Congress in Sydney—was in a dither. The writer had declared that the members couldn't manage English properly, not to say expressively, and they suspected he was right (certainly they couldn't manage English the way he did). Still, in a much-scattered country of many languages, English was the literary language they used, the choice they had made, and it seemed hard—in their avowed (and castigated) struggle against a

the regime—to acknowledge along with those political difficulties the more intimate defections of which Mr. Gass had left them so bitterly conscious.

Why right now there were two Filipino writers—a theater director and a “prose-poet”—in jail, and in this instance such treatment was entirely unwarranted: neither man was political in the least; indeed, the director was a “harmless faggot aesthete” and the prose-poet had innocently run afoul of the censors but was not concerned with “issues.” (Here everyone giggled, and before you could say Pier Paolo Pasolini, the subject was dropped.) But might I, that evening, when I would be dining at Malacañang Palace—might I at least speak to their outward grievances? At dinner I would be meeting, they said, the regime’s cultural counselor, a young man of attractive aspect and ambiguous affect with regard to writers (“like someone in Mrs. Mandelstam’s books”), and through him I might reach the boss. In such matters, and on such occasions, the boss was Imelda Marcos.

At six in the evening, I was admitted to The Palace through the usual series of checkpoints (we have them in the White House) and waited in a variety of vestibules, the Aubussons thickening underfoot, while my invitation was checked and matched with my identity; in the last of these I was joined by the cultural counselor or whatever he was, who explained to me what a hard job it was mediating between Mrs. Marcos and the touchy writers—he was, however, doing his best. The country had been under martial law six years already, and would be for another three. The assassination of Benigno Aquino would not occur for six years. So a series of routine examinations of my papers seemed hardly excessive, even in the company of this important, and evidently knowledgeable, functionary. We passed through increasingly splendid Spanish decor and reached one of the main salons, I would guess, and there, in the center of a very large, dark room (only the ceilings, gilded in the Spanish manner, were distinct) loomed up four gilded bridge chairs, occupied—it turned out—by President and Imelda Marcos, and by the Swedish ambassador and his wife, watching the last of *Elvira Madigan*.

The president vanished as the lights came up, and I was presented—by her cultural adviser—to Mrs. Marcos. I recall my disappointment: so blurred and blunted a countenance, so coarsened and, yes, thickened a figure, when I had been led to expect—whatever it might be that former beauty queens become. The introduction was brief, and Mrs. Marcos announced that she had enjoyed the film—it was so refreshing to see a Swedish film which wasn’t dirty.

Imelda Marcos then gave the

last two syllables a particular savor. The Swedish ambassador blushed (as northern folk will do) and said nothing. As other guests arrived, we waited, in particular for a friend of Mrs. Marcos, a columnist (“like Suzy—you know Suzy?”) in one of the Marcos papers; she wrote, I was coached, a lively society piece every day, and was much appreciated for her insolence—no one knew how far she might go, even at The Palace. Apparently this guest managed to make her deadline, for she arrived straight from the paper, and we all went “in” to dinner: another vast salon, and a tremendous feast laid out—it was for the Swedes, of course—in the manner of a shipboard buffet. Lots of Filipino specialties elaborately distributed on green leaves. Marcos never reappeared. The columnist, vividly dressed and vivacious indeed, opened a conversation about censorship—after all, I had murmured that I was on my way to a world congress to discuss the writer’s right to freedom of expression—by asking if I knew about the old pre-Hayes Office rules of self-censorship in Hollywood, whereby almost any transaction between couples could be shown on screen so long as both parties “had one foot on the floor.”

No, I had never heard of such a thing, we marveled together, the table marveled with us, in the heart of porn-free Manila. And then Mrs. Marcos spoke. She had been staring into the distance, as though watching another movie, or Banquo, and she said, in a reverie that was quite consciously comical: “But suppose—suppose they were doing it on the floor?”

Except for Napoleon’s saying that to be believed you must make truth unbelievable, I have never known dictators to make jokes—and good jokes! It took some time, I recall, for conversation to find its way back (back?) to my purpose, my mission. The columnist asked me—it might all have been worked out by the counselor or the columnist, they knew the ropes, and the strings, and were pulling them—asked me what I was doing in the Philippines. And that led to my account of the two unjustly jailed men, the writer and the director. Oh yes, the columnist knew of them, no, she knew *them*, of course, were they in prison? whatever for? they were indeed harmless. “Then let them out!” Imelda Marcos exclaimed, evidently eager to see justice done.

A telephone was brought to the table—I forgot to say we were eating on a gold service, my first experience of that kind—Mrs. Marcos spoke into it rapidly, forcefully, and the instrument was removed. “You can tell your friends those fellows are free now,” she smiled, and her graciousness was entirely convincing.

It had been arranged that I would return to The Palace for one more meeting the following



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morning. There had been some allusion to meeting the president, but he did not appear. Mrs. Marcos, on this occasion in a very elaborate rainbow gown, took me into the corner of yet another salon, and we sat down a moment together. This was the Heavy Lies the Head moment. From a large receptacle beside her she extracted two large, glossy, illustrated books. "These," she said, and she put on some gold harlequin glasses to say it, "are President Marcos's writings, they are studies of Philippine democracy, with outlines of his plans for our people's future. You know"—and here she looked at me sternly through the gold harlequins—"Marcos is a profound believer in democracy. And I am sure that as the president of American PEN you will be interested in what he has to say. It is not an easy task to protect democracy, and how hard we must work..."

Evidently this was my clue for dismissal, which I seized. After being checked out in the opposite direction, I was released to the purged streets of Manila and my long taxi ride to the airport. I turned over the bright pages of the books Mrs. Marcos had given me: the democratic vistas of Ferdinand Marcos. There she was, beside him, smiling up from my lap into the camera, much less coarse-looking now, much grander than the thickening matron who had so disapproved of Swedish porn. And I thought: Lord, if these people are ever deposed, they can claim to be *authors*, and PEN will have to defend them!

And I opened the taxi window and flung the ridiculous lying trash into the ditch, and left for Sydney on time. I still wonder if, once the plane was past Mindanao, those two men were clapped back in jail, or were they released for good? There has been no news from Philippine PEN since Mrs. Aquino's presidency.

[Essay]

## ADS FOR OURSELVES

From "The New York Marathon," by Jean Baudrillard, in the Fall 1986 issue of *Stroll: The Magazine of Outdoor Art and Street Culture*. This essay is drawn from Baudrillard's *Amérique*, published in France by Grasset & Fasquelle. Translated by B. ...

I never would have believed that the New York City Marathon could bring tears to anyone's eyes. This is an end-of-the-world spectacle. Can we speak of voluntary suffering as we might of voluntary servitude? Here, beneath the pouring rain, the helicopters, the cheers, wear-

ing aluminum hoods and squinting at their stopwatches, or with naked torsos and rolling eyes, they all seek death—the death by exhaustion suffered 2,500 years ago by that messenger from the Battle of Marathon who, let's not forget, brought Athens the news of victory.

These, too, dream no doubt of carrying a message of victory, but they are too many, and their message has no sense: that, at the end of their effort, they made it to the finish—the crepuscular message of a superhuman, useless effort. Collectively, they bear instead the message of a disaster for the human race, for we see them deteriorate hour by hour at the finish line, from the first, still in good form, to the flotsam literally carried to the finish line by friends, to the handicapped who follow the route in wheelchairs. There are 19,000 of them; one thinks of the actual Battle of Marathon, in which fewer Greeks than that fought. There are 19,000 of them, each running alone, without even the spirit of victory, only to feel himself exist. "We won!" breathed the Greek from Marathon as he expired. "I did it!" gasps the exhausted marathon runner collapsing on the Central Park lawn.

*I did it!*—slogan of a new form of activity which is formal, directed toward advertising, of autistic performance; a pure, empty, self-contradictory form which has replaced the Promethean ecstasy of competition, effort, and success.

The New York Marathon has become a sort of international symbol of this fetishized performance, this delirium of empty victory, this exaltation of an inconsequential prowess.

I ran the New York Marathon: "I did it!"

I conquered Annapurna: "I did it!"

The landing on the moon is of the same order: "We did it!" An event in the trajectory of progress and science less surprising than programmed. It had to be done, and it was. But the event did not so much renew the millennial dream of space as exhaust it.

The same effect of inutility exists in every execution of a program, as in everything done simply in order to prove one's ability to do it: having a baby, climbing a mountain, a sexual conquest, a suicide.

The marathon is a form of demonstrative suicide, of suicide as a form of publicity. You run to show that you are capable of going beyond yourself, to prove... to prove what? That you can finish. In the same way graffiti says nothing more than "My name is Such-and-Such and I exist!" It is free advertisement for one's existence.

Is it necessary to continually give proof of one's own life? Strange sign of weakness, advance sign of a new fanaticism, that of faceless performance, of endless evidence.





COTTONWOOD



Ontario Review



Puerto del Sol



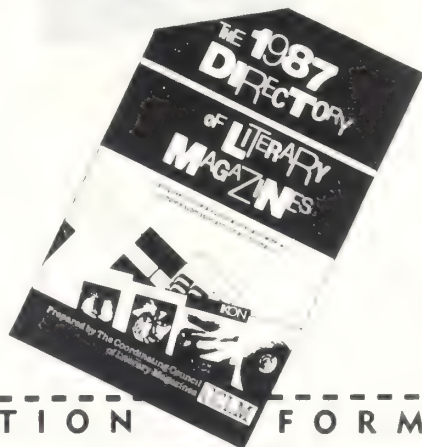
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[Editorial]

## THE GAMECOCKERS' CALL TO ARMS

*From "Hard Work and Common Sense," by Buck Haws, in the May issue of Grit and Steel, a magazine "published in the interest of those devoted to game fowl." Haws, a breeder of game birds in Skidmore, Texas, lobbied earlier this year against a bill in the state legislature that would empower representatives of humane organizations to investigate animal cruelty. Although cockfighting is illegal in Texas, owning and showing game birds is not. Cockfighting has not been outlawed in five states. Grit and Steel is published in Gaffney, South Carolina.*

**F**olks, I've just returned from Austin, Texas, the state capital, where about 250 of us worked to defeat House Bill 399. Praise GOD for the work of some fine people. It goes to show what we can do if we try.

I had many telephone calls from concerned cockers of South Texas making sure I was going to be in Austin and I thank everyone for calling. I'm glad I was there. Our opponents don't do too good when we stand and show our colors.

But don't think they are going to quit. These are not reasonable people who oppose us! We can no longer act like the ostrich who hides his head in the sand and leaves the rest sticking out to be kicked. How many battles have been won on defense? None that I can think of. In a new bill they want to outlaw our feed cups, pens, gaffs, cars, printing press, paper, and ink. Everything would be destroyed. I can't believe that animal-raising Texans are going to let this happen, but the thought of it scares me to no end. No cocks crowing on my place is a terrible thought. This is what is wanted by the scum-minded things who devise these bills. *All we've got to do is nothing!!!* NOTHING will get it all done. You and me will be out of fowl.

When are we going to stop fooling ourselves and go to work? We should enlist the aid of others by getting them to join the United Game Fowl Breeders Association. We must get the people we trade with—the feedstores and other suppliers—on our side. Most of us haven't even signed up our spouses. I was guilty of that myself—this is the first year my wife has been a member. How can we say we believe in what we are doing and not have our life's partner involved?

A lot of folks have called me, not being sure of what else they can do to help our cause. We will need more white or coal-mining legislation. I am sure you are already op-

posed to any bills that would take away our fowl. You don't have to give any reason unless you want to. Please take time from your busy schedule and help each of us keep our fowl and dogs. I don't own any pit bulls but I don't want them destroyed either.

The only thing I'd like to destroy is the animal rights groups. They want to force me to live the way they say. I do not believe they have the GOD given right to do this. They are now going to schools and other public places to spread their lies to our young people. This will not do. We must stop them from ruining the thoughts of our good youngsters. We are going to have to attack these people. They can't stand open warfare. I got a good eyeball of that at our state capital. When me and some others got on them, they acted like any other dunghills. They squawked and then ran. Ain't no way they will try us out one-on-one. After watching them a while, I am firmly convinced that we can win. All it will take is working together. So come on in—the water is well heated.

[Essay]

## REDNECK SECRETS

*From Owing It All, a volume of autobiographical essays by William Kittredge, published by Graywolf Press. Kittredge lives in Missoula, Montana.*

**B**ack in my more scattered days there was a time when I decided the solution to all life's miseries would begin with marrying a nurse. Cool hands and commiseration. She would be a second-generation Swedish girl who left the family farm in North Dakota to live a new life in Denver, her hair would be long and silvery blonde, and she would smile every time she saw me and always be after me to get out of the house and go have a glass of beer with my buckaroo cronies.

Our faithfulness to one another would be legendary. We would live near Lolo, Montana, on the banks of the Bitterroot River where Lewis and Clark rested on their way West; "Traveler's Rest," land which floods a little in the spring of the year, a small price to pay for such connection with mythology.

We would own three horses, one a blue roan Appaloosa, and haul them around in our trailer to jackpot roping events on summer weekends. The saddle shed would be tacked to the side of our doublewide expando New Moon mobile home, and there would be a neat little lawn with a white picket fence about as high as your





From the July issue of *The Face*, a London monthly. Mack (the bulldog, left) and Michel (the borzoi) were photographed by Chikako Oyama. Her dog portraits originally appeared in *Hanatsubaki*, a Tokyo monthly.

knee, and a boxer dog called Aces and Eights, with a great studded collar. There would be a .357 magnum pistol in the drawer of the bedside table, and on Friday night we would dance to the music of old-time fiddlers at some country tavern and in the fall we would go into the mountains for firewood and kill two or three elk for the freezer. There would be wild asparagus along the irrigation ditches and morels down under the cottonwoods by the river, and we would always be good.

And I would keep a journal, like Lewis and Clark, and spell bad, because in my heart I would want to be a mountain man—"We loved aft the movee in the bak seet agin tonite."

We must not gainsay such Western dreams. They are not automatically idiot. There are, after all, good Rednecks and bad Rednecks. Those are categories. Bad Rednecks originate out of hurt and a sense of having been discarded and ignored by the Great World. Bad Rednecks lose faith and ride away into foolishness, striking back. The spastic utility of violence.

The other night in a barroom, I saw one man turn to another, who had been pestering him with drunken nonsense. "Son," he said, "you better calm yourself, because if you don't, things are going to get real Western here for a minute."

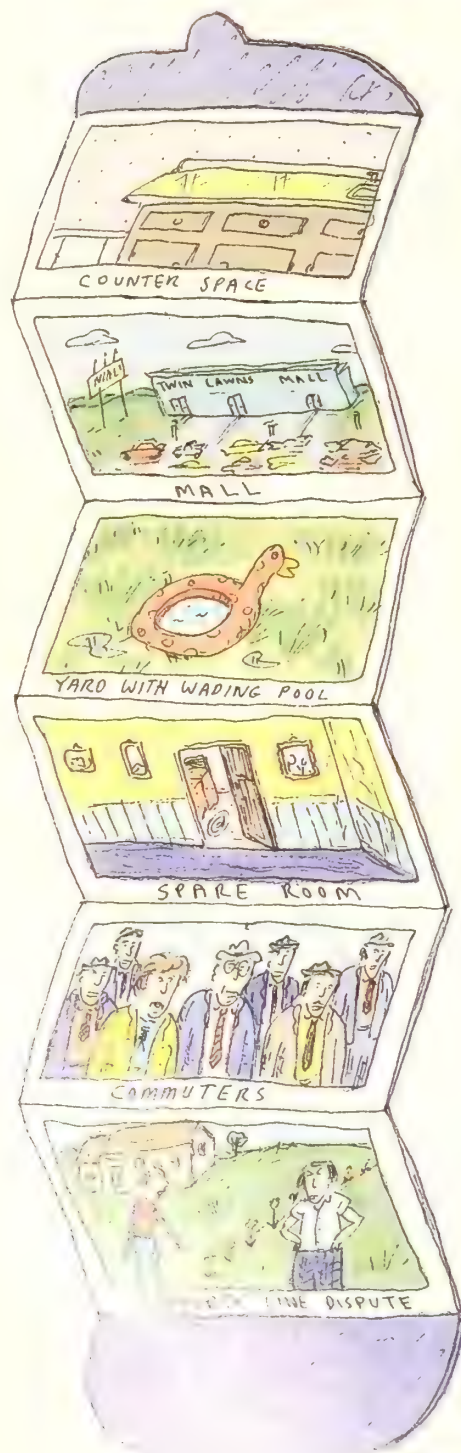
Real Western. Back in the late 1940s when I

was getting close to graduating from high school, they used to stage Saturday night prizefights down in the Veterans Auditorium. Not boxing matches but prizefights, a name which rings in the ear something like *cockfight*. One night the two main-event fighters, always heavyweights, were some hulking Indian and a white farmer from a little dairy-farm community.

The Indian, I recall, had the word "Mother" carved on his hairless chest. Not tattooed but carved in the flesh with a blade, so the scar tissue spelled out the word in livid welts. The white farmer looked soft and his body was alabaster, pure white, except for his wrists and neck, which were dark, burned-in-the-fields red, burnished red. While they hammered at each other we hooted from the stands like gibbons, rooting for our favorites on strictly territorial and racial grounds, and in the end were all disappointed. The white farmer went down like thunder about three times, blood snorting from his nose in a delicate spray and decorating his whiteness like in, say, the movies. The Indian simply retreated to his corner and refused to go on. It didn't make any sense.

We screeched and stomped, but the Indian just stood there looking at the bleeding white man, and the white man cleared his head and looked at the Indian, and then they both shook

## POSTCARD FOLDER FROM SUBURBIA



their heads at one another, as if acknowledging some private news they had just then learned to share. They both climbed out of the ring and together made their way up the aisle. Walked away.

Real Western. Of course, in that short-lived partnership of the downtrodden, the Indian was probably doomed to a lifetime on the lower end of the seesaw. But that is not the essential point in this equation. There is a real spiritual equivalency between Redmen and Rednecks. Both, with some justice, feel used and cheated and disenfranchised. Both want to strike back, which may be just walking away or, the bad answer, bloody noses.

Why bad? Because they are betraying themselves. Out-of-power groups keep fighting each other instead of what they really resent: power itself. A Redneck pounding a hippie in a dark barroom is embarrassing because we see the cowardice. What he wants to hit is a banker in broad daylight.

But things are looking up. Rednecks take drugs; hippies take jobs. And the hippie carpenters and the 250-pound, pigtailed lumberjacks preserve their essence. They are still isolated, outrageous, lonely, proud, and mean. Either one of them might yearn for a nurse, a double-wide, a blue roan Appaloosa, and a sense of place in a country that left him behind.

Like the Indian and the buffalo on the old nickel, there are two sides to American faith. But in terms of Redneck currency, they conflict. On the one side there is individualism, which in its most radical mountain-man form becomes isolation and loneliness: the standard Country-and-Western lament. It will lead to dying alone in your motel room: whether gored, boozed, or smacked makes little difference. On the other side there are family and community, that pastoral society of good people inhabiting the good place on earth that William Bradford and Thomas Jefferson so loved to think about.

Last winter after the snowmobile races in Seeley Lake, I had come home to stand alongside my favorite bar rail and listen to my favorite skinny Redneck barmaid turn down propositions. One lumberjack fellow was clomping around in his logger boots and smiling his most winsome. She said, "You're just one of those boys with a sink full of dishes. You ain't looking for nothing but someone dumb enough to come and wash your dishes. You go home and play your radio." There are genuine offers of solace and companionship, and there are dirty dishes and nursing. And then a trailer house, and three babies in three years, diapers, and he's gone to Alaska for the big money. So back to barmaiding, this time with kids to support,



baby-sitters.

Go home and play your radio.

A man we know, let's call him Davis Patten, is feeding cattle. It's February, and the snow is drifting three feet deep along the fence lines, and the wind is carrying the chill factor down to about thirty below. Davis Patten is pulling his feed sled with a team of yellow Belgian geldings. For this job, it's either horses or a tracklayer, like a Caterpillar D-6. The Belgians are cheaper and easier to start.

Davis kicks the last remnant of meadow hay, still greenish and smelling of dry summer, off the sled to the trailing cattle. It's three o'clock in the afternoon and already the day is settling toward dark. Sled runners creak on the frozen snow. The gray light is murky in the wind, as though inhabited, but no birds are flying anywhere. Davis Patten is sweating under his insulated coveralls, but his beard is frozen around his mouth. He heads the team toward the barns, over under the cottonwood by the creek. Light from the kitchen windows shows through the bare limbs. After he has fed the team a bait of oats, Davis and his wife Loretta will drink coffee laced with bourbon.

Later they watch television, people laughing and joking in bright Sony color. In his bones Davis recognizes, as most of us do, that the principal supporting-business of television is lies, truths that are twisted about a quarter turn. Truths that were never truths. Davis drifts off to sleep in his Barcalounger. He will wake to the white noise from a gray screen.

It is important to have a sense of all this. There are many other lives, this is just one, but none are the lives we imagine when we think of running away to Territory.

Tomorrow Davis Patten will begin his day chopping ice along the creek with a splitting maul. Stock water, a daily chore. Another day with ice in his beard, sustained by memories of making slow love to Loretta under down comforters in their cold bedroom.

The rewards of the life, it is said, are spiritual, and often they are. Just standing on land you own, where you can dig any sort of hole you like, can be considered a spiritual reward, a reason for not selling out and hitting the Bahamas. But on his winter afternoons Davis Patten remembers another life. For ten years, after he broke away from Montana to the Marines, Davis hung out at the dragster tracks in the San Joaquin Valley, rebuilding engines for great, roaring, ass-busting machines. These days he sees their striped red-and-white drag chutes flowering only on Sunday afternoons. The "Wide World of Sports." Lost horizons. The intricate precision of camshaft adjustments.

In the meantime, another load of hay.

Up in towns along the highline, Browning and Harlem and Malta, people are continually dying from another kind of possibility. Another shot of Beam on the rocks and Annie Greensprings out back after the bars are closed. In Montana they used to erect little crosses along the highways wherever a fatality occurred. A while back, outside Browning, they got a dandy. Eleven deaths in a single car accident. *Guinness Book of World Records*. Verities. The highway department has given up the practice of erecting crosses: too many of them are dedicated to the disenfranchised.

Out south of Billings the great coalfields are being strip-mined. Possibilities. The history of Montana and the West, from the fur trade to tomorrow, is a history of colonialism, both material and cultural. Is it any wonder we are so deeply xenophobic, and regard anything east of us as suspect? The money and the power always came from the East, took what it wanted, and left us, white or Indian, with our traditions dismantled and our territory filled with holes in the ground. Ever been to Butte? About half the old town was sucked into a vast open-pit mine.

Verities. The lasting thing we have learned here, if we ever learn, is to resist the beguilements of power and money. Hang onto your land. There won't be any more. Be superstitious as a Borneo tribesman. Do not let them photograph our shy, bare-breasted beauties as they wash clothes along the stream bank. Do not let them steal your soul away in pictures, because they will if they get a chance, just as Beadle's Nickel-Dime Library Westerns and Gene Autry B-movies gnawed at the soul of this country where we live. Verities have to be earned, and they take time in the earning—time spent gazing out over your personal wind-glazed fields of snow. Once earned, they inhabit you in complex ways you cannot name, and they cannot be given away. They can only be transmogrified—transformed into something surreal or fantastic, unreal. And ours have been, and always for the same reason: primarily the titillation of those who used to be Easterners, who are everywhere now.

So what are we left with? There was a great dream about a just and stable society, which was to be America. And there was another great dream about wilderness individuals, mountain men we have called them, who would be the natural defenders of that society. But our society is hugely corrupt, rich, and impossibly complex, and our great simple individuals can define nothing to defend, nothing to reap but the isolation implicit in their stance, nothing to gain for their strength but loneliness. The vast, sad, recurrent story which is so centrally American.

Western Rednecks cherish secret remnants of those dreams, and still try to live within them. No doubt a foolish enterprise.

[Essay]

## WEIGHTLESS

By Primo Levi. From *Granta*, No. 21, "The Storyteller." Levi died in April after a fall at his home in Turin. Italian newspapers called his death an "apparent suicide." "Weightless" originally appeared in *La Stampa*. Translated by Piers Spence.

What I would like to experience most of all would be to find myself freed, even if only for a moment, from the weight of my body. I wouldn't want to overdo it—just to hang suspended for a reasonable period—and yet I feel intensely envious of those weightless astronauts, whom we are permitted to see all too rarely on our TV screens. They seem as much at ease as fish in water: they move elegantly around their cockpit—these days quite spacious—propelling themselves forward by pushing gently off invisible walls and sailing smoothly through the air to berth securely at their work place. At other times we have seen them conversing, as if it were the most natural thing—one of them "the right way up," the other "upside down" (but of course in orbit there is neither up nor down). Or we have seen them take turns playing childish games: one flicks a toffee with his thumbnail, and it flies slowly and in a perfectly straight line into the open mouth of his colleague. We have seen an astronaut squirt water from a plastic container into the air: the water does not fall or disperse but settles in a roundish mass which then, subject only to the weak forces of surface tension, lazily assumes the form of a sphere. What do they do with it then?

Almost all of us have experienced a "simulation" of this decidedly nonterrestrial sensation. We have felt it in a childhood dream. In the most typical version, the dreamer becomes aware with joyous amazement that flying is as easy as walking or swimming. How could you have been so stupid as not to have thought of it before? You just scull with the palms of your hands and take off from the floor, moving effortlessly; you turn around, avoiding the obstacles; you pass skillfully through doors and windows, and escape into the open air: not with the frenetic whirring of a sparrow's wings, not with the voracious, strident haste of a swallow, but with the silent majesty of the eagles and the clouds. Where does

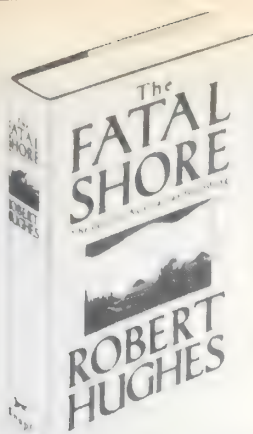
this presentiment of what is now a concrete reality come from? Perhaps it is a memory common to the species, inherited from our proto-birdlike aquatic reptiles. Or maybe this dream is a prelude to a future, as yet unclear, in which the umbilical cord that calls us back to mother earth will be superfluous and transparent: the advent of a new mode of locomotion, more noble even than our own complicated, unsteady, two-legged style with its internal efficiencies and its need of external friction between the feet and the ground.

From this persistent dream of weightlessness, my mind returns to a well-known rendition of the Geryon episode in the seventeenth canto of the *Inferno*. The "wild beast," reconstructed by Dante from classical sources and also from word-of-mouth accounts of the medieval bestiaries, is imaginary and at the same time splendidly real. It eludes the burden of weight. Waiting for its two strange passengers, only one of whom is subject to the laws of gravity, the wild beast rests on the bank with its forelegs, but its deadly tail floats "in the void" like the stern of a zeppelin moored to its pylon. At first, Dante was frightened by the creature, but then that magical descent to Malebolge captured the attention of the poet-scientist, paradoxically absorbed in the naturalistic study of his fictional beast whose monstrous and symbolic form he describes with precision. The brief description of the journey on the back of the beast is singularly accurate, down to the details as confirmed by the pilots of modern hang gliders: the silent, gliding flight, where the passenger's perception of speed is not informed by the rhythm or the noise of the wings but only by the sensation of the air which is "on their face and from below." Perhaps Dante, too, was unconsciously reproducing the universal dream of weightless flight, to which psychoanalysts attribute problematical and immodest significance.

The ease with which man adapts to weightlessness is a fascinating mystery. During month-long spells in space the astronauts complained only of passing discomforts, and doctors who examined them afterwards discovered a light decalcification of the bones and a transitory atrophy of the heart muscles: the same effects, in other words, produced by a period of confinement to bed. Yet nothing in our long history of evolution could have prepared us for a condition as unnatural as non-gravity.

Thus we have vast and unforeseen margins of safety: the visionary idea of humanity migrating from star to star on vessels with huge sails driven by stellar light might have limits, but not that of weightlessness: our poor body, so vulnerable to swords, to guns and to viruses, is space-proof. ■



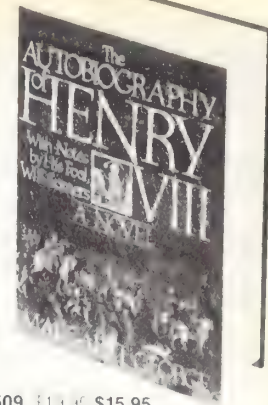


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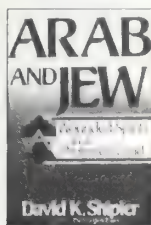
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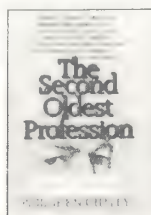
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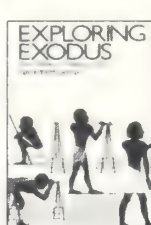
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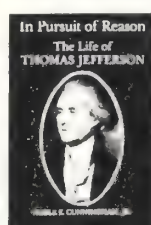
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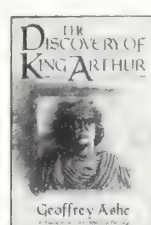
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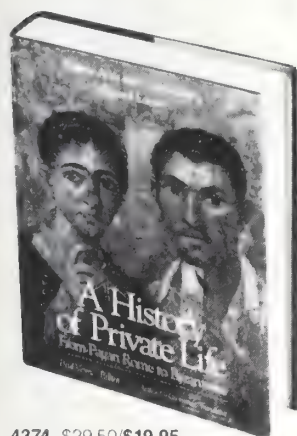
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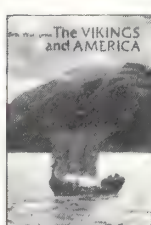
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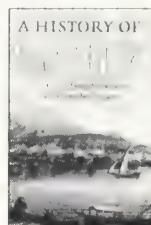
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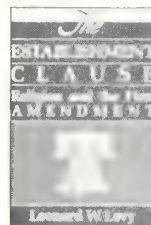
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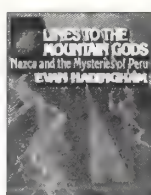
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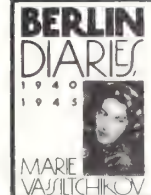
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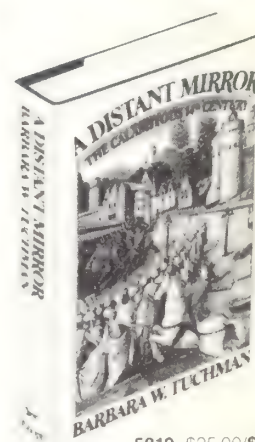
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# YESTERDAY'S REVOLUTION

Grenada, Mr. Reagan, and the hangman

By Bob Shacochis

**I**n St. George's a young artist has personified the revolution on poster-board: a decapitated soldier brandishes a cutlass in his left hand, dripping blood. In his right hand the soldier holds his own severed head by the scalp. It is a portrait of self-destruction, intimate betrayal, apocalypse bred in the bone, an image to sour the hearts of the world's idealists—those who believe in the utopian potential of popular movements, who see liberation as men engaged in the process of becoming heroes, rather than heroes trapped in the fall of becoming men. I am, I admit, a cautious but stubborn member of this starry-eyed breed.

Last December, on assignment for a travel magazine, I flew to the southern Caribbean to survey Grenada's beaches, tropic strands like any other, at least on the surface, possessing the same generic properties of our illusion of paradise, and the same nagging disappointments. What I really wanted in Grenada, though, was the opportunity to seek my own cup of geopolitical enlightenment, however bitter and murky the tea. Why? First I had been in favor of the March 13, 1979, coup, led by the late Maurice (pronounced Morris) Bishop and his confederates in the New Jewel Movement (NJM), that deposed one of the Third World's reigning vampires, Sir Eric Gairy, and his band of thugs known as the Mongoose Gang. Also, I admired what I had been able to learn of Maurice Bishop, the man and the leader. Bishop had been challenged and then killed—executed, allegedly by Bernard Coard, his deputy prime minister, and former comrades during a power struggle; I

wished to know in what form his legacy survived. The murder of Bishop, some of his closest aides, and scores of civilians—and consequently, the swift and complete demise of the revolution—had occurred on October 19, 1983. American forces landed five days later. To the astonishment of my idealizing friends, I had expressed qualified support for Reagan shipping leathernecks to Grenada on October 24, 1983. Naturally, I longed to know, if such knowledge were possible, whether I had been right or wrong, and why.

My flight landed in the dark on December third at Point Salines. The advent of the tourist season was less than two weeks away, but the BWIA jet, originating in Miami, discharged few passengers. Inside the mammoth terminal, a lonely echoing facility with feeble lighting, an immigrations officer scanned my entry form and his face brightened.

"You are a writer, a journalist," he said, with an appreciation for the profession that was not customary. "You've come for the trial."

"What trial?" He looked puzzled, but only for a moment—he had decided I was making a joke, feigning ignorance. He shook his head tolerantly—I was a funny guy—and stamped my passport without ever noticing that its expiration date had passed. I moved along to the customs area to have my baggage examined by another young Grenadian official, meticulously clean in his white shirt and tie, with none of the threat in his manner so common to men in charge of borders. Apparently he had overheard something of what his colleague had said to me.

"You've come for the trial?" he asked, uncertain.

I was beginning to believe that I had, and I told him so, but it's a bad idea to chat too much in these situations.

*Bob Shacochis is the author of Easy in the Islands, a collection of short stories. He wrote about Haiti in the February issue of Harper's Magazine.*



"Ah," he nodded, and his composure relaxed. "Very good." Clearly he was pleased. He opened my briefcase and politely confiscated the copy of *Playboy* I had bought in Miami.

By the time I was processed and released, it was late in the tropical evening. Outside the terminal doors, the night was moist and perfumed, noisy with frogs prospering at the close of the rainy season. I chose a taxi and climbed in beside the driver, still another handsome, youthful, agreeably natured Grenadian. These draft-age men, how had they fared, I wondered, during the four and a half years of rule by the People's Revolutionary Government (PRG), the political structure created by the New Jewel Movement? The odds were that one of the three, heeding the desperate calls over Radio Free Grenada in October 1983 to defend the island against Yankee imperial aggression, had mixed it up with American soldiers.

We accelerated down an empty four-lane highway, a dragstrip of pointless exaggerated progress, passing the site of an unrealized industrial park. The highway fed into a traffic circle that unbraided its lanes into two typically narrow island thoroughfares. A few automobiles shared the paved surface with dwindling foot traffic as the population, largely Catholic and conservative in its habits, went to bed for the night. We took the northern turnoff toward the tourist drop of Grand Anse Beach.

I asked the driver to explain this business about a trial, and he told me the remarkable

Committee (the governing body of the PRG) and of the People's Revolutionary Army (PRA) were being tried before the Grenada High Court for the murder of Prime Minister Bishop and ten of his supporters. The court had been in session for eight months. Tomorrow, the driver explained, the chief justice would conclude twelve days of summation. The jury would then receive its final instructions and deliberate; the sentencing would immediately follow.

Good Lord, I thought, why don't I know about this? "I assumed all that had been taken care of," I said.

The driver sucked his teeth in exasperation. "Things just like dey was before Maurice. People in de States don't pay attention to we. No one give a shit."

When there's a fair chance of a good argument, I'll disagree on principle alone, but there was no playing devil's advocate against so obvious a truth. We reached my hotel, where we had to rouse the proprietor from bed, and I made arrangements for the driver to return in the morning and take me to court.

I awoke before dawn, anxious that the taxi wouldn't show. As the sun rose, I sat out on the veranda of my small cottage, on the hillside overlooking the serene shoreline of Grand Anse. Atop the slope behind me, the transmitting towers for Radio Free Grenada, an important military objective for the 82d Airborne Division, blinked red against the gray light. The Russian embassy had been up here too, with a millionaire's view of the beach, and beyond, the sherbet-and-cream colors of St. George's, the capital, draping the hills across the bay, a picturesque city horseshoed around the most beautiful deep-water harbor in the West Indies. St. George's upper jaw forms a short peninsula crowned by an eighteenth-century fortress: Fort George, today as during the Gairy era. After the NJM came to power, it had been renamed Fort Rupert—in honor of Maurice Bishop's father, who was murdered by Gairy's police during a political demonstration in 1974—and served as the military headquarters for the PRA. Within



its towering stone walls, Maurice Bishop, the woman he lived with, his closest followers, and several businessmen were executed, and as many as a hundred bystanders massacred.

How many Americans honestly remember why the United States sent a strike force of 15,000 men aboard fifteen vessels to Grenada in October 1983? We have a reputation for devouring information, but our attention span is shorter than a housefly's. Most people I ask can't say exactly what happened in Grenada or why. Then again, Americans weren't so sure at the time what was going on, except that communists, like snakes at our feet, had supposedly seized control of another corner of our backyard, and somehow they had far overstepped the bounds of decency: the Cubans were building a jetport; there was, according to our government, confusion about the well-being of some medical students on the island. The President announced he was obliged to act decisively.

I sat and I thought how if there was ever a *carte blanche* for intervention, a situation in which to appear not only bold but virtuous, Reagan had had it. Then the taxi arrived at seven, on time, and off we went. The driver and I started talking. He had been trapped at Point Salines, where most of the Cuban construction workers were housed, when the airport came under siege. He would only say that it was a bad experience. Even though he hadn't been a supporter of the PRG or in the army, his presence had posed a typical dilemma for the attacking soldiers. The American troops couldn't be certain how much resistance they were likely to encounter. Would the PRA melt into the citizenry, would average civilians shoot at them, would neighborhood militias muster? If I am to believe those I spoke with on the island, just about every Grenadian male of a certain age was detained, interrogated, and, all too often, roughed up. (Of course the Pentagon had tried to make sure there would be no journalists around to watch our troops figure out who was who.)

We reached the outskirts of St. George's and began to ascend one of the mountains flanking the city. The trial was being conducted at the Richmond Hill Prison, in the same fortress high atop the peak where the defendants were being held. The proceedings had initially been assigned to the Magistrate's Court in the center of the city, but large crowds had posed security problems; the bus that delivered the accused to and from the prison was often stoned by angry citizens lining the road.

A 300-man pan-Caribbean unit had participated in the American invasion, serving primarily as military police; and later, in the vacuum of local authority, officials from Barbados were appointed by the U.S.-Caribbean joint

command to caretaker roles, one as general of the forces in Grenada, one as prison warden, one as chief of an investigating team. After the Americans and the Barbadian inspectors had finished with the nineteen charged in the murder of Bishop and his supporters, the first formal judicial proceeding, a preliminary inquiry, began in February 1984. This inquiry lasted until August, at which time the nineteen (one of the accused was granted immunity just before the final trial began) were ordered to stand trial at the October 1984 Criminal Assizes, or sessions. A series of constitutional challenges by the defense lawyers, however, delayed the start of the trial for almost two years, until March 3, 1986. A former member of the Eastern Caribbean Supreme Court, Kittian-born Denis Byron, was requested by the new government of Herbert Blaize (elected by a general vote on December 3, 1984) to act as Grenada's chief justice. Byron accepted the position in time to preside over the trial. Karl Hudson-Phillips, a former attorney general of Trinidad, led the team of prosecutors. Ian Ramsay, Jamaica's most renowned criminal lawyer, was retained by Bernard Coard and his wife, Phyllis, to represent them personally, and he also took charge of the entire defense team.

On written instructions unanimously signed by the accused, the defense team withdrew from the case less than six weeks into the trial. Ramsay continued to attend the sessions and occasionally filed motions challenging the court's existence. The most ironic and serious of these objections concerned the legality of the Supreme Court of Grenada, a judicial body established by the New Jewel Movement ruling party but which the former NJM leaders on trial now refused to recognize.

Inside the prison compound, atop Richmond Hill, above two long rows of cells and barracks and surrounded by an off-limits promenade, was the court—a flat, white, circular building, single-chambered and banked with columns of louvered windows, its public entrance guarded by two royally outfitted policemen in white coats and gloves, and the high rounded helmets with chin straps reminiscent of the Victorian era. Soldiers were omnipresent, dressed in camouflage fatigues with combat helmets or cooler burgundy berets, paratrooper boots, and toting automatic rifles or compact machine guns.

One of the last to enter the courtroom, I scanned the pewlike rows for a place to sit. The gallery was packed to capacity. People squeezed shoulder to shoulder to make a space for me on the end of the last bench; under a tacit demand for silence, we waited. Standing room in the court soon was taken over by police constables and a coterie of inspector-rank officers pacing in

*How many Americans honestly remember why the U.S. sent 15,000 troops to Grenada in October 1983?*

Wednesday,  
October 19,  
was the day the  
revo went  
lunatic

their short pants, flexing their batons, whispering orders. The marshall issued a superfluous call for quiet and brought the assembly to its feet as Chief Justice Byron entered from his vestry in black ceremonial robes. He requested that the prisoners be escorted into the dock.

On the left side of the building was an entrance opening onto the prison yard. Here the accused were brought, one by one, by pairs of constables, removed of their handcuffs, led by the arms to the gate of the dock, and released. As the dock filled, the police formed a ring, facing inward, around the occupants, the jailers eye to eye with the jailed, a most peculiar standoff. During the mustering, I watched as the prisoners whispered among one another with striking self-esteem, as they each acknowledged, with a confident nod or wry smile or hubristic raise of the chin, their loved ones in the gallery. For the most part the defendants were young and attractive, by appearance alone specimens of the model modern citizen, well-chosen messengers of the New Grenada, full of the sort of prideful arrogance that is frequently mistaken for charisma.

These were the men invented by a swirl of centuries, the ugly embittering forces of colonialism, racial oppression, and dislocation; they had heard the voice of suffering in their nation and had come forward. But the revolution—the “revo” as they called it, taking deeper possession of the engines of change with schoolboy slang—became a mirror of flattering, self-fulfilling distortions. This skewed personalization turned the historical tide into a narcissistic pool, and they gazed too long and with too much affection at their reflections on its surface. And it was clear that the infatuating narcotic glory of their mission continued to electrify the air around them. Yet their karma reeked now of carrion. In the house of the nation they had undermined the foundation with

hatred and smeared the walls with blood.

**W**ednesday, October 19, 1983, was the day the revo went lunatic. Since the early summer everything had seemed to be breaking apart. The revo had begun as a spectacular success, but a little more than four years later, the economy was faltering, the public services were deteriorating, the people were tiring of revolutionary rhetoric, and, worst of all, the ruling party was in no position to make things right.

What had happened that summer was that the People's Revolutionary Government had split in its perception of how best to remain in power. One faction, ghosted by Bernard Coard—who had helped launch the NJM and was the party's chief theoretician—insisted that

every policy devised by the PRG, and every detail of those policies, and the spirit of the men charged with implementing such policies, must reflect the tenets of Leninist thought (and soon, Stalinist practice). The other faction, led by Prime Minister Bishop and more closely identified with the will of the people, agreed in principle with the goals of Coard and his comrades but advocated a more moderate, flexible, and pragmatic approach, until the political consciousness of the masses could be floated to a higher level of understanding.

By early October the two factions could no longer cohabitate. In late September, Bishop had in fact tentatively agreed to share power with Coard. But fearing that Bishop had reneged on his commitment to joint leadership, the Coard faction had clandestinely assembled trusted security personnel and NJM members in the army on October 12. They were informed of the dire crisis in the party and pledged their loyalty to the Central Committee, which Bishop was hesitating to obey. Later in the day, the political bureau purged George Louison—a founding NJM member, the minister of agriculture with a seat on the Central Committee, and Bishop's strongest ally—from the party.

That morning, the twelfth, Bishop had told his personal bodyguards he suspected the Coard faction was planning to assassinate him. He asked the men to help alert the population. Jacqueline Creft (Bishop's companion and the minister of education) drove out to Bishop's mother's house. “I don't know how to tell you this,” she said to Mrs. Bishop, “but today is the day they plan to take Maurice up to the fort for a meeting and kill him, and blame it on the CIA.” Mrs. Bishop got on the phone and started spreading the word. Not long after, one of the parish militias seized arms and rallied toward the city to protect Bishop from Coard. At midnight, Bishop was compelled by the Committee to go on the radio, deny the rumors that his life was in danger, and ask his listeners to have faith in the revolution.

The following morning, Bishop was put under house arrest. The mouths of the Grenadian people opened and a furious cussing-out of the Central Committee began to heat up the streets. On Saturday, the fifteenth, there were demonstrations in St. George's, at Pearls Airport near Grenville, and on the sister island of Carriacou demanding the release of Bishop. Cries of “No Bishop, no revo” echoed throughout the capital. On Monday, the seventeenth, the mood of the population was overwhelmingly against Coard and his faction. Four ministers loyal to Bishop resigned from the PRG; one was arrested within twenty-four hours, along with a

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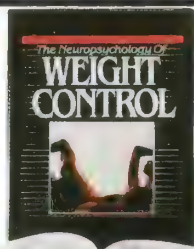
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plus \$3.50 ea. for shipping and handling

(CA residents add sales tax)

800-523-8222

Grand Total

MAIL TO: SyberVision Systems, Inc., 11000  
60066 Chino Terrace Ave., Norwalk, CA





conscious effort on your part to learn.

SyberVision's Men's Golf and Women's Golf programs each treat you to 60 minutes of golf fundamentals, performed by masters of perfect golf form.

The moves are shown repeatedly, accompanied by a specially composed musical score. The rhythm, the timing, the slow motion sequences, the music—all combine to get your muscles moving in sympathy with the action on your screen.

In the Men's Golf program, you'll watch—and feel—PGA champion Al Geiberger repeatedly perform smashing 250-yard drives. In Women's Golf, you'll see—and experience—LPGA champion and 1983 Player of the Year Patty Sheehan sink a 15-foot putt with a swift, sure tap of the club. By the time you're finished watching these and other fundamental golf skills, including the perfect drive, fairway wood, long iron, short iron, pitch, chip, sand shot, and putt, you'll have a deep and thorough understanding of how to do them yourself.

**Teaching takes you only so far. SyberVision takes you further.**

Jim Silvey, a PGA teaching professional, used SyberVision with some of his students to test its effectiveness. "In 25 years of teaching," he said, "I have never seen people play so much better so fast."

Linda Vollstedt, Women's Golf Coach at Arizona State University, tried SyberVision on a student who was about to drop out of the golf program. "I gave her the Golf videocassette to watch over the weekend," Vollstedt wrote, "and that Monday, she set a course record for low scoring!"

**The more you watch, the better you get.**

Just one viewing of the Men's Golf or

Women's Golf videocassette can markedly improve your game—and your handicap—whatever your present level of performance. Repeated viewings will reinforce your new technique and bring you closer and closer to your best golf potential.

Order Men's Golf with Al Geiberger or Women's Golf with Patty Sheehan—and see the remarkable results for yourself.

**VIDEO MEN'S GOLF with Al Geiberger \$89.95**

**VIDEO WOMEN'S GOLF with Patty Sheehan \$89.95**

*"After using the golf program I shot my best round ever—an 80 with a 19 handicap. I think the program works and it works beyond my wildest dreams. Heavens—it's almost scary. If anyone around here if it works, tell them to call me."*

Gid S. Pool, Jr., Alexandria, VA

*"I have knocked 10 strokes off my handicap with your SyberVision golf program. My daughter loves the program so much that now I'm ordering the Patty Sheehan program for her."*

Robert L. Omohundro, Santa Teresa, NM

*"I am now 37 and have been playing golf for the past 20 years. SyberVision has been the best thing to happen to my game yet. Let me thank you for what I consider a minor miracle. I have finally broken 80!"*

Richard Delbridge  
Portsmouth, VA

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24 HOURS A DAY

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## Finally, an effective way to lower your golf score and improve your handicap.

As a golfer, you know how important it is to concentrate on your swing. You also have to learn to relax, to keep your eye on the ball, and remember to lift it off the tee instead of attacking it straight on.

The traditional method of teaching golf—through verbal instructions—has you keeping track of so many things that it actually slows down your ability to learn them. Now SyberVision gives you a whole new way to improve your game fast. It's a video learning technique that lets you learn perfect golf skills without thinking about them and without trying consciously to imitate them.

**Stop listening. Start watching.**

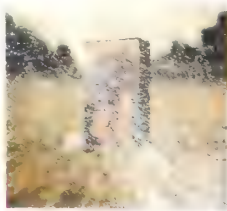
Unlike tedious demonstration tapes, the SyberVision technology doesn't require any

## HALE IRWIN SHOWS YOU HOW TO MAKE THE SHOT NO MATTER WHAT THE LIE.

The key to becoming a great golfer is the ability to make the difficult shots most others can't. And nobody knows this better than Hale Irwin—two-time U.S. Open Winner.

Irwin always seems to find a way to win—even when the shot seems impossible. And now, with SyberVision's *Difficult Shots* videotape, so can you.

Improvement begins with your first viewing. Repeated viewing will strengthen your ability to make the shot no matter what the lie. You'll enjoy a newfound confidence that will result in dramatically lower scores.



VIDEO

**DIFFICULT SHOTS • HALE IRWIN**

60-MINUTE VIDEO • TRAINING GUIDE \$1

## TWO-PUTT...OR EVEN ONE-PUTT... EVERY GREEN. DAVE STOCKTON ONE OF GOLF'S GREATEST PUTTERS SHOWS YOU HOW.

The techniques that make Dave Stockton a champion putter can now be part of your game. Master golf's most important stroke by watching Stockton execute perfect putts. You'll learn proper grip, alignment, set-up... even how to read the green. With the help of *Precision Putting*, the next time you're on the course, you will two-putt (or even one-putt) every green!



VIDEO

**PRECISION PUTTING • DAVE STOCKTON**

30-MINUTE VIDEO • TRAINING GUIDE \$49.95

## ADD UP TO 50 YARDS TO EVERY DRIVE! GUARANTEED!

SyberVision's *Power Driving* with Mike Dunaway. In this 30-minute video, you'll observe every aspect of Dunaway's swing including grip, weight shift and release. Computer-enhanced graphics allow you to study and absorb his explosive championship swing—so that the next time you step up to the tee, you'll find yourself effortlessly hitting longer and more accurate drives.

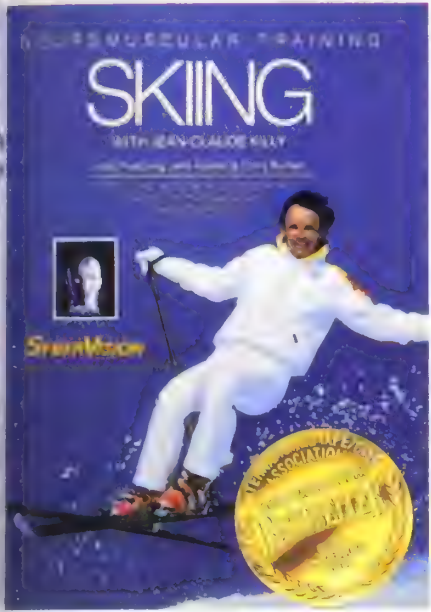


VIDEO

**POWER DRIVING • MIKE DUNAWAY**

30-MINUTE VIDEO • TRAINING GUIDE \$49.95





## amatically improve your ing—with less time and ort than you ever thought ssible.

you've ever wished you could ski more fully, more confidently, more enjoyably, there's a way for you to learn—without expensive private lessons or spending hours on the slopes trying to improve your n.

SyberVision's Downhill Skiing with Jean-Claude Killy takes you far beyond time-consuming "trial-and-error" methods. It lets you pick up superb skiing skills naturally and instinctively—through your mind, muscles and nervous system.

### l your body absorb perfect skills.

When you slip SyberVision's Downhill Skiing tape into your VCR, you'll be engaged

by a colorful and exciting series of visual images—images of perfect skiing moves that are repeated over and over again to a scientifically precise rhythmic beat.

You'll watch Jean-Claude Killy using the flawless technique that earned him three Olympic gold medals. You'll see U.S. Demonstration Team skiers Jens Husted and Chris Ryman skiing in perfect synchronization.

The scenery...the rhythm...the relaxing, ambient music all combine to give you the mental and physical sensation that you're actually taking part in the action. And while you're experiencing the vicarious pleasure of cutting through fresh powder in the Colorado Rockies, SyberVision is activating your nervous system to absorb and remember every move.

The result: in just 60 minutes, you've received the physical equivalent of several hours of perfect practice.

SyberVision will teach you the kind of instinctive skills that take over instantly when you're on the slopes. Call for your personal edition of this remarkable program today—and find out why Jean-Claude Killy himself calls it "the most powerful learning technology I've ever seen."

**VIDEO DOWNHILL SKIING**  
with Jean-Claude Killy \$89.95

*"As a clinical neuroscientist I am very familiar with the principles of neuromuscular training. As a passionate cross-country skier, I must tell you that yours is the best designed and most effective training aid I have ever had the pleasure to use. Moreover, it is an absolutely magnificent work of art."*

Milton Earl Burglass, M.D.  
Clinical and Research Neuropsychiatrist  
Cambridge, Mass.



*"SyberVision is so effective for all levels of skiers that we're converting our entire ski school over to SyberVision training."*

Horst Abraham  
Director of Education, Vail Ski School;  
Chairman, Research and Development  
Professional Ski Instructors of America



## Develop superb cross-country skills with Jeff Nowak.

The best cross-country skiers know how to use perfect rhythm and timing to practically defy gravity and float over the trails. As you watch Nordic master Jeff Nowak use diagonal strides, double pole techniques, kicks, tucks, and telemarks to coast smoothly over rough terrain, SyberVision enables your mind and body to feel, understand, remember, and instinctively duplicate his every move. For improved skill, timing, and coordination, order this program today.

**VIDEO CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING**  
with Jeff Nowak \$89.95

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## ORLD'S LARGEST SKI SCHOOL ADOPTS SYBERVISION

u're out skiing, you know you need some practice our moguls. You ski into a kiosk on the slope, press ton and watch a short videotape of Jean-Claude moving effortlessly down a mogul run. You ski of the kiosk. Before you lies your own mogul run. take the run, confident and excited, your mind and still humming with Killy's precise form. es this sound like a dream? Thanks to SyberVi- technology and Vail Ski School's visionary ning, it's a reality.

re prestigious Vail-Beaver Creek ski school—the d's largest—began testing SyberVision training two s ago. Because of the dramatic improvement in s of all levels, this year Vail is converting the entire ol to SyberVision training. This means that SyberVi- will reach 175,000 skiers in a single season. orst Abraham, Director of Instruction at Vail, puts s way: "SyberVision is truly the most advanced s training system I've ever seen." Abrahams should

know. He's also the Director of Research and Develop- ment for the Professional Ski Instructors of America—the certifying body for America's 10,000 ski instructors.

Vail will be offering comprehensive SyberVision classes this year. But it is the kiosks that present a bold and wholly new application of SyberVision's technology.

The kiosks are situated directly on the ski runs and are designed so that a skier can almost instantly apply what he has seen on the videotape to his own skiing practice.

To date, there are three kiosks, or viewing centers, on Vail and Beaver Creek Mountains. They are capable

of serving up to ten skiers at any given time. They have snow floors, are heated and house several video moni- tors.

Within two years there will be a total of nine kiosks on the two mountains—nine learning stations where SyberVision image technology meets action and vision meets reality.

*"The cinematography is absolutely outstanding...This together with beautifully composed music gives you the impression that you're the one cutting a clean track through fresh powder."*  
Skiing magazine

*"Excellent camera work and lovely scenery pulled me in, the elegant and appropriate soundtrack kept me synched with the images, and before long I felt my muscles tensing and relaxing in sympathy with those of the athlete on the screen. There was obviously a bit more going on than met the eye."*

Paul McHugh  
San Francisco Chronicle

SyberVision is the most advanced and effective  
ning technology the world has to offer."  
a-Claude Killy, three time  
mpic gold medal winner.



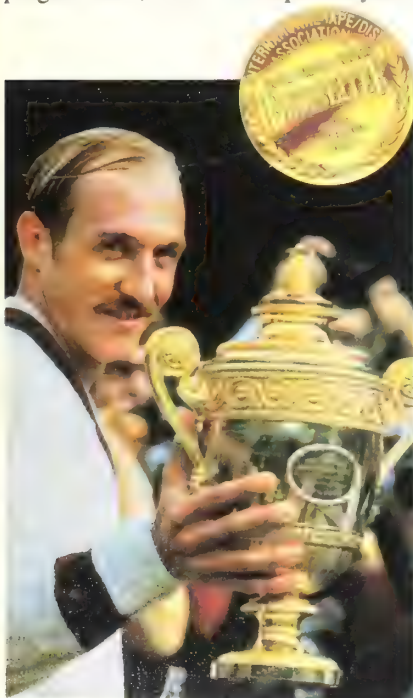


## With Stan Smith and SyberVision, you'll play a consistently better game of tennis.

Precision and control are so important to a tennis player that just one or two bad habits can cost you game after game. SyberVision's Tennis with U.S. Open and Wimbledon champion Stan Smith can help you stop making the mistakes you may not have even known you were making. As you watch Stan Smith model the perfect serve, forehand and backhand groundstroke, forehand and backhand return of service, forehand and backhand volley, backhand approach shot, and overhead smash, you'll feel your muscles responding as if you were executing the moves. SyberVision neuromuscular training is activating your mind and body to imitate, then remember perfect tennis form.

It's a blueprint of tennis perfection your body won't forget. Especially when the critical matchpoint comes and it's your serve.

In a review of Tennis with Stan Smith, World Tennis magazine called it "...a sophisticated and highly effective videotape program to teach and reinforce perfect stroke formation." Send for your program now, and see how perfect you can get your own stroke.



**VIDEO** **TENNIS with Stan Smith**  
**\$89.95**

"My daughter, Pamela Thompson, a sophomore at Skidmore College in Saratoga Springs, N.Y. is the first "All American" in the history of Skidmore. I attribute a great deal of her success to your wonderful SyberVision Tennis program which she watches before all her important matches. Please put me on your mailing list for all your future product releases in any field of activity."  
Mrs. Jay C. Thompson  
Cincinnati, OH

## DEVELOP YOUR OWN BLUEPRINT FOR SUCCESS WITH THE HELP OF AMERICA'S SUPER ACHIEVERS. LEARN FROM MEN WHO FOUGHT THE ODDS, THE CRITICS, CONVENTIONAL WISDOM. . . AND WON!

Since the dawn of history, role models have provided one of the most effective ways to learn. Not only do they provide you with examples of skill mastery, but they offer you the opportunity to observe the attitudes, behaviors and values that enable the novice to become a master.

In SyberVision's *Profiles of Achievement*, you will sit in on personal conversations with some of America's most legendary business giants. You'll learn from them the very keys to greatness as they reveal first-hand what it took to get to the top. . . and stay there.

Look to these successful individuals as your personal advisors. When you need career direction, view the tapes. When you need renewed inspiration view them again. What the achievers have to reveal to you—knowledge that comes only from first-hand experience—will leave you with a renewed sense of possibility in yourself and your goals.

**Henry A. Johnson, Vice Chairman, Spiegel, Inc.**

He took over as chairman of Spiegel Catalogue—increased sales from \$260 million to \$720 million and completely revolutionized the entire catalogue industry.

**HENRY JOHNSON • 45-MINUTE VIDEO • \$49.95**

**Kemmons Wilson, Founder, Holiday Inn**

He arose from humble beginnings to build the massive Holiday Inn empire—all based on a simple dream and a lot of hard work.

**KEMMONS WILSON • 45-MINUTE VIDEO • \$49.95**

**Curtis Carlson, Chairman, the Carlson Companies**

The sole owner of a \$3 billion a year organization, his rise to riches started with a very simple, original idea—selling Gold Bond trading stamps to grocery stores.

**CURTIS CARLSON • 45-MINUTE VIDEO • \$49.95**

**Oleg Cassini, Fashion Czar**

He was the first fashion designer to realize the value of his own name and to license products for large-volume distribution.

**OLEG CASSINI • 45-MINUTE VIDEO • \$49.95**

**Norman Brinker, Chairman, Chili's Restaurants**

He is a man who loves the challenge of start-ups. His innovative marketing ideas are credited with making a success of such well-known restaurant chains as Burger King, Steak 'n Ale and Bennigan's.

**NORMAN BRINKER • 45-MINUTE VIDEO • \$49.95**

**John Teets, Chairman, The Greyhound Corporation**

He is an achiever with an unusual specialty—conquering obstacles. He took over as chairman and CEO of The Greyhound Corp., and turned the ailing company around, improving earnings dramatically.

**JOHN TEETS • 45-MINUTE VIDEO • \$49.95**



## WHAT'S INCLUDED IN THE SYBERVISION PROGRAM:

**AUDIO** When a skill cannot be visually modeled, it can be vividly described. SyberVision has developed a series of audio programs on the neuropsychology of such behavioral skills as achievement, self-discipline, weight control and parenting. The audio programs give you a rich description of your behavioral model, full of fact and example.

Each audiocassette session provides you with the tools, skills and insights necessary to achieve the difficult goal of personal growth and change. You will be given a series of sensory exercises and lessons essential to realizing your behavioral goal.

A comprehensive study guide reviews the materials you cover on the audiocassettes. Using it will enrich your knowledge and understanding of the skills you are acquiring.

As you gain confidence and begin to accomplish your goals, continued use of the program will take you further along the road to self-improvement and success.



**VIDEO** A SyberVision video program is a complete learning system that teaches you the skills of movement, the strategies of competition, the psychology of learning and performance and the biomechanics of perfect form. Each program is made up of the following components:

A 60-minute videocassette of perfect sport action designed to make you feel you're inside the body of the athlete you are watching. High-resolution images, computer-enhanced sequences, breathtaking location photography and exciting original music heighten the powerful effect on your brain and nervous system.

Four special audiocassettes expand and reinforce the

SyberVision videotape training. The first cassette introduces you to the principles of neuromuscular training. Every facet of SyberVision's technology is explored and simply explained by experts.

In the second cassette your sport's model athlete reveals his secrets to top athletic achievement. World-famous champions such as Jean-Claude Killy talk about the psychology of competing and winning.

The third cassette presents the 12 keys to athletic success. You'll learn to practice more efficiently, develop winning strategies and call up the powerful images of your SyberVision training whenever you need them.

The fourth cassette contains the soundtrack from your videotape. Listen to it before your next game to boost your performance.

Your training program is completed with your Personal Training Guide. It will augment your video and audio training, so that you can better translate what you are learning into significantly improved performance skills.





ave you heard the good news? Fifty percent of the marriages in America don't end in divorce. Find out what makes these marriages work and how you can apply these principles to your own marriage.



This enlightening in-depth program can help you and your spouse turn around a "tired" marriage or make a good one even better.

You'll find out why so many marriages end in divorce, and why others are successful. *Successful Marriage* draws on the expertise of Dr. Brent Barlow, one of America's foremost authorities on marriage and family life. By carefully studying

thousands of successful marriages around the country, Dr. Barlow has been able to isolate the basic building blocks of marital happiness. You'll find out what these building blocks are, and how you can incorporate them into your own marriage. If you and your spouse want to improve your marriage, you'll find that *Successful Marriage* gives you a simple but effective way to put more caring, commitment and communication into your relationship. And once you've both started on the program, you'll be amazed at how quickly and dramatically your marriage can improve.

*Successful Marriage* comes with audiocassettes, a study guide, and a full 60-day SyberVision guarantee. Call toll free to order.

## ▶ SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE \$69.95

### Table of Contents

Introduction  
 From Heart to Hearth: The Joy of a Successful Marriage  
 The Model Marriage: The 10 Characteristics of the Successfully Married Couple  
 The Vision You Hold of Your Marriage: The New Psychology of Staying Married and Enjoying It  
 Commitment: Enriching Your Marriage Through Trust and Loyalty  
 Caring: How to Expand Your Capacity to Love and be Loved  
 Communication: Building Bridges Not Walls  
 Change: How to Grow Together... Not Apart  
 Cohesion: Building the Bonds that See You Through the Tough Times  
 Cooperation: The Power of Shared Decision-Making  
 Constructive Conflict: How to Live with Each Other's Differences  
 Dressing: Intimacy Means More than Sex  
 Cash: Money Matters in Your Marriage  
 Plan: How to Keep In-laws from Becoming Outlaws  
 Our Golden Wedding Anniversary: Vision of Hope... Time of Reflection

## Learn the 10 newly-discovered principles to raising confident, competent, and independent children.



What distinguishes a happy child from an unhappy one? What makes some teenagers turn to drugs while others work hard to win scholarships and make their parents proud? Raising confident, competent children is not a job you can leave to chance. The Neuropsychology of Successful Parenting is a comprehensive audio program that shows you how to take the right kinds of action in every child-rearing situation—from disciplining toddlers to dealing with rebellious teenagers.

Research among thousands of successful parents has revealed 10 key characteristics that form the core of "sensitive" parenting. In the early sessions of this program, you'll be presented with these characteristics and learn to make them an instinctive part of your own everyday behavior.

You'll learn to encourage a child who's having problems in school. You'll learn to stop bad behavior without punishment. You'll find out why being "firm but fair" is so important. And you'll learn to set the kind of positive example your children will want to follow.

The Neuropsychology of Successful Parenting is based on the breakthrough research of Dr. Katharine Kersey, Professor and Chairman of the Child Study Department of Old Dominion University in Norfolk, Virginia. Its sound principles will help any parent—of any age child—raise a happier, more confident, more independent human being.

## AUDIO THE NEUROPSYCHOLOGY OF SUCCESSFUL PARENTING \$69.95

### Table of Contents

- Roots and Wings: The Power of Successful Parenting
- The Positive Parent: The 10 Characteristics of Parents with Confident, Competent and Independent Children
- The Vision You Hold of Your Child: The New Psychology of Effective Parenting
- The Magic of Respect: How to Increase Your Child's Feelings of Self-Worth
- Positive Discipline: How to Help Your Child Conquer Self-Defeating Behavior
- The Power of Encouragement: How to Help Your Child Develop the Habits of Success
- The Independent Child: Teaching Children to Solve Their Own Problems
- The Pride of Ownership: How to Enlist Your Child's Help in Rule Making
- The Child Unique: How to Recognize and Develop Your Child's Individuality
- Sensitive Parent...Feeling Child: How to Tune Into Your Child's Feelings
- The Power of Example: How to Model Behaviors That You Want Your Children to Imitate
- The Joy of Parenting: How to Enjoy Your Children
- Your Child's Last Day at Home: The Gift of Roots and Wings

## SYBERVISION CAPTIVATES JAPAN'S LEADERS IN TECHNOLOGY

Mitsuhiko Yahi, Chairman of Mitsui Corporation, toward his ball on the edge of the eighteenth hole. Gone are the usual pressing concerns of the head of a 70 billion-a-year business—nearly twice the size of

Yahi lowers his putter to the green and feels his eyes come alive with the memory of a perfect 15 putt. Earlier the same day Yahi watched SyberVision's tape of Al Geiberger, and now he is actually feeling its effect.

Yahi taps the ball with a smooth, relaxed stroke. It's straight and sure into the cup. For the first time in his score is in the eighties. He is sold on the SyberVision training program! Yahi commissions the two leading Japanese neuroscientists to test SyberVision's programs. They produce the programs a revolutionary breakthrough in golf learning, stressing the profound implications. Yahi wastes no time in contacting SyberVision. SyberVision and Mitsui join efforts to produce and market the programs throughout Japan, under Mitsui's Sales Projects Department.

Many of Japan's top business leaders are introduced to SyberVision in the next few months. The Chairmen of Nissan Motor Company, the Sumitomo Bank and Nippon Steel, among others, test the SyberVision training. And they publicly attest to the programs' extraordinary effectiveness.

Isn't it about time that America wows Japan with its own innovative technology?

Mitsui Chairman, Toshikuni Yahi, praises SyberVision's golf program: "For the first time in many years, I scored less than 90."



## HOW SYBERVISION IMPROVES YOUR GAME

1. A high-resolution, scientifically produced videotape presents a world class athlete repeatedly performing perfect fundamental skills. The movement is executed at a mathematically precise tempo and rhythm that activates your brain's visual learning mechanism.

2. The images of movement and sound are transmitted to your brain through your eyes and ears.

3. Your brain analyzes the incoming images of movement and converts them to neuromuscular impulses.

4. The neuromuscular impulses repeatedly travel from your brain to your muscles, etching pathways of performance excellence into your memory. Your muscles are being trained to remember perfect form.

5. While you watch, you actually feel a slight rhythmic movement in your own muscles as they imitate and memorize the movements on the screen. You are feeling the conversion process at work. This is the key to your vicarious learning experience.

6. During physical practice or play, your muscles draw upon the stored memory of perfectly executed moves. They then reproduce those moves as well as they can, resulting in dramatically improved performance.

ORDER TOLL FREE 24 HOURS A DAY

**800-523-8222**

OUTSIDE OF U.S. CALL 415/792-3400





## Open the door to success with SyberVision.

Ever wonder why certain people almost always succeed at whatever they try? High achievers seem to have an uncanny knack for putting themselves in the right place at the right time...for meeting the right people...for saying and doing the right things to get what they want.

Now you can learn to think, act and plan your business and personal strategies the same way highly successful people do. The Neuropsychology of Achievement gives you the first opportunity ever to pattern your own character after the world's greatest models of achievement.

In this unique program, you'll learn the 21 essential characteristics of success—but that will be only the beginning. You'll also find out how to use sensory imaging to flood your nervous system with highly motivating images of what you want.

Then, using a powerful learning technology developed at Stanford University, you'll learn to make the right attitudes and behaviors—the ones that will help you achieve your goal—an instinctive part of your own personality.

Ten sessions on eight audiocassettes provide you with a series of sensory exercises and lessons essential for becoming an

achiever. Ordering this powerful program is your first step on the path to personal growth and success.



**THE NEUROPSYCHOLOGY OF ACHIEVEMENT \$69.95**

### Table of Contents

- Your Holographic Brain: The Power of Three Dimensional Visualization
- The Intelligent Eye: Light of the Mind, Pathway to the Brain
- A Model for Success: 21 Dominant Habits of High Achievers
- How Do You Measure Up? A Formula for Self-Assessment
- How to Set Sensory-Rich Achievement Goals
- Laser Vision: Sharpening Concentration and Internal Vision Through Relaxation/Oxygenation Conditioning
- Competence Programming: How to Code High-Achievement Behaviors into Your Brain and Nervous System
- The Power of Self-Discipline: How to Extinguish Self-Defeating Behaviors

*"A few months ago I purchased the Neuropsychology of Achievement. After listening to the program and applying the principles and techniques for several months, I can honestly say this is the most beneficial program on self-improvement I have encountered to date."*

Joseph M. Mona, Attorney/CPA  
Newport Beach, CA

## Self-Discipline: The Master Key

Some people think you need to be brilliant or talented to be successful. Others are convinced it's just luck or "who you know." The truth is, all the brains, talents and good connections in the world won't get you anywhere—unless you also possess self-discipline. And if you have this essential characteristic, you don't need any of the others to come out on top.

The Neuropsychology of Self-Discipline gives you the motivation, the strength, the persistence and the perseverance to achieve any goal you choose. Ten sessions on eight audiocassettes will teach you to create a "magnificent obsession" that will turn the hard work of achievement into the most rewarding experience of your life.



### Table of Contents

- Self-Discipline: Your Master Key to Achievement
- The Power of Purpose: Determining What You Really Want to Achieve
- The Magnificent Obsession: How to Transform Your Dream Into a Sensory-Rich Vision of Success
- The Magic of Mentors: How to Learn and Draw Inspiration from Models of Success
- Power Planning: How to Turn Your Vision into a Step-by-Step Blueprint of Achievement

## EASTERN EUROPEAN TOP SPORTS SCIENTIST DEFECTS TO THE WEST...AND TO SYBERVISION

For some people anything seems possible. Take Ed Burke. Everyone says he's too small to be a hammer thrower, but he makes the Tokyo Olympics in 1964. He's there in Mexico City in 1968, defying the rumors that he's too old to throw the iron balls. Then, after 12 years of retirement, he goes into training for the '84 Olympics. This time they say he's downright crazy. And again he surprises the public. He not only qualifies for the Olympic team but is given the distinguished honor of carrying the American flag in the opening ceremonies.

Add to these achievements a successful health club business and an academic career teaching political science. At 45, a guy like Burke might well relax on his laurels. Now Ed Burke has nothing against relaxing, but it isn't always the most interesting way to live your life.

And indeed, this past August, Ed Burke's life is anything but relaxed. In early August he receives a midnight call from Sicily. It's his friend, Dr. Ladislav Pataki. Pataki is the world's top sports scientist whose training programs have brought so much gold to Eastern Europe's Olympic athletes.

Pataki and his family have just made a harrowing escape from their native Czechoslovakia. He tells Burke he isn't out of danger. He needs help.

Burke arranges for money and temporary refuge. He works for two months to find Pataki the sponsorship necessary for entry to the U.S.

Pataki arrives and is in great demand. His knowledge in sports training could have a significant influence on U.S. Olympic training. The job offers come in by the scores.

Then Ed Burke introduces Pataki to SyberVision. "I had used SyberVision programs myself," Burke said, "and I felt it would be a perfect match—the leading sports technology in the world and the leading sports scientist."

SyberVision is impressed. Pataki is impressed. Pataki joins SyberVision's renowned staff of scientists, becoming Director of Sports Science Research and specializing in Olympic Athletic Training.

Ed Burke's latest achievement is profound. It may well affect generations of future U.S. Olympians.

## WORLD-RENOWNED NEUROSCIENTIST JOINS SYBERVISION

*Psychology Today* calls him "The Magellan of Brain Science." Dr. Karl Pribram, head of the Neuropsychology Research Laboratory at Stanford University, made two breakthrough discoveries.

First, he found that all of our behavior is governed "images of achievement." Second, he discovered how the human brain forms and acts upon visual and sensory images.

These discoveries mean that for the first time the relationship between mental pictures, motivation and achievement can be understood.

Dr. Pribram joined SyberVision as Director of Research in 1983. Under the direction of Pribram, SyberVision's research team has developed these discoveries into an unprecedented learning technology. It is designed to enable you to focus your time, energy and talents to achieve high goals and personal success.

ORDER TOLL FREE 24 HOURS A DAY

**800-523-8222**

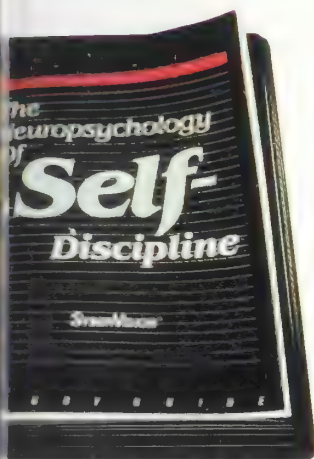
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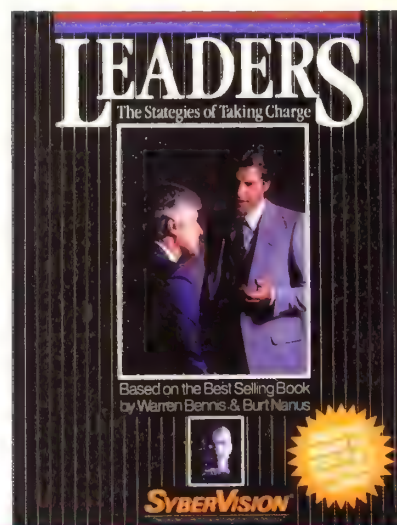
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*Continued from page 44*

second who had resigned previously. On Tuesday, high-school students led large protests throughout the island. While Bishop's mother appealed for the freedom of her son, George Bush told the Washington press corps that the United States was keeping an eye on developments in Grenada. Late Tuesday night, a Committee delegation met with Bishop at his residence and urged him to accept a compromise: he could stay on as prime minister and party member but must relinquish his seat on the Committee and his title as commander in chief of the PRA. Bishop said he would consider the offer, but when asked to take full responsibility for the assassination rumors, he declined.

Wednesday, October 19: By nine in the morning, Unison Whiteman, the minister of foreign affairs, and other influential Bishopites were in the Market Square of St. George's, endorsed by a mob 10,000 strong—one tenth of the population—the crowd swelling by the minute as people pooled in from the countryside. It was the children of Grenada though, 300 schoolboys and schoolgirls, who, encouraged by Whiteman, stormed Mount Royal, went to Bishop's home, and freed him and Jackie Creft. (Creft had joined Bishop voluntarily during his detention after she was told if she went in the house she couldn't come out again.)

From his own house across the way, Bernard Coard, his wife, and several members of the Central Committee watched the protesters approach. Lt. Col. Ewart Layne, one of the Committee members, phoned Fort Frederick and requested three armored-personnel carriers be sent to reinforce the platoon of soldiers guarding Bishop. At the gates to the prime minister's house, the demonstrators and 1st Lt. Iman Abdullah—Bishop's warden—faced off. The crowd expanded to a thousand, pressing forward into the driveway, surrounding the front of the residence. The armored cars arrived and parked.

"No Bishop, no school," the kids chanted. "No Bishop, no revo. We want Maurice." Abdullah fired his M-3 submachine gun into the air. The crowd booed, shouting "Shoot us." Guns on the armored cars opened fire over their heads, and several hundred people scattered in fear. Whiteman and a horde of schoolchildren swept toward the rear of the house and muscled their way in. They located Bishop and Creft together in a room, strapped to individual beds. Bishop, wearing only a pair of shorts, was in lousy condition. Out of fear of poisoning he had not eaten for several days. There appeared to be cigarette burns on his feet, and one on his face. He seemed extremely disoriented; his lively eyes were dark and hollow, and his legs were weak. A cheer went up as Bishop and Creft emerged,

supported by their young liberators. They were carried down the drive to the main road.

When they reached the crossroads in the center of town, Bishop made a crucial decision to skirt the joyous multitude awaiting him in Market Square. Instead his caravan swung left on Church Street and proceeded up the incline to Fort Rupert, the PRA headquarters, out above the bay, where he expected to be secure from retaliation.

Maj. Chris Stroude was the ranking officer and party member at the fort that day. Capt. Lester "Goat" Redhead was his second in command. Earlier Stroude had stood on the top bastion and observed the demonstration below in the market. He watched part of the crowd break away up the hill and return shouting, "We get we leader. Fuck Coard." Stroude immediately called a meeting of all personnel in the fort, ordered that civilian party members be issued arms, and commanded everyone to take up defensive positions but not to fire on the people. By this time Bishop was already on the balcony of the fort's outbuilding, his head in his hands as he witnessed the crush of supporters dancing up the hill after him. Before Stroude's meeting could end, a soldier ran in with the news that Bishop and his men had occupied the operations room off the outer courtyard of the fort. Stroude met Fitzroy Bain, a leader in the countryside and a key Bishop supporter, at the top of the steps leading to the interior of the fortress. Bain told him that the people had come in peace, that they had freed Bishop so that the question of joint leadership could be determined once and for all, and that the Central Committee members meeting at Coard's house had surrendered to the masses—which was not true, since the crowd ignored the Coard residence after they had retrieved Bishop. Stroude went back inside to tell his men that in his opinion they shouldn't resist, since they would have to kill many people to keep the fort, and that even after killing hundreds of people, the mob would win out anyway. He instructed them to return their weapons to the armory, but the soldiers were reluctant to obey since some of Bishop's supporters were armed. Instead, they hid their AK-47s in a tunnel.

Stroude presented himself to Bishop, who had been given a jersey and sandals to put on. The operations room was wall-to-wall with the prime minister's partisans. Someone was sent to collect guns housed at the Immigrations Department. Bishop told Major Stroude that Coard and his Committee marionettes would have to submit to the will of the masses. Negotiations would begin at once, Bishop said, and the first order of business was to arrest and jail Coard. Stroude asked about the status of the army and

*'No Bishop, no school,' the kids chanted. 'We want Maurice.' Abdullah fired his machine gun into the air*

*Is execution  
time,' said  
Redhead.  
'Cool,' Stroude  
replied*

its officers. Bishop replied that the military would be maintained as it was. Nor would the NJM party itself be altered. Though Bishop said he had nothing against Stroude personally, he asked the major to surrender his pistol. Stroude complied and went to find the keys to the armory. The prime minister wanted weapons distributed to the crowd in case the Central Committee took to the offensive. Maj. Einstein Louison, Bishop's only ally from the officer corps of the PRA, gave an order to issue rifles to anybody who would take one, but too slowly. Stroude, heading back to the operations room, heard a burst of automatic-weapon fire coming from above him in the fort.

After the students had emancipated Bishop on Mount Royal, the armored cars had returned to Fort Frederick, higher up the mountainside. In his sentry box at the prime minister's residence, Iman Abdullah received a phone call from the duty officer at Frederick telling him to report there. At Fort Frederick, he was greeted by a fellow junior officer, Rupert Mayers, and together they discussed methods to restore order at Fort Rupert, two rookie belligerents lusting for a chance to show their stuff. Soon enough, they'd be given license to play bad.

Earlier in the day, when the demonstration had formed outside at Bishop's residence and Layne had ordered up the three armored cars, it had been determined that the people should not be fired upon. Layne had tried to cross the yard to speak with Bishop and persuade him to calm the crowd, but before he could reach the house, the students burst through the gate. Layne ordered the armored cars to fire their guns into the air and then returned to Coard's, explaining that things were out of control and they should all seek refuge inside Fort Frederick. Once there, Layne rang up Stroude at Fort Rupert, was briefed by the major on what was taking place across town, and ordered Stroude to restrain his soldiers. Stroude, however, blurted out that the situation at the fort was total chaos and his men feared for their lives.

Layne later testified that at Coard's house he had taken aside his commanding officer, Gen. Hudson Austin, and suggested that the only way to save the revolution and the party was to recapture Fort Rupert, and then have the military take control of the country for a short period. He argued that they were military men, that the crisis had evolved into a military matter, and that the Committee had become utterly ineffective. According to Layne, Austin disagreed strongly yet allowed the lieutenant colonel to have his way, "recognizing," Layne said, "the tremendous respect I have amongst the men and that even he was paralyzed in this situation.

"It was from there on I could say," Layne as-

serted, "that I took over the situation completely." (Layne's claim of responsibility is critical: if the jury chose to believe him, the Central Committee members standing trial would be exonerated from murder.)

Layne instructed First Lieutenant Mayers to lead a mission to retake Fort Rupert, specifying that even if there was no resistance, Mayers should fire one rocket grenade anyway to create a shock effect and demoralize the crowd.

Iman Abdullah, in his statement later to Caribbean Defense Force investigators, claimed someone opened fire from the direction of the fort, killing a soldier in one of the three armored cars that were now entering Fort Rupert. An assault was under way. The three olive-drab cars, reinforced by a lorry loaded with troops, catapulted into the courtyard below the operations room, their guns cracking, and a rocket grenade was launched. Vincent Noel, who had served as the secretary for home affairs in the PRG, was hit by the first burst of machine-gun fire. Abdullah jumped off his vehicle and sprayed rounds from his M-3, but 1st Lt. Raeburn Nelson, in command of the third car, was stunned and disgusted, and he screamed at his men not to join in the killing. The crowd scrambled hysterically as the soldiers advanced; many threw themselves over the high rampart of the fort, plummeting to their deaths below.

Bishop, still inside the operations room, was crippled by disbelief. "Oh God, oh God," he muttered in agony, the last words any survivor recalled him saying, "they turned their guns against the masses." Without an explanation, he issued an order to stop any return fire against the attack. He was giving up.

Mayers had been shot. Abdullah now took charge. Civilians were ordered out of the fort. Bishop, Creft, and six others—two ministers, a trade unionist, and three businessmen—were marched up through a tunnel that opened to the uppermost courtyard in the fortification. "Is execution time," said Redhead.

"Cool," Stroude replied.

Once inside the courtyard, Abdullah screamed at Bishop and the rest of his prisoners to stand facing the far wall underneath a basketball net. Abdullah gestured with his own weapon to five ordinary soldiers—Sgt. Fabian Gabriel, Cpl. Vincent Joseph, Pvts. Andy Mitchell, Keith Noel, and Cosmos Richardson—to step up next to him. He ordered his captives to remove their shirts and all except Jackie Creft did. Then they were made to turn around and face him. Bishop asked Gabriel for a match to light a cigarette. Mitchell didn't want him to. But it's the prime minister who wants a light, Gabriel objected. "No fucking prime minister in this time," Mitchell said.



Gabriel and the others saw Abdullah remove a piece of folded white paper from his shirt pocket and read it to Bishop. The document, according to the soldiers present, stated that by a unanimous decision of the Central Committee all of them were to die. Jacqueline Creft revealed that she was pregnant, and this infuriated the soldiers.

"What the fuck are you doing up here?" Joseph yelled at her. "Is bullet for you."

"No fucking pregnant woman in these times," said Richardson.

"No fucking comrades in this time," Mitchell added, and Abdullah directed the prisoners to turn and face the wall again. With Stroude and Gabriel standing off, Abdullah told the other soldiers to prepare to fire. Creft looked over her shoulder, pleading, "Comrade, wait, wait, hold on." Bishop whispered something to her which no one else heard. Abdullah gave the command to fire, he himself shooting directly at Maurice Bishop's head. Bishop fell and rolled but Abdullah continued to concentrate his fire on the prime minister. Some bodies fell backward, Abdullah recalled afterward, "some fell down slow and some fell down fast," just like in the movies. The five executioners were literally possessed by their job; their automatic weapons spit away minute after minute until the walls of the courtyard were plastered with flesh. The blood of the eight victims streamed toward the lowest point of the courtyard. After an eternity Abdul-

lah finally shouted the order to cease fire.

Beverley Ann Charles, a soldier in the PRA, who witnessed the executions from a window in the officers' barracks, said she saw Redhead, Stroude's subordinate, slit Bishop's throat with his combat knife, and cut off a finger to remove a ring. Abdullah examined the bullet-chewed corpses and instructed the soldiers to wrap them in blankets. Gabriel supervised their removal to the parking lot, where they were tossed into a public-works-department truck.

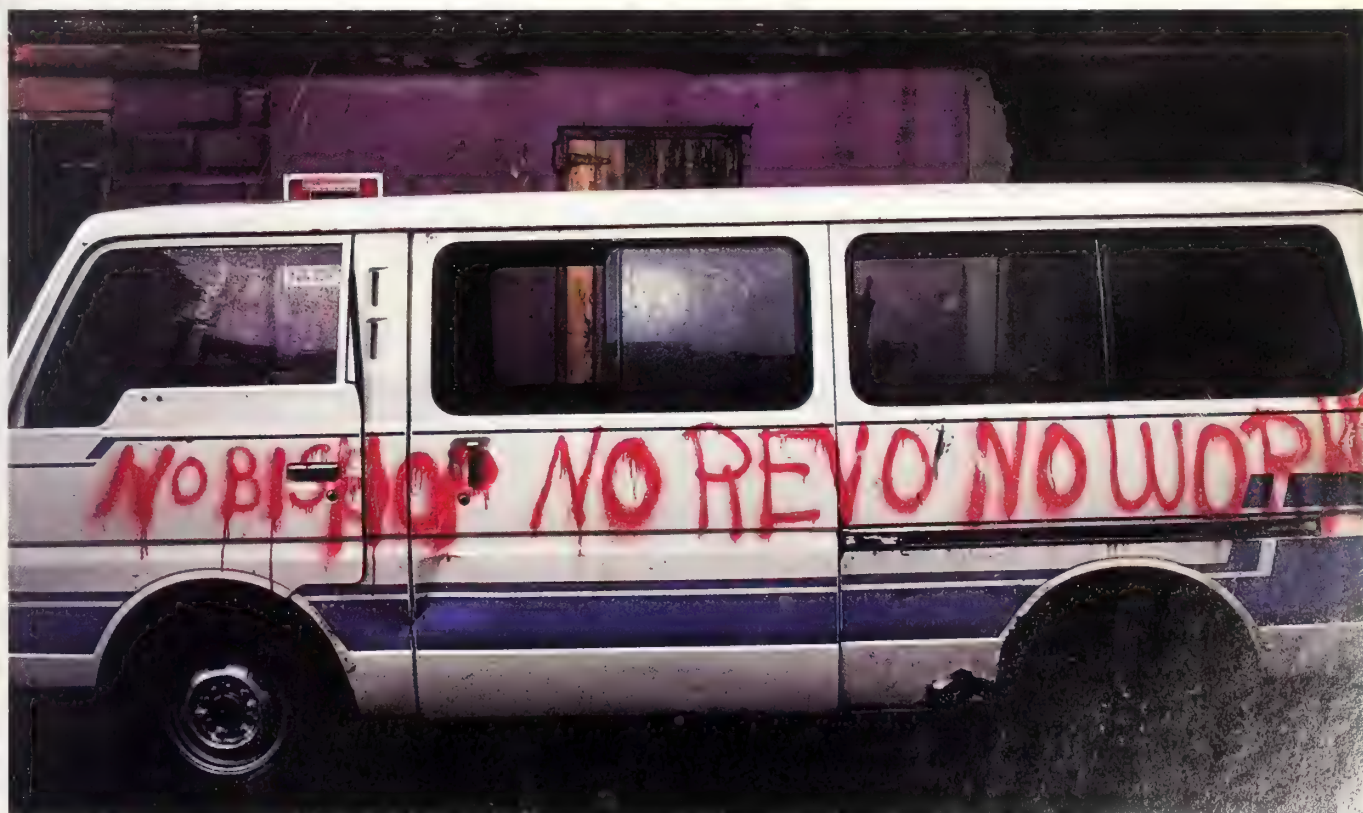
From start to finish, the barbaric episode had lasted about an hour and a half.

**T**hroughout the morning, Chief Justice Byron summarized the transcript of Raeburn Nelson's defense. As the judge reviewed Nelson's statements for the jury, he gave the unmistakable impression he was prompting them to find the young man innocent.

The chief justice finished the recitation of his notes on Nelson's case, reminded the jury of their obligations, and coached them on the logistics of how to manage the 196 counts of murder and manslaughter against the defendants. Under law, they would be required to deliberate the verdicts for at least three hours. Beyond that, they were free to take as long as they needed. He then ordered the marshal to sequester the seven men and five women of the jury, and proclaimed an indefinite recess.

Those in the gallery drifted outside of the

*After an eternity Abdullah finally shouted the order to cease fire*



Americans had  
deprived the  
people of  
Grenada of  
their right to  
engage in civil  
war

building to socialize and eat the lunches they had brought with them. I loitered against the parapet overlooking the capital below, so marvelous a view it could hardly be spoiled by the adulteration of barbed wire, the rolls of concertina in the uncultivated pastures beneath the prison. A middle-aged Grenadian with a pugilist's face stood a few feet away from me, appreciating the same exquisite panorama. "Here now," he muttered, inviting a conversation, "why they have a damn prison way up so? They should have a nice hotel. This a perfect spot for tourists to see how beautiful is Grenada, man."

He talked, hesitantly at first, about the glory the revo had brought into everyone's lives. Two other men, hearing our dialogue, ambled over and we got into Reagan's decision to send troops to the island. The man who wished the prison were a hotel was the most adamant. His little nation had been *invaded* by a big one: it was unforgivable, to his way of thinking, that the Americans had deprived the people of Grenada of their right to engage in civil war. He had been a soldier in the army, loyal to Bishop, anxious to join an insurrection against Coard when the marines landed and preempted any such action. As he talked, my fingers idly poked the craters in the wall left by the gunfire of soldiers based in North Carolina. Another man complained it was impolite to call the sacrifices of American boys an invasion. He himself preferred to think of their involvement as an *intervention*, a somewhat objective act that took place because Grenadians were no longer capable of discerning their own best interests. The last man was unhappy with his countrymen and insisted they call the invasion/intervention a *rescue*. He was youthful and energetic, holding a small black Bible in his hands. People in his family had died on October 19. Fiends were brutalizing the masses, he said, and God bless America for delivering Grenada from the claws of those animals. Coard was the anti-Christ, and sin, he had come to realize, was what was wrong with all governments.

Left alone again with the fellow who saw civil war as his country's one true path to redemption, I told him a maxim I remembered, something Martin Luther King once said: "If a man hasn't discovered something he will die for, he isn't fit to live." The man scrutinized me, trying to judge my sincerity. That was exactly what he was talking about, he said—how do the citizens of a small-fry place like Grenada preserve their sovereign right to die for what they believe in? We talked more, but then he decided that I too was meddling where I had no business. Our conversation ended in misunderstanding.

The sun had long since passed its noontime zenith and retired behind massing clouds. I be-

gan to think that the pageant was closed for the day, that the jury would stay out for days or weeks, upholding the slow pace the trial had taken so far, wrestling with the complexities of the varying stories they had heard in the courtroom. Fifteen minutes later, the marshall beckoned for people to come back inside and find their seats. Inadvertently, I sat down next to the Bible-toting youth who was grateful his homeland had been rescued from sin. The proceeding resumed, the prisoners were escorted in, one after another. There were no downcast looks among them, no countenances of remorse, though they were more subdued, less gregarious, than in the morning.

The jurors, like church deacons, clustered at the door and then moved self-consciously across the concrete floor of the court to their box. Throughout the day, anxiety had been negligible inside the room, but now everyone was clenched up under its influence. And then the dour silence, if not the tension, was broken by two liturgical voices, one melodious, oratorical, the other murmuring and deferential, joined in an incantatory duet—the call-and-response canticle between judge and jury foreman. The juror was so soft-spoken that the people in the gallery craned forward to hear his answers, their chins brushing the backs of the spectators sitting in front of them.

La da Da, la da Da, la da Da da Da?

Yes, my lord.

La da Da, la da Da, la da da DA DA?

Guilty, my lord.

One hundred and ninety-six refrains to this morbid lullaby. The defendants grew increasingly sober as they were each singled out for a verse, their lips pursed and their faces hardened, filling up with the energy of hate in reaction to the awful, lulling rhythm of guilt.

La da Da, la da Da, la da Da da DA?

Yes, your lordship.

Lada DA?

Guilty, your lordship.

From the first through the seventeenth, they all, it seemed, were guilty of everything. For Raeburn Nelson, however, eleven verdicts of not guilty were read against his indictments for murder. Someone in the gallery dared to clap twice, hurriedly, before the marshalls took a collective step out of their positions to smother this outbreak of joy. "Rejoice for one goes free," the man next to me whispered. There was a pause of universal relief in the court while Nelson bowed his head: throughout the gallery women began to quietly cry, tears tracking down their cheeks, their hands kept stiffly folded in their laps.

The judge thanked the jury for the ordeal of their civic duty. Then, without wasting a mo-



ment, he told Raeburn Nelson to stand and pronounced him a free man. No one, including Nelson, understood the implicit order. He stood at attention but in a stupor. He had to be told again. You may leave the prisoners' dock, the judge prodded in a fatherly tone. Dazed, Nelson forced his long legs to carry him to the front of the corral and out its gate, a young man again.

The judge appeared reluctant to get back to the gruesome business ahead, the inescapable mandate of his jurisdiction. Consulting a tome of Grenadian law, he recorded the sentences in his own hand, case by case, as he addressed the defendants.

It is a dreadful business, watching fourteen human beings sentenced to hang (the three other defendants got long prison terms). The nauseating sequence plunges you through a range of responses. Our rising and then sitting, as ordered by the bailiff, in recognition of the gravity of the pronouncements, at first had a woe-begone effect on us, permeating the atmosphere with the chemistry of mourning. After the first three cases, however, I began to feel anger at the accused men, and I noticed a similar change of mood in the people around me. Then the sentencing became a weary melancholic duty, an intensifying drain on faith and hope, as you might experience after years of mechanical churchgoing, until the standing and the stooping became nothing so much as—by the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth judgments—grotesque and numbing calisthenics, graveyard aerobics.

It was getting late in the afternoon and a tempest that had been threatening crashed down upon the mountain. Identities and faces of the condemned began to blur in my faltering concentration. One man's last words to the court were drowned by a thirty-second downpour battering the metal sheeting of the roof. In the middle of another man's sentencing, the electricity failed for several moments, causing the judge to shout in his own unamplified voice, jolted into a distasteful holler—*hung by the neck until dead*—when the current suddenly flickered back into his microphone.

I joined the introspective crowd trudging out the gate down Richmond Hill. By twos and threes people hopped into cars, were picked up by taxis, stepped over to wait at the bus stops, ducked into yards and houses. In a short time I found myself alone, descending the mountain toward St. George's, soon lost in the upper suburbs of the capital. Radios blasted the news throughout the neighborhoods. I passed a sign, a miniature billboard erected on a traffic island: WELCOME PRESIDENT REAGAN AND CARIBBEAN HEROES. Outside the prison, there had been

some talk about celebrations in the city following the verdicts, but as I hiked deeper into the center of town, making one's way home in rush hour seemed to remain the priority.

The more lasting impression that came off the streets, reaffirmed again and again in the days ahead, was that whatever the value of the trial, Grenada the nation continued to think of itself as an abused child, haunted by burning images and guilt-ridden by the mayhem that had erupted in its house, not fully able or ready to trust again—especially in itself. The enduring problems of Grenada remain unattended to, and the freely elected government of Herbert Blaize is more or less business as usual, more of a victory for the United States than for the island.

At dinner the following night, I met the proprietor of one of the resorts on Grand Anse Beach, a British expat who had spent most of his life in Africa and the islands. He heard I had been up at Richmond Hill and wanted to know my feelings about the outcome of the trial. Some would make accountability a basic political issue, I suggested to him, but unlike ideology, which is implacably political, accountability is a moral imperative between a society and its leaders, and it lies at the heart of the trial. The moral dilemma had been solved, the accused had been brought to account. Anything more would be tainted by politics and excessive, I felt, and Grenada would have a hell of a time washing the blood off its future if it executed Coard and his confederates. (A long appeal process lay ahead.)

"Don't be so sentimental," the man chastised. "If those people were rightists, they would have been shot already by a revolutionary tribunal, and without anybody in the world protesting. What they are is common criminals who have learned to use the vocabulary of the left."

We talked briefly about Grenada's perpetual problems—poverty, health care, unemployment, malnutrition—which he allowed hadn't improved much under the Blaize government, though he was optimistic. I told the hotelier that I couldn't decide if the Americans were wrong to deny Grenada its civil war and he guffawed. He understood what I was implying but rejected it. We don't live in a vacuum, you know, he said. He thought I believed too much in the possibilities of poor little Grenada. Besides, he added without humor, I could only afford to paint the question of civil war in such romantic colors because I didn't live there.

That day and the next one the island smoldered with heavy clouds dragging through its mountains, spilling torrents that lasted from dawn until sunset. On Sunday the sky cleared, and I rented a car to drive to the top of the island to see a beach I had heard about. ■

*Grenada would have a hell of a time washing the blood off its future if it executed Coard and his confederates*

# SORRY FUGU

By T. Coraghessan Boyle

**"L**imp radicchio."

"Sorry fugu."

"A blasphemy of baby lamb's lettuce, frisée, endive."

"A coulubiatic made in hell."

For six months he knew her only by her byline—Willa Frank—and by the sting of her adjectives, the derisive thrust of her metaphors, the cold precision of her substantives. Regardless of the dish, despite the sincerity and ingenuity of the chef and the freshness or rarity of the ingredients, she seemed always to find it wanting. "The duck had been reduced to the state of the residue one might expect to find in the nether depths of a funerary urn"; "For all its rather testy piquancy, the orange sauce might just as well have been citron preserved in pickling brine"; "Paste and pasta. Are they synonymous? Hardly. But one wouldn't have known the difference at Udolpho's. The 'fresh' angel hair had all the taste and consistency of mucilage."

Albert quailed before those caustic pronouncements, he shuddered and blanched and felt his stomach drop like a croquette into a vat of hot grease. On the morning she skewered Udolpho's, he was sitting over a cup of reheated espresso and nibbling at a wedge of hazelnut dacquoise that had survived the previous night's

crush. As was his habit on Fridays, he'd retrieved the paper from the front mat, got himself a bite, and then, with the reckless abandon of a diver plunging into an icy lake, turned to the "Dining Out" column. On alternate weeks, Willa Frank yielded to the paper's other regular reviewer, a big-hearted, appreciative woman by the name of Leonora Merganser, who approached every restaurant like a mother of eight feted by her children on Mother's Day, and whose praise gushed forth in a breathless salivating stream that washed the reader out of his chair and up against the telephone stand, where he would dial frantically for a reservation. But this was Willa Frank's week. And Willa Frank never liked anything.

With trembling fingers—it was only a matter of time before she slipped like a spy, like a murderer, into D'Angelo's and filleted him like all the others—he smoothed out the paper and focused on the bold black letters of the headline:

UDOLPHO'S: TROGLODYTIC CUISINE  
IN A CAVE-LIKE ATMOSPHERE

He read on, heart in mouth. She'd visited the restaurant on three occasions, once in the company of an abstract artist from Detroit, and twice with her regular companion, a young man so discerning she referred to him only as "The Palate." On all three occasions, she'd been—sniff—disappointed. The turn-of-the-century

ovel, World's End, will be  
published in the



gas lamps Udolpho's grandfather had brought over from Naples hadn't appealed to her ("so dark we joked that it was like dining among Neanderthals in the sub-basement of their cave"), nor had the open fire in the massive stone fireplace that dominated the room ("smoky, and stinking of incinerated chestnuts"). And then there was the food. When Albert got to the line about the pasta, he couldn't go on. He folded the paper as carefully as he might have folded the winding-sheet over Udolpho's broken body and set it aside.

It was then that Marie stepped through the swinging doors to the kitchen, the wet cloth napkin she'd been using as a dishrag clutched in her hand. "Albert?" she gasped, darting an uneasy glance from his stricken face to the newspaper. "Is anything wrong? Did she—? Today?"

She assumed the worst, and now he corrected her in a drawl so lugubrious it might have been his expiring breath: "Udolpho's."

"Udolpho's?" Relief flooded her voice, but almost immediately it gave way to disbelief and outrage. "Udolpho's?" she repeated.

He shook his head sadly. For thirty years Udolpho's had reigned supreme among West Side restaurants, a place impervious to fads and trends, never chic but steady—classy in a way no nouvelle mangerie with its pastel walls and Breuer chairs could ever hope to be. Cagney had eaten here, Durante, Roy Rogers, Anna Maria Alberghetti. It was a shrine, an institution.

Albert himself, a pudgy sorrowful boy of twelve, ridiculed for his flab and the great insatiable fist of his appetite, had experienced the grand epiphany of his life in one of Udolpho's dark, smoky, and—for him, at least—forever exotic banquettes. Sampling the vermicelli with oil, garlic, olives, and forest mushrooms, the osso buco with the little twists of bow tie pasta that drank up its buttery juices, he knew, just as certainly as Alexander must have known he was born to conquer, that he, Albert D'Angelo, was born to eat. And that far from being something to be ashamed of, it was glorious, avocation and vocation both, the highest pinnacle to which he could aspire. Other boys had their Snider, their Mays, their Reese, and Mantle, but for Albert the magical names were Pellaprat, Escofier, Udolpho Melanzane.

Yes. And now Udolpho was nothing. Willa Frank had seen to that.

Marie was bent over the table now, reading, her piping girlish voice hot with indignation. "Where does she come off, anyway?"

Albert shrugged. Since he'd opened D'Angelo's eighteen months ago the press had all but ignored him. Yes, he'd had a little paragraph in *Barbed Wire*, the alternative press weekly handed out on street corners by greasy characters

with straight pins through their noses, but you could hardly count that. There was only one paper that really mattered—Willa Frank's paper—and while word of mouth was all right, without a review in *the paper*, you were dead. Problem was, if Willa Frank wrote you up, you were dead anyway.

"Maybe you'll get the other one," Marie said suddenly. "What's her name—the good one."

Albert's lips barely moved. "Leonora Merganser."

"Well, you could."

"I want Willa Frank," he growled.

Marie's brow lifted. She closed the paper and came to him, rocked back from his belly and pecked a kiss to his beard. "You can't be serious?"

Albert glanced bitterly around the restaurant, the simple pine tables, whitewashed walls, potted palms soft in the filtered morning light. "Leonora Merganser would faint over the Hamburger Hamlet on the corner, Long John Silver's, anything. Where's the challenge in that?"

"Challenge? But we don't want a challenge, honey—we want business. Don't we? I mean, if we're going to get married and all—"

Albert sat heavily, took a miserable sip of his stone-cold espresso. "I'm a great chef, aren't I?" There was something in his tone that told her it wasn't exactly a rhetorical question.

"Honey, baby," she was in his lap now, fluffing his hair, peering into his ear, "of course you are. The best. The very best. But—"

"Willa Frank," he rumbled. "Willa Frank. I want her."

**T**here are nights when it all comes together, when the monkfish is so fresh it flakes on the grill, when the pesto tastes like the wind through the pines and the party of eight gets their seven appetizers and six entrees in palettes of rising steam and delicate color so perfect they might have been a single diner sitting down to a single dish. This night, however, was not such a night. This was a night when everything went wrong.

First of all, there was the aggravating fact that Eduardo—the Chilean waiter who'd learned, à la Chico Marx, to sprinkle superfluous "ahs" through his speech and thus pass for Italian—was late. This put Marie off her pace vis-à-vis the desserts, for which she was solely responsible, since she had to seat and serve the first half dozen customers. Next, in rapid succession, Albert found that he was out of mesquite for the grill, sun-dried tomatoes for the fusilli with funghi, capers, black olives and, yes, sun-dried tomatoes, and that the fresh cream for the fritata piemontese had mysteriously gone sour. And then, just when he'd managed to recover

his equilibrium and was working in that translated state where mind and body are one, Roque went berserk.

Of the restaurant's five employees—Marie, Eduardo, Torrey, who did day-cleanup, Albert himself, and Roque—Roque operated on perhaps the most elemental level. He was the dishwasher. The Yucatan dishwasher. Whose responsibility it was to see that D'Angelo's pink and gray sets of heavy Syracuse china were kept in constant circulation through the mid-evening dinner rush. On this particular night, however, Roque was slow to accept the challenge of that responsibility, scraping plates and wielding the nozzle of his supersprayer as if in a dream. And not only was he moving slowly, the dishes, with their spatters of red and white sauce and dribbles of grease piling up beside him like the Watts Towers, but he was muttering to himself. Darkly. In a dialect so arcane even Eduardo couldn't fathom it.

When Albert questioned him—a bit too sharply, perhaps: he was overwrought himself—Roque exploded. All Albert had said was, “Roque—you all right?” but he might just as well have reviled his mother, his fourteen sisters, and his birthplace. Cursing, Roque danced back from the stainless steel sink, tore the apron from his chest, and began scaling dishes against the wall. It took all of Albert's 220 pounds, together with Eduardo's 180, to get Roque, who couldn't have weighed more than 120 in hip boots, out the door and into the alley. Together they slammed the door on him—the door on which he continued to beat with a shoe for half an hour or more—while Marie took up the dishwasher with a sigh.

A disaster. Pure, unalloyed, unmitigated. The night was a disaster.

Albert had just begun to catch up when Torrey slouched through the alley door and into the kitchen, her bony hand raised in greeting. Torrey was pale and shrunken, a nineteen year old with a red butch cut who spoke with the rising inflection and oblate vowels of the Valley Girl, born and bred. She wanted an advance on her salary.

“Momento, momento,” Albert said, flashing past her with a pan of béarnaise in one hand, a mayonnaise jar of vivid orange sea-urchin roe in the other. He liked to use his rudimentary Italian when he was cooking. It made him feel

Meanwhile, Torrey shuffled halfheartedly across the floor and positioned herself behind the partition in the “out” door, where, for lack of anything better to do, she could watch the customers eat, drink, smoke, and finger their poetry. The béarnaise was puddling up beautifully on a plate of gilled baby summer squash, the

roe dolloped on a fillet of monkfish nestled snug in its cruet, and Albert was thinking of offering Torrey battle pay if she'd stay and wash dishes, when she let out a low whistle. This was no cab or encore whistle, but the sort of whistle that expresses surprise or shock—a “Holy Cow!” sort of whistle. It stopped Albert cold. Something bad was about to happen, he knew it, just as surely as he knew that the tiny hairs rimming his bald spot had suddenly stiffened up like hackles. “What?” he demanded. “What is it?”

Torrey turned to him, slow as an executioner. “I see you got Willa Frank out there tonight—everything going okay?”

The monkfish burst into flame, the bearnaise turned to water, Marie dropped two cups of coffee and a plate of homemade millefoglie.

No matter. In an instant, all three of them were pressed up against the little round window, as intent as torpedoers peering through a periscope. “Which one?” Albert hissed, his heart doing paradiddles.

“Over there?” Torrey said, making it a question. “With Jock—Jock McNamee? The one with the blonde wig?”

Albert looked, but he couldn't see. “Where? Where?” he cried.

“There? In the corner?”

In the corner, in the corner. Albert was looking at a young woman, a girl, a blonde in a black cocktail dress and no brassiere, seated across from a hulking giant with a peroxide-streaked flattop. “Where?” he repeated.

Torrey pointed.

“The blonde?” He could feel Marie go slack beside him. “But that can't be—” Words failed him. This was Willa Frank, doyenne of taste, grande dame of haute cuisine, ferreter out of the incorrect, the underachieved, and the unfortunate? And this clod beside her, with the great smooth-working jaw and forearms like pillars, this was the possessor of the fussiest, pickiest, most sophisticated and fastidious palate in town? No, it was impossible.

“Like I know him, you know?” Torrey was saying. “Jock? Like from the Anti-Club and all that scene?”

But Albert wasn't listening. He was watching her—Willa Frank—as transfixed as the tailorbird that dares look into the cobra's eye. She was slim, pretty, eyes dark as a houri's, a lot of jewelry—not at all what he'd expected. He'd pictured a veiny elegant woman in her fifties, starchy, patrician, from Boston or Newport or some such place. But wait, wait: Eduardo was just setting the plates down—she was the Florentine tripe, of course—a good dish, a dish he'd stand by any day, even a bad one like. . . but the Palate, what was he having? Albert strained forward, and he could feel Marie's lost and limp



hand feebly pressing his own. There: the veal piccata, yes, a very good dish, an outstanding dish. Yes. Yes.

Eduardo bowed gracefully away. The big man in the punk hairdo bent to his plate and sniffed. Willa Frank—blonde, delicious, lethal—cut into the tripe, and raised the fork to her lips.

**"S**he hated it. I know it. I know it." Albert rocked back and forth in his chair, his face buried in his hands, the toque clinging to his brow like a carrion bird. It was past midnight, the restaurant was closed. He sat amidst the wreckage of the kitchen, the waste, the slop, the smell of congealed grease and dead spices, and his breath came in ragged sobbing gasps.

Marie got up to rub the back of his neck. Sweet, honey-complected Marie, with her firm heavy arms and graceful wrists, the spill and generosity of her flesh—his consolation in a world of Willa Franks. "It's okay," she kept saying, over and over, her voice a soothing mur-

mur, "it's okay, it was good, it was."

He'd failed, and he knew it. Of all nights, why this one? Why couldn't she have come when the structure was there, when he was on, when the dishwasher was sober, the cream fresh, and the mesquite knots piled high against the wall, when he could concentrate, for christ's sake? "She didn't finish her tripe," he said, disconsolate. "Or the grilled vegetables. I saw the plate."

"She'll be back," Marie said. "Three visits minimum, right?"

Albert fished out a handkerchief and sorrowfully blew his nose. "Yeah," he said, "three strikes and you're out." He twisted his neck to look up at her. "The Palate, Jock, whatever the jerk's name is, he didn't touch the veal. One bite maybe. Same with the pasta. Eduardo said the only thing he ate was the bread. And a bottle of beer."

"What does he know," Marie said. "Or her either."

Albert shrugged. He pushed himself up wear-





ly, impaled on the stake of his defeat, and helped himself to a glass of Orvieto and a plate of leftover sweetbreads. "Everything," he said miserably, the meat like butter in his mouth, fragrant, nutty, inexpressibly right. He shrugged again. "Or nothing. What does it matter? Either way we get screwed."

"And 'Frank'? What kind of name is that, anyhow? German? Is that it?" Marie was on the attack now, pacing the linoleum like a field marshall probing for a weakness in the enemy lines, looking for a way in. "The Franks—weren't they those barbarians in high school that sacked Rome? Or was it Paris?"

Willa Frank. The name was bitter on his tongue. Willa, Willa, Willa. It was a bony name, scant and lean, stripped of sensuality, the antithesis of the round, full-bodied Leonora. It spoke of a knotty Puritan toughness, a denying of the flesh, no compromise in the face of temptation. Willa. How could he ever hope to seduce a Willa? And Frank. That was even worse. A man's name. Cold, forbidding, German, French. It was the name of a woman who wouldn't complicate her task with notions of charity or the sparing of feelings. No, it was the name of a woman who would wield her adjectives like a club.

Stewing in these sour reflections, eating and no longer tasting, Albert was suddenly startled by a noise outside the alley door. He picked up a saucepan and stalked across the room—What next? Were they planning to rob him now too, was that it?—and flung open the door.

In the dim light of the alleyway stood two small dark men, the smaller of whom looked so much like Roque he might have been a clone. "Hello," said the larger man, swiping a greasy Dodgers' cap from his head, "I am called Raul, and this"—indicating his companion—"is called Fulgencio, cousin of Roque." At the mention of his name, Fulgencio smiled. "Roque is gone to Albuquerque," Raul continued, "and he is sorry. But he sends you his cousin, Fulgencio, to wash for you."

Albert stood back from the door, and Fulgencio, grinning and nodding, mimed the motion of washing a plate as he stepped into the kitchen. Still grinning, still miming, he sambaed across the floor, lifted the supersprayer from its receptacle as he might have drawn a rapier from its scabbard, and started in on the dishes with a vigor that would have prostrated his mercurial

For a long moment Albert merely stood there watching, barely conscious of Marie at his back and Raul's parting gesture as he gently shut the door. All of a sudden he felt redeemed, reborn, capable of anything. There was Fulgencio, a total stranger not two minutes ago, washing dishes

as if he were born to it. And there was Marie, who'd stand by him if he had to cook cactus and lizard for the saints in the desert. And here he was himself, in all the vigor of his manhood, accomplished, knowledgeable, inspired, potentially one of the great culinary artists of his time. What was the matter with him? What was he crying about?

He'd wanted Willa Frank. All right: he'd gotten her. But on an off-night, the kind of night anyone could have. Out of mesquite. The cream gone sour, the dishwasher mad. Even Puck, even Soltner, couldn't have contended with that.

She'd be back. Twice more. And he would be ready for her.

All that week, a cloud of anticipation hung over the restaurant. Albert outdid himself, redefining the bounds of his nouvelle Northern Italian cuisine with a dozen new creations, including a very nice black pasta with grilled shrimp, a pungent jugged hare, and an absolutely devastating meadowlark marinated in shallots, white wine, and mint. He worked like a man possessed, a man inspired. Each night he offered seven appetizers and six entrees, and each night they were different. He outdid himself, and outdid himself again.

Friday came and went. The morning paper found Leonora Merganser puffing some Greek place in North Hollywood, heralding spanakopita as if it had been invented yesterday and discovering evidence of divine intervention in the folds of a grape leaf. Fulgencio scrubbed dishes with a passion, Eduardo worked on his accent and threw out his chest, Marie's desserts positively floated on air. And day by day, Albert rose to new heights.

It was on Tuesday of the following week—a quiet Tuesday, one of the quietest Albert could remember—that Willa Frank appeared again. There were only two other parties in the restaurant, a skeletal septuagenarian with a professorial air and his granddaughter—at least Albert hoped she was his granddaughter—and a Beverly Hills couple who'd been coming in once a week since the place opened.

Her presence was announced by Eduardo, who slammed into the kitchen with a drawn face and a shakily scrawled cocktail order. "She's here," he whispered, and the kitchen fell silent. Fulgencio paused, sprayer in hand. Marie looked up from a plate of tortes. Albert, who'd been putting the finishing touches to a dish of sautéed scallops al pesto for the professor and a breast of duck with wild mushrooms for his granddaughter, staggered back from the table as if he'd been shot. Dropping everything, he rushed to the porthole for a glimpse of her.



It was his moment of truth, the moment in which his courage very nearly failed him. She was stunning. Glowing. As perfect and unapproachable as the plucked and haughty girls who looked out at him from the covers of magazines at the supermarket, icily elegant in a clingy silk chemise the color of béchamel. How could he, Albert D'Angelo, for all his talent and greatness of heart, ever hope to touch her, to move such perfection, to pique such jaded taste buds?

Wounded, he looked to her companions. Beside her, grinning hugely, as hearty, handsome, and bland as ever, was the Palate—he could expect no help from that quarter. And then he turned his eyes on the couple they'd brought with them, looking for signs of sympathy. He looked in vain. They were middle-aged, silver-haired, dressed to the nines, thin and stringy in the way of those who exercise inflexible control over their appetites, about as sympathetic as vigilantes. Albert understood then that it was going to be an uphill battle. He turned back to the grill, girded himself in a clean apron, and awaited the worst.

Marie fixed the drinks—two martinis, a Glenlivet neat for Willa, and a beer for the Palate. For appetizers they ordered mozzarella di bufala marinara, the caponata D'Angelo, the octopus salad, and the veal medallions with onion marmalade. Albert put his soul into each dish, arranged and garnished the plates with all the patient care and shimmering inspiration of a Toulouse-Lautrec bent over a canvas, and watched, defeated, as each came back to the kitchen half-eaten. And then came the entrees. They ordered a selection—five different dishes—and Albert, after delivering them up to Eduardo with a face of stone, pressed himself to the porthole like a voyeur.

Riveted, he watched as they sat back so that Eduardo could present the dishes. He waited, but nothing happened. They barely glanced at the food. And then, as if by signal, they began passing the plates around the table. He was stunned: what did they think this was—the Imperial Dinner at Chow Foo Luck's? But then he understood: each dish had to suffer the scrutiny of the big man with the brutal jaw before they would deign to touch it. No one ate, no one spoke, no one lifted a glass of the Château Bellegrave, 1966, to his lips, until Jock had sniffed, finger-licked, and then gingerly tasted each of Albert's creations. Willa sat rigid, her black eyes open wide, as the great-jawed, brush-headed giant leaned intently over the plate and rolled a bit of scallop or duck over his tongue. Finally, when all the dishes had circulated, the *écrevisses* Alberto came to rest, like a roulette ball, in front of the Palate. But he'd already

snuffed it, already dirtied his fork in it. And now, with a grand gesture, he pushed the plate aside and called out in a hoarse voice for beer.

**T**he next day was the blackest of Albert's life. There were two strikes against him, and the third was coming down the pike. He didn't know what to do. His dreams had been feverish, a nightmare of mincing truffles and reanimated pigs' feet, and he awoke with the wildest combinations on his lips—chopped pickles and shad roe, an onion-cinnamon mousse, black-eyed peas vinaigrette. He even, half-seriously, drew up a fantasy menu, a list of dishes no one had ever tasted, not sheiks or presidents. *Le Cuisine des Espèces en Danger*, he would call it. Breast of California condor aux chanterelles; snail darter à la meunière; medallions of panda alla campagnola. Marie laughed out loud when he presented her with the menu that afternoon—"I've invented a new cuisine!" he shouted—and for a moment, the pall lifted.

But just as quickly, it descended again. He knew what he had to do. He had to speak to her, his severest critic, through the medium of his food. He had to translate for her, awaken her with a kiss. But how? How could he even begin to rouse her from her slumber when that clod stood between them like a watchdog?

As it turned out, the answer was closer at hand than he could have imagined.

It was late the next afternoon—Thursday, the day before Willa Frank's next hatchet job was due to appear in the paper—and Albert sat at a table in the back of the darkened restaurant, brooding over his menu. He was almost certain she'd be in for her final visit that night, and yet he still hadn't a clue as to how he was going to redeem himself. For a long while he sat there in his misery, absently watching Torrey as she probed beneath the front tables with the wand of her vacuum. Behind him, in the kitchen, sauces were simmering, a veal loin roasting; Marie was baking bread and Fulgencio stacking wood. He must have watched Torrey for a full five minutes before he called out to her. "Torrey!" he shouted over the roar of the vacuum. "Torrey, shut that thing off a minute, will you?"

The roar died to a wheeze, then silence. Torrey looked up.

"This guy, what's his name, Jock—what do you know about him?" He glanced down at the scrawled-over menu and then up again. "I mean, you don't know what he likes to eat, by any chance, do you?"

Torrey shambled across the floor, scratching the stubble of her head. She was wearing a torn flannel shirt three sizes too big for her. There was a smear of grease under her left eye. It took

her a moment, tongue caught in the corner of her mouth, her brow furrowed in deliberation. "Plain stuff, I guess," she said finally, with a shrug of her shoulders. "Burned steak, potatoes with the skins on, boiled peas and that—the kind of stuff his mother used to make. You know, like shanty Irish?"

**A**lbert was busy that night—terrifically busy, the place packed—but when Willa Frank and her Palate sauntered in at 9:15, he was ready for them. They had reservations (under an assumed name, of course—M. Cavil, party of two), and Eduardo was able to seat them immediately. In he came, breathless, the familiar phrase like a tocsin on his lips—"She's here!"—and out he fluttered again, with the drinks: one Glenlivet neat, one beer. Albert never glanced up.

On the stove, however, was a smallish pot. And in the pot were three tough scarred potatoes, eyes and dirt-flecked skin intact, boiling furiously; in and amongst them, dancing in the roiling water, were the contents of a sixteen-ounce can of Mother Hubbard's discount peas. Albert hummed to himself as he worked, searing chunks of grouper with shrimp, crab, and scallops in a big pan, chopping garlic and leeks, patting a scoop of foie gras into place atop a tournedo of beef. When, some twenty minutes later, a still breathless Eduardo rocked through the door with their order, Albert took the yellow slip from him and tore it in two without giving it a second glance. Zero hour had arrived.

"Marie!" he called, "Marie, quick!" He put on his most frantic face for her, the face of a man clutching at a wisp of grass at the very edge of a precipice.

Marie went numb. She set down her cocktail shaker and wiped her hands on her apron. There was catastrophe in the air. "What is it?" she gasped.

He was out of sea-urchin roe. And fish fumet. And Willa Frank had ordered the fillet of grouper oursinade. There wasn't a moment to lose—she had to rush over to the Edo Sushi House and borrow enough from Greg Takesue to last out the night. Albert had called ahead. It was okay. "Go, go," he said, wringing his big pale hands.

For the briefest moment, she hesitated. "But that's all the way across town—if it takes me an hour, I'm not lucky."

And now the matter-of-life-and-death look came into his eyes. "Go," he said. "I'll stall her."

As Eduardo had the door slammed behind Marie, Albert took Fulgencio by the arm. "I need to take a break," he shouted over the din of the power. "Forty-five minutes. No, an

hour. Pushed up at him out of the dark

Aztec slashes of his eyes. Then he broke into a broad grin. "No entiendo," he said.

Albert mimed it for him. Then he pointed at the clock, and after a flurry of nodding back and forth, Fulgencio was gone. Whistling ("Core 'ngrato," one of his late mother's favorites), Albert glided to the meat locker and extracted the hard-frozen lump of gray gristle and fat he'd purchased that afternoon at the local Safeway. Round steak, they called it, \$2.39 a pound. He tore the thing from its plastic wrapping, selected his largest skillet, turned the heat up high beneath it, and unceremoniously dropped the frozen lump into the searing black depths of the pan.

Eduardo hustled in and out, no time to question the twin absences of Marie and Fulgencio. Out went the tournedos Rossini, the fillet of grouper oursinade, the veal loin rubbed with sage and coriander, the anguille alla veneziana, and the zuppa di datterri Alberto; in came the dirty plates, the congested forks, the wine glasses smeared with butter and lipstick. A great plume of smoke rose from the pan on the front burner. Albert went on whistling.

And then, on one of Eduardo's mad dashes through the kitchen, Albert caught him by the arm. "Here," he said, shoving a plate into his hand. "For the gentleman with Miss Frank. And bring him another beer—on the house."

Eduardo stared bewildered at the plate in his hand. On it, arranged with all the finesse of a blue-plate special, lay three boiled potatoes, a splatter of reduced peas, and what could only be described as a plank of meat, stiff and flat as the chopping block, black as the bottom of the pan.

"Trust me," Albert said, guiding the stunned waiter toward the door. "Oh, and here," thrusting a bottle of ketchup into his hand, "serve it with this."

Still, Albert didn't yield to the temptation to go to the porthole. Instead, he turned the flame down low beneath his saucepans, smoothed back the hair at his temples, and began counting—as slowly as in a schoolyard game—to fifty.

He hadn't reached twenty when Willa Frank, scintillating in a tomato-red Italian knit, burst through the door. Eduardo was right behind her, a martyred look on his face, his hands spread in supplication. Albert lifted his head, swelled his chest, and adjusted the great ball of his gut beneath the pristine field of his apron. He dismissed Eduardo with a flick of his hand, and turned to Willa Frank with the tight composed smile of a man running for office. "Excuse me," she was saying, her voice toneless and shrill, as Eduardo ducked out the door, "but are you the chef here?"

He was still counting: twenty-eight, twenty-nine.



"Because I just wanted to tell you"—she was so wrought up she could barely go on—"I never, never in my life . . ."

"Shhhhhh," he said, pressing a finger to his lips. "It's all right," he murmured, his voice as soothing and deep as a backrub. Then he took her gently by the elbow and led her to a table he'd set up between the stove and chopping block. The table was draped with a snowy cloth, set with fine crystal, china, and sterling borrowed from his mother. There was a single chair, a single napkin. "Sit," he said.

She tore away from him. "I don't want to sit," she protested, her black eyes lit with suspicion. The knit dress clung to her like a leotard. Her heels clicked on the linoleum. "You know, don't you?" she said, backing away from him. "You know who I am."

Huge, ursine, serene, Albert moved with her as if they were dancing. He nodded.

"But why—?" He could see the appalling vision of that desecrated steak dancing before her eyes. "It's, it's like suicide."

A saucepan had appeared in his hand. He was so close to her he could feel the grid of her dress through the thin yielding cloth of his apron. "Hush," he purred, "don't think about it. Don't think at all. Here," he said, lifting the cover from the pan, "smell this."

She looked at him as if she didn't know where she was. She gazed down into the steaming pan and then looked back up into his eyes. He saw the gentle, involuntary movement of her throat.

"Squid rings in aioli sauce," he whispered. "Try one."

Gently, never taking his eyes from her, he set the pan down on the table, plucked a ring from the sauce, and held it up before her face. Her lips—full, sensuous lips, he saw now, not at all the thin stingy flaps of skin he'd imagined—began to tremble. Then she tilted her chin ever so slightly, and her mouth dropped open. He fed her like a nestling.

First the squid: one, two, three pieces. Then a pan of lobster tortellini in a thick, buttery saffron sauce. She practically licked the sauce from his fingers. This time, when he asked her to sit, when he put his big hand on her elbow and guided her forward, she obeyed.

He glanced though the porthole and out into the dining room as he removed from the oven the little toast rounds with sun-dried tomatoes and baked Atascadero goat cheese. Jock's head was down over his plate, the beer half-gone, a great wedge of incinerated meat impaled on the tines of his fork. His massive jaw was working, his cheek distended as if with a plug of tobacco. "Here," Albert murmured, turning to Willa Frank and laying his warm, redolent hand over

her eyes, "a surprise."

It was after she'd finished the taglierini alla pizzaiola, with its homemade fennel sausage and chopped tomatoes, and was experiencing the first rush of his glacé of grapefruit and Meyer lemon, that he asked about Jock. "Why him?" he said.

She scooped ice with a tiny silver spoon, licked a dollop of it from the corner of her mouth. "I don't know," she said, shrugging. "I guess I don't trust my own taste, that's all."

He lifted his eyebrows. He was leaning over her, solicitous, warm, the pan of Russian coulibiac of salmon, en brioche, with its rich sturgeon marrow and egg, held out in offering.

She watched his hands as he whisked the ice away and replaced it with the gleaming coulibiac. "I mean," she said, pausing as he broke off a morsel and fed it into her mouth, "half the time I just can't seem to taste anything, really," chewing now, her lovely throat dipping and rising as she swallowed, "and Jock—well, he hates everything. At least I know he'll be consistent." She took another bite, paused, considered. "Besides, to like something, to really like it and come out and say so, is taking a terrible risk. I mean, what if I'm wrong? What if it's really no good?"

Albert hovered over her. Outside it had begun to rain. He could hear it sizzling like grease in the alley. "Try this," he said, setting a plate of spiedino before her.

She was warm. He was warm. The oven glowed, the grill hissed, the scents of his creations rose about them, ambrosia and manna. "Um, good," she said, unconsciously nibbling at prosciutto and mozzarella. "I don't know," she said after a moment, her fingers dark with anchovy sauce, "I guess that's why I like fugu."

"Fugu?" Albert had heard of it somewhere. "Japanese, isn't it?"

She nodded. "It's a blowfish. They do it sushi or in little fried strips. But it's the liver you want. It's illegal here, did you know that?"

Albert didn't know.

"It can kill you. Paralyze you. But if you just nibble, just a little bit, it numbs your lips, your teeth, your whole mouth."

"What do you mean—like at the dentist's?" Albert was horrified. "Numbs your lips, your mouth? It was sacrilege. 'That's awful,'" he said.

She looked sheepish, looked chastised.

He swung to the stove and then back again, yet another pan in his hand. "Just a bite more," he coaxed.

She patted her stomach and gave him a great, wide, blooming smile. "Oh, no, no, Albert—can I call you Albert?—no, no, I couldn't."

"Here," he said, "here," his voice soft as a lover's. "Open up." ■

# CRATES OF

## The perils of imports

On January 18, 1987, 720 cartons of Haitian mangoes arrived in Miami—one of approximately one million shipments of imported fresh fruits and vegetables that will enter the United States this year. It is an aspect of trade that could be quite literally doing us serious harm. This "notice of sampling," obtained through a Freedom of Information Act request, was completed by a Food and Drug Administration inspector as part of the agency's effort to monitor food imports for pesticide contamination. Twenty-five percent of the fruits we consume, and 6 percent of the vegetables, are imported. According to the General Accounting Office, imported produce is twice as likely to contain "illegal pesticide residues"—traces of banned pesticides or excessive amounts of approved ones—as domestic produce. Yet samples such as this are taken from less than 1 percent of all shipments entering the country.

The United States imports produce from nearly 100 countries. Much of this produce comes from poor countries where knowledge of proper pesticide use may be limited and regulations weak—or simply where export income is valued over compliance with U.S. health standards. These countries frequently serve as dumping grounds for carcinogenic U.S.-manufactured pesticides such as lindane, BHC, DDT, and dieldrin—"boomerang poisons" that have been banned here but enter our food supply through contaminated food imports. One third of all pesticides sold abroad by American companies are either banned, restricted, or unregistered for use at home. U.S. regulations are so lax that companies are not always required to disclose the destination of their pesticide exports.

The FDA allows the import of mangoes from Haiti and other Caribbean countries that use the fruit-fly pesticide ethylene dibromide (EDB), even though the poison is so harmful its use is banned domestically. The reason is less environmental than geopolitical. In 1985 the State Department urged the Environmental Protection Agency to "take another look" at its plans to ban all EDB-tainted imports: it suggested an exemption for Caribbean mangoes because of the region's "great strategic importance to the U.S." (Haiti exports about \$9 million worth of mangoes to the United States each year.) The proposed restriction was subsequently abandoned.

ENTRY DATA TAKEN FROM			
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> ID Advance Notice	Number		
<input type="checkbox"/> Manifest	Date 1-18-87		
<input type="checkbox"/> IT Advance Notice	Commercial Invoice attached <u>yes</u>		
BILL OF LADING NO. 007-8327 1650	PORT OF LADING P.A.D.	COUNTRY Haiti	
BROKER'S REF. NO. 13245	C.H. BOX NO. 746	VALUE OF	
FOR THE ACCOUNT OF Consignee		IMPORT OF REC	
[REDACTED]		S	
Number of items sampled from this Entry		Related Sample Numbers	LEAD SAMPLE
SAMPLE FDA NO.		778785 A	
PRODUCT		LABELING	
Mangoes			
SAMPLE CONSISTS OF 1 box			
DATE COLLECTED 1/20/87		VALUE OF LOT SAMPLE \$	
<div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px;"> <p>EXCEPT for the related sample numbers listed above, this importation</p> <p>MAY PROCEED</p> <p>Without FDA Examination</p> <p>This notice does not preclude action should the merchandise later be found violative</p> <p>VALID ONLY IF SIGNED</p> <p>SIGNED: _____ DATE: _____</p> <p>FDA REPRESENTATIVE</p> </div>			
<p>FORM FDA 701a VARIABLE (3-81) PREVIOUS EDITION IS OBSOLETE</p> <p>The sample number should be the above sample(s) and should</p> <p>Distribution - Importer of Record (Orig) - U.S. Customs - District File</p> <p>FORM FDA 712 (3-81) PREVIOUS EDITIONS ARE OBSOLETE</p>			



## FRESH POISON

by Richard Caplan

Expiration Date: January 31, 1986

746 0000494-4-1-18-87

ENTRY NO. AND DATE

UNLOADING Isai		PORT OF ENTRY 5206
NO	IMPORTING VESSEL EASTERN	ARRIVAL DATE 1-18-87
Address	MANUFACTURER SHIPPER (Name, Address, Zip Code) J. M. B. CAZEPU. P.A.P. Haiti	
	LOCATION OF LOT (For FDA examination) CONSIGNEE'S	DATE AVAIL 01-19
	PHONE NO.	87

DATE REVIEWED: 1/20/87

MARKS (include B.L. identity)

S.

SAMPLE

NOTICE OF SAMPLING

from the above shipment under authority

Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act, Section 801(a)

will be held intact pending further written

and Drug Administration upon completion

of

Administration will pay for the samples

oucher, provided such samples are not

1/20/87

DIRECTOR OF CUSTOMS

DATE

see after FDA sampling

SBA

for assistance or inquiries regarding

when submitting bill.

The "port of entry" is where the decision is made to sample a particular food shipment—providing, of course, that the FDA is on the job. In Miami, the FDA reviews each shipment to determine whether to take a sample—a patently sensible procedure, yet one that is not universally practiced. In Nogales, Arizona, for instance, where much of the Mexican produce sold in this country crosses the border, the FDA is not present two days a week. Shipments arriving on those days generally proceed without FDA review.

Because almost all imported mangoes contain ethylene dibromide, all mango shipments are sampled for the level of EDB, which cannot exceed the "safe" level of thirty parts per billion. But if the FDA has no reason to suspect the presence of a specific pesticide in a food import, it will generally use one of five multi-residue tests capable of detecting at most 123 of the 600 pesticides in use worldwide. At least thirty-three pesticides, for which the FDA requires continuous to periodic monitoring, cannot be detected by the standard multi-residue tests. Moreover, FDA risk classifications are based on outdated assessments by the EPA. In 1972 Congress required the EPA to reassess most agricultural pesticides using improved testing procedures. The reassessment is not expected to be completed before the twenty-first century.

Note that this inspector has crossed out the instructions to keep the shipment intact and has allowed these mangoes to proceed to market before the FDA's test results are known. Imported fresh fruits and vegetables, because they are perishables, are often allowed to be sold subject to recall if a sample is found to be contaminated. It takes about five days, however, to complete the test results—by then most contaminated produce has probably been consumed. The FDA relies entirely on the good-faith efforts of importers to recover contaminated shipments, but a 1986 study by the General Accounting Office revealed that 45 percent of contaminated samples were not recovered. There is little incentive to play by the rules since the FDA rarely levies fines against violators and even more rarely collects them.

Richard Caplan is assistant editor of World Policy Journal.

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## C O N T E N T S

<b>Antigua</b>	<b>T 3</b>
<b>Salzburg, Austria</b>	<b>T 4</b>
<b>Sun Valley, Idaho</b>	<b>T 5</b>
<b>Brussels, Belgium</b>	<b>T 8</b>
<b>Key West, Florida</b>	<b>T 9</b>
<b>Polynesia &amp; New Zealand</b>	<b>T 10</b>
<b>Morocco</b>	<b>T 12</b>
<b>India</b>	<b>T 13</b>

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Written by **Abby Rand**

Produced by **David J. Lange**

Designed by **Peter Aguanno**

Typeset by **EyeType**

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Since much of our information must be gathered in advance, we suggest that you verify dates, places, and events.

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Cover Photo:  
Mt. Kanchenjunga  
Darjeeling, India  
© **Brian Vikander**  
1987, Cartan Tours

**H**ere it comes already—the sullen season of winter, that clammy prison in which the customary solaces are not enough.

But escape is easy. A plane will be waiting at the airport, ready to whisk you off to more promising precincts, if only for a long weekend. The favorite restorative site is an island, ideal for supine communion with sun, sea, and shimmying palm trees. Just as easily, your reunion with the sun can be held where your brain and sensibilities also will be exercised, places no longer so far away, like India or Morocco. Or Key West. Or on a snowy peak, where you escape winter by embracing it in its brightest, purest form. Sun Valley's little secret is that to enjoy its sybaritic treats, you don't have to be a heroic skier—or a skier at all.

For incorrigible urbanites, the perfect time for Europe is winter, when the real-life inhabitants have replaced the camera-bearing hordes. The skies might glower, but who notices while patrolling the glass-encased shopping galleries of Brussels or munching strudel between concerts in Mozart's own neighborhood in Salzburg.

In a world of mysterious airfares and tight reservations, the time to dream and scheme is now. Avoid, if you can, the Christmas-to-New Year's stretch when prices, crowds, and service are at their worst. President's Day on February 15 starts another travel crush, with American parents taking off with their children. European schools also have vacations then. During Thanksgiving, low-season prices traditionally prevailed in the sun resorts, but now late November is shaping up as a prime time for the new breed of quick vacationer.

Here are eight escape routes to happy and successful debilitation.

## Antigua

### THE CARIBBEAN IN ONE ISLAND

**F**rom the window of your approaching jet—probably a nonstop from New York or Miami—Antigua floats in the Caribbean Sea, 108 square miles of flat, dry, breeze-swept island, shaped like a giant hibiscus blossom fringed with perfect crescents of underpopulated beach and low-key, low-rise hotels.

Its air swept clean by steady breezes,

Antigua has spent a quiet last century as an isle of farmers (Israeli melons are the hot new crop). During the 1940s, Antigua contracted a mild dose of touristic development: the Mellon family built Mill Creek, an excruciatingly chic resort-home development, and Nicholson Yachts, originator of the chartered sail-a-boat vacation, was launched.

Antigua is that rare, accessible spot where a polymath of tropical pleasure finds the whole Caribbean in one isle. It has great snorkeling and sailboarding, ample tennis and acceptable golf, gambling casinos and calypso music, plus dollops of colonial history, nimbly preserved in the dockyards built by Horatio Nelson in his pre-Emma, pre-Napoleon days. Today Nelson's Dockyard is a living museum with shops like the Galley Boutique (where you can buy good batiks and the boards on which Antiguanians love to play the African game of *warri*) and a delightfully antique-stuffed, but beachless, inn called the Copper and Lumber Store Hotel.

Antigua is a popular port of call for cruise ships, although it's not yet as inundated as St. Thomas on cruise days. Foreign investors are rushing in to expand Antigua's pier facilities and transform old warehouses in the minuscule capital of St. John's into a nest of shops handling inter-island treasures such as silk-screened resortwear and duty-free rum (Antigua's Cavalier brand would rate high even if it weren't \$3 a liter).

If you have only a long weekend for resuscitation, spend it on the beach outside your hotel room, following the gentle lilt of the sea and of Antiguan speech as you negotiate the price of shell necklaces with one of the roving vendors. If you can, set aside a day to tour the Dockyard and St. John's. A circumnavigation aboard the schooner *Falcon* at \$60 outshines the usual \$40 taxi tour. If you have a week to squander, spend a day and \$100 on Claudia Richard's day tour to Barbuda, Antigua's sister island. The tour features a round-trip flight, via doughty STOLcraft, to a lobster barbecue on a 17-mile-long beach and a boat ride through the mangrove swamp that provides a sanctuary for frigate birds—astonishing creatures with wingspans from six to eight feet. Barbuda has one notable hotel, Coco Point Lodge, which is so simple and quiet that you know—if you can wangle a reservation—you will be surrounded by barefoot CEOs.

### Antigua, Antigua

The surest sign of Antigua's new prosperity is the influx of imported chefs. The Caribbean classics, red snapper and pumpkin soup, get a nouvelle spin from the English chef at Blue Waters Hotel and the Swiss master at Halcyon Cove's Clouds restaurant. Sample the Antiguan specialties of saltfish balls and rum cake at Eighteen Carats in St. John's.

Only those who knew the island before its 1981 independence will detect that its narrow, pockmarked roads are actually much improved and that small cars are replacing donkeys. Since breezes are plentiful and electricity is expensive, air-conditioning, minibars, and television sets are rare. So are condominiums and time-share units. Every establishment adds 10 percent for service and 6 percent tax to quoted rates and dinner. High-season rates begin December 15.

After twenty-five years, the best Antigua hotel is still Curtain Bluff, a meticulously maintained seaside garden where a thin pink line of rooms fans out around the mock plantation great house and its phalanx of tennis courts.

The rate is \$340 for two, Modified American Plan (MAP). This clubby, sophisticated enclave—where tennis is virtually a religion—scorns credit cards and expects gentlemen to don jackets for dinner (even lesser Antiguan entities expect jackets during the winter season).

Half Moon Bay is a well-kept oldtimer that started in the fifties as a private club on a palm-fringed semicircle of beach which is now more sunned upon than swam in. Five courts and frequent tournaments and clinics make tennis a big deal in this big, comfy cocoon. The



David J. Lange

double occupancy price is \$225-305, MAP. Smaller, livelier and newly emerged, or rather re-emerged, with \$3 million worth of peach-and-aqua decor, a new image and a new name, is Pineapple Beach. It's ideal for coupled-off Club Med alumni in their mid-thirties and forties, who now value privacy and comfort but enjoy a hyperactive sports agenda and chummy nightlife at an all-inclusive price of \$300-350 nightly for two, including taxes and service, and *vin ordinaire*, not vintages.

Clustered around the pool at Siboney Beach Club are a dozen small suites, each with a kitchenette and a balcony curtained by bougainvillea. It is actually a few steps from the beach, but is appealing for its informality, its lively lobster Pot bar-restaurant, and its \$80-150 price range for doubles, European Plan (EP).

American, Eastern, and BWIA, the chief carriers from the United States, have packages and fares aimed at vacationers. For information, contact Antigua and Barbuda Department of Tourism and Trade, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020, (212) 541-4117.

## Salzburg

THE MOZART-OPOLIS

Here the winter warmth is metaphorical. Salzburgers say it rains only once a year—January 1 to December 31—but a wintry drizzle looks natural here. If you squint into the Gothic courtyards off Getreidegasse, the shoppers' street, you can almost see Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart scurrying up to #9, the house where he was born and where 232 years later fans gaze reverently at the glass case displaying the curly locks that once tossed as he fiddled that first little violin.

Or you could be off to that gray fortress, the Festspielhaus, to hear the January 24 to February 1 Mozart Week concerts celebrating his birthday. The January festival is easier to attend than the always sold-out Easter festival and the summer concerts.

In two centuries the essentials of Mozart's hometown are little changed, especially the narrow streets between the stern Hohensalzburg Fortress and the gavotte-quick Salzach River. Here is a modern city masquerading as an eighteenth-century town rich enough to support a flow of fresh musical masterworks and architecture complementing the city's glorious backdrop of Alps. Salzburg rewards leisurely serendipity. Time is a necessity in a city where even the cemetery behind 1,200-year-old St. Peter's churchyard offers a lesson in history and the craft of wrought iron. Time is needed, too, for a closer view of those magnificent alpine surroundings, perhaps a drive to St. Wolfgang and the White Horse inn of operetta fame, or to Gmunden, home of the famous pottery (and the less famous factory-outlet bargains).

No matter when you come, chamber music, church music, and often operas, too, will be erupting all over town. December brings a particularly rich harvest of music and turns the Cathedral Square into a medieval tapestry heady with the aroma of cinnamon and nutmeg from Christmas Market stalls dispensing the traditional cakes and decorations of the holiday.

Strolling through Salzburg ("salt castle"), your constant companions are the various prince-archbishops who parlayed the city's salt monopoly into the wealth that paid for the Renaissance palaces and Baroque churches we admire today. This year is the 200th anni-

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versary of the election of Archbishop Wolf Dietrich, son of a Medici prince and father of twelve children by Salome Alt, for whom he built the Mirabell Palace.

Who else do we know in Salzburg? We know the ancestors of Count Johannes Walderdorf, proprietor of the five-centuries-old Goldener Hirsch, the tiny jewel of a hotel where all the musical lu-

minaries you've just seen at the Festspielhaus will regroup for a post-performance *Salzburg Nockerl*, a dessert omelet as airy as a theme from *The Magic Flute*. The Count, on his mother's side, is an Adams, as in John Quincy.

We know Lanz of Salzburg, a firm still flourishing along the Salzach, manufacturing imaginative capes of loden cloth and impeccable if not quite authentic dirndls. We fondly remember the Salzburg Marionettes even though it has been years since those ingeniously carved puppets have performed in the United States.

The Goldener Hirsch on Getreidegasse is the logical choice for a Salzburg holiday: expect to pay around \$150 for bed and breakfast for two. Many prefer the larger, statelier Osterreichischerhof across the river; bed and breakfast for two runs from \$155 to \$190. Wintertime appreciation of Salzburg must be on the rise; Schloss Fuschl, a romantic lakeside sprawl of luxury accommodations nine miles from town, now stays open through the winter. Rates start at \$110 and ascend, depending on room and season.

Reaching Salzburg is easy. The air-

port receives flights from many European points, and fast trains and highways link the city to Vienna, Zürich, Munich, and dozens of ski resorts.

For more information, contact: Austrian National Tourist Office, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10110, (212) 944-6880.

## Sun Valley

THE FIRST AND FABLED

Well-traveled skiers say Sun Valley is the finest ski mountain in the United States *and* the best place to not ski, a pursuit more demanding than simply staying away from the snow. America's first-born ski resort—created fifty-two years ago by William Averell Harriman to give his Union Pacific rail passengers a winter destination—Sun Valley became a glittering playground where socialites cavorted with Gary Cooper and Clark Gable and where Ernest Hemingway holed up to write *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. It is much dif-

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ferent today.

Nostalgia aside, it is also much better. Earlier adventurers skied on Dollar Mountain, a hill now deemed suitable for beginners and infants. Today skiing in Sun Valley means skiing Bald Mountain, which boasts an American rarity, a collection of long, steep, treeless bowls, plus a wealth of arrow-straight swaths of unrelenting steepness, dropping 3,400 feet, more vertical than Aspen or Vail. The twelve chairlifts are cleverly laid out to whisk skiers back up the mountain so quickly that little time is lost standing in liftlines. Where a "short" run might be a mile long, it's possible to ski yourself to death before queuing up for lunch (try the mountain-top cafeteria's broasted chicken).

The challenge of Baldy is maintained by incessant grooming and the option of reupholstering the slopes with heaps of machine-made snow if needed (last year, it was needed badly in the season's snow-shy early months). Baldy has its calmer pitches but a wobbly intermediate could get restless spending a whole stay on the relatively mild Seattle Ridge.

A big assortment of low intermediate runs is about the only thing missing from this giant resort. Sun Valley is actually four resorts plunked into the Wild West landscape of the Wood River Valley, between Baldy and Dollar. There is the raunchy town of Ketchum, once known for gambling and mining, now known for its high-end ski shops, frenetic bars (Slavey's) and cosmopolitan restaurants (Christiana's for lamb, Freddy's for serious Alsatian food). Nestled against the flanks of Baldy lies the condominium sector called Warm Springs. Behind Dollar is Elkhorn, a resort manqué that, despite its chairlift connection to Dollar, has had trouble wooing customers to its hotel and condos. Elkhorn is handy for those with slim budgets and/or young children.

The original campus, a bus ride away from everything else, has its own sea of condominiums surrounding the Lodge and Inn. Everything is less rustic than it was when Harriman was designing the beds and Claudette Colbert was sleeping in them. But R. Earl Holding, the Utah oil-and-motel magnate who bought Sun Valley and then took 'up' skiing, has installed the maximum number of Aubusson carpets and marble bathtubs and restored white-gloved waiters to the Lodge Dining Room. The employees are extraordinarily polite, even for ski bums.

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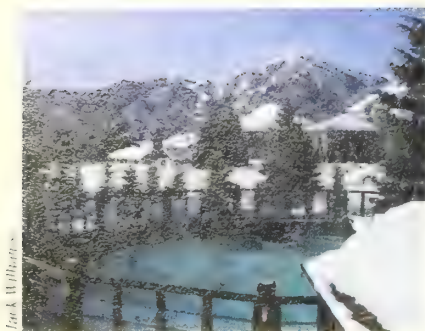
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The Lodge is not everybody's cup of tea but most vacationers—particularly non-skiers—love the proximity of the giant indoor skating rinks, the steaming outdoor pools, the Opera House with its daily performances of "Sun Valley Serenade" and contemporary hits. They enjoy being close to the expanded network of cross-country skiing trails. (Finally, cross-country skiing is considered as worthy a pastime as downhill skiing!) In the new luxury spirit of American skiing, it is even socially acceptable to pass up both forms of skiing to linger over the Lodge's lavish Sunday brunch, particularly on chilly days. (Sun Valley is truly sunny, but it does get colder than Colorado's ski areas.)

This winter, a three-day lift ticket will cost \$80. A night in a Lodge double will run \$98-148 per couple; in the Inn, \$110-130. Condos booked through the Warm Springs Resort charge \$50-120 for a studio and \$115-260 for a two-bedroom. By buying packages through airlines and tour groups, vacationers can save 10-25 percent.

Air access to Sun Valley has improved, thanks to Horizon Airlines service to nearby Hailey, from Salt Lake City, Seattle, San Francisco (weekends only), and Boise.

For information, contact: Sun Valley-Ketchum Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 2420, Sun Valley, Idaho 83353; (208) 726-4471 or Sun Valley Company, Sun Valley, Idaho 83353, (800) 635-8261 outside Idaho or (800) 632-4104 within the state.

## Brussels

THE FLEMISH CAPITAL

**N**o matter what the occasion, the real purpose of any trip to Brussels is food. Acceptable subsidiary purposes are visiting museums and shopping.

shopping. Since all of these are things best done indoors, it is sensible to do them in the winter. Besides, Brussels can get so dank and chill in the summer, that you might as well come during the winter—at least the weather's mild. In January, the average daily high there is 42; in Minneapolis that would be a heat wave.

Of course once we get to Brussels, we do venture out, to inspect its unique ensemble of Renaissance guild halls and merchants' houses that comprise the Grande Place . . . to poke among the bric-a-brac on the Place du Grand Sablon, particularly if we are there for the pre-Christmas antiques markets, on December 11, 12, and 13 this year . . . and to explore the city's surprising treasure of Art Nouveau, Art Deco, and Belle Epoque buildings, preferably via one of the English-language bus tours organized by the estimable preservationists of ARAU, offered through November and again in March.

We may even look up friends of friends who toil in Brussels' thicket of international agencies (NATO, EEC) and multinational corporations. If so, it should be to confront them with the one burning issue of life in Brussels: "Where shall we eat?"

The *when* aspect is simply described. Brussels eats constantly. Hotel breakfast buffets are freighted with brioches and croissants and dark, dense breads, and porridges and cheeses and slices of pungent Ardennes ham. Mid-morning is time to pause in one of the city's many glass-enclosed *galeries* (those nineteenth-century precursors of the shopping mall) to have a cup of coffee. Would it be soothing to have a piece of fabled Belgian chocolate to munch with the warming brew? It comes automatically, even if you have also ordered a bit of pastry (with Belgian pastry, a "bit" is at least six square inches). Next comes a two-hour lunch, followed by tea, dinner, and a midnight street snack of sausage or French fries.

The *what* aspect is vast, starting with those French fries, which are so delicate and crunchy that in a just world, fried potatoes would be called Belgian fries. Bountiful bowls of mussels (an appetizer-size order contains at least 20) can be had at least 30 different ways. Eels and oysters, scallops and sea bass—if it swims, it gets to Brussels' tables—alongside the endive, sprouts, venison, and lamb. The variety of Belgian beer is one of the nation's glories and so is its version of creamed

chicken soup, *waterzooi*.

Ah, but *where* to eat? History and gluttony can be combined by dining at the Maison du Cygne, on the Grande Place. In the seventeenth century, this was the butchers' guild house; now it's part private club and part Michelin two-star laureate (the recent modernization of its kitchen posed some temporary problems, but they seem licked). Far more intimate and boasting three Michelin stars is Comme Chez Soi. Expect to spend over \$50 to dine this high on the *cochon*. Rotisserie Vincent or Aux Armes de Bruxelles, part of the thicket of restaurants around the Petite Rue des Bouchers, can provide a lively, well presented fare at less celestial prices. Sirène d'Or is on middle ground: tiny, personal, with a masterful salmon mousse, it has a *prix fixe* dinner for about \$35. But in Brussels, even the fast-food trucks do tasty work.

Between meals, browse along the chic Avenue Louise or warm up by shopping in the Galerie St. Hubert, built in 1847.



Brussels is a prosperous city. Prices are high but so is quality, particularly in leather, woolens, and other clothing. Brussels is the world capital of comic-book collecting; so aficionados might find good buys at Album and Librarie de Rome.

Brussels' museums are proof of the city's long prosperity. Schedule a long afternoon with the Flemish masters in the Museum of Ancient Art. Lovers of Magritte and Gauguin will head for the Museum of Modern Art. Lesser known, but enticing, are the Turvuren, a treasury of African art, and the Horta Museum, devoted to Art Nouveau (closed in November).



This autumn, Europalia—Belgium's biennial toast to another country—will salute Austria until December 16, via special concerts and exhibits. The chance to see the huge kokoschka show provides an extra reason to make the short trip to the canal-laced city of Ghent. But if you can fit in only one day trip, choose Bruges, which is smaller, prettier, and endowed with two great caches of Flemish art, the Memling and the Groeninge museums.

Brussels hotels are geared to the expense-account trade. The Royal Warwick has small, sleek rooms and a perfect location near the Grande Place; a couple can expect to pay \$220 for bed and breakfast. Nearby, at the less glossy Amigo, bed and breakfast for two is \$125-150. The Brussels Sheraton and the Hilton International are well located for business visitors, but not too out-of-the way to suit itinerant gourmets. The New Siru has more atmosphere and lower prices: \$80-90.

Ballet and opera lovers should open negotiations with their concierge when they arrive, if not sooner. The Monnaie, a mint-turned-opera house, is often sold out.

Sabena, the Belgian national carrier, has nonstops to Brussels from Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, New York, and other North American cities.

For more information, contact: Belgian National Tourist Office, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10151; (212) 758-8130.

## Key West

THE LITERARY BEACHHEAD

"The Peter Pan principle—shorts, bikes, beaches, and therefore creativity—that's why fifty-five writers, seven of them Pulitzer winners, spend their winters in Key West," says novelist David Kaufelt as he organizes this Florida community's sixth-annual literary seminar. Between January 14 and 17, both literary locals and visitors will pay \$175 (\$135 if they register before November 15) to hear Elmore Leonard and Donald Westlake expound on the "Whodunit: The Art and Tradition of Mystery Literature." There will also be workshops on how to whodunit.

For days after, the themes will be rehashed over wine coolers in the Havana Docks bar at the Pier House of

stone crabs eaten outside (*never inside*) at Louie's Backyard.



Stuart Neuman Associates

Like the Fire Island of old, but with a *sportif* undercoat of 1980s affluence, the most southerly community in the United States puts the basic joys of tropical vacationing into an envelope of culture. Yes, everyone goes to chamber music at the Fine Arts Center named for longtime resident Tennessee Williams, and visits the houses where Ernest Hemingway wrote and John James Audubon painted. Yes, that could be Alison Lurie, John Hersey or Phil Caputo biking past brightly painted Victorian houses, although by day they are more likely to be home with their word processors. There is history to be seen: the old forts and Harry S. Truman's winter White House. Explore them on foot by following the Pelican Path that winds through the Old Town Historic District, but the obligatory tour is aboard the miniature Conch Train, named, as many Key West things are, for the sea creatures and the seventeenth-century settlers who came from the Bahamas (say *konk*).

Key West's cultural wrapping is a treat, but so are the possibilities for superb snorkeling and scuba diving around the reefs and the challenging pursuit of marlin and wahoo. The public beaches are fine (the best: Smathers) and tennis is easily arranged.

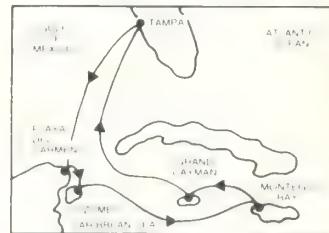
Somehow, the very freedom from cars makes this a mecca for urbanites. Busborne day-trippers and cruise-ship passengers also clutter up the narrow streets, but they're gone by sunset. They have to be.

The prime ritual at Key West is to sunset—that's a verb—at Mallory Dock. First, the sun falls into the sea. Then the young jugglers and tightrope walkers perform, followed perhaps by a unicyclist, a fire-eater, and the bicycle-riding food vendors like the Cookie Lady.



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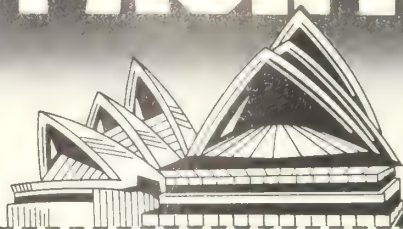
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For visitors, a visit to the boisterous oval bar at Sloppy Joe's is a must, even though the original establishment is down the street, redubbed Captain Tony's. From January through March, everyone turns out for Old Island Days, particularly the house tours and the conch-shell blowing contest.

Newer daytime rituals include gallery-hopping (the galleries might someday outnumber the T-shirt shops); shopping at Fast Buck Freddie's, which, name apart, is a southern version of Bloomingdale's in its selection of housewares, clothes, and custom jewelry; and inspecting the "Treasure of the Golden Galleons" that Mel Fisher culled from the ocean floor.

In every resort town, there is one hostility that is the center of all action. In Key West, it's the Pier House. From December 23 on, expect EP rates for double rooms in the \$125-285 range. The Reach is a plush new beachside enclave; where the bedrooms, if not huge, are handsomely tropical, expect to pay \$160-250. Casa Marina, built by Henry M. Flagler in 1921 as the last resort along his Florida East Coast Railway, has been carefully revived and is now operated by Marriott. If you are prepared to vacation among conventioners and to stay beyond walking distance of Old Town, you will relish the old-state flavor at \$190-200 a night.

Pleasant guest houses abound, but some accept only adults—only men or only women. Eaton Lodge, a house that has won prizes for its restoration, accepts everyone; rooms range from \$85-195.

The Overseas Highway makes it easy to drive the 159 miles south from Miami. Eastern and Piedmont fly to Key West from Miami and the north.

For general information, contact: Florida Keys, P.O. Box 1147, Key West, Fla. 33040; (800) FLA-KEYS. For details on the Whodunit Literary Seminar, call (305) 745-3640.

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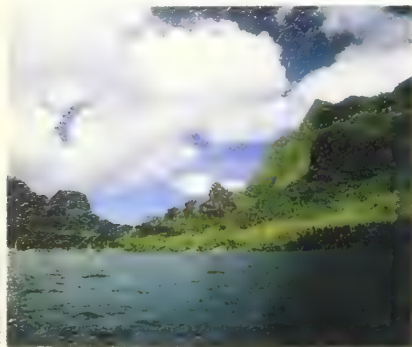
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away. It is extraordinary, to launch a sailing ship in 1987—at 440 feet the longest ever—and to design her as a lazy, overgrown luxury yacht for a handful of passengers (150 maximum) who cannot quite afford their own.



Each Friday at midnight the *Wind Song* sets sail from that ultimate exotic port, Papeete. She heads away from Tahiti, toward the lesser known isles of French Polynesia, and Huahine, Tahaa, Bora Bora, Raiatea, and Moorea, returning to Papeete the following Friday. Through the night and morning, the *Wind Song* sails to her next port. Afternoons are for deep-sea fishing, snorkeling, and visiting harbor towns. On Raiatea, the passengers can switch to touring via river canoe. At Moorea and Tahaa, the *Wind Song* offloads her store of sightseeing bicyclists.

The *Wind Song* is a merry mix of technologies. It presents exquisite Continental food with South Pacific ingredients, uses computers to control the sails, and diesels to back up the sails. While plying the southern seas, her passengers can swim in a saltwater pool or roast in a sauna.

Except for her identical twin, the *Wind Star*, which plies the comparatively prosaic waters of the Caribbean, this is a cruise ship like no other. The *Wind Song's* seventy-five cabins are all alike, 185 feet square, facing outside, done in soft colors and natural woods. Each has color television, a videocassette player, a minibar, ship-to-shore telephone, and twin beds that convert to queen size. There is a European-trained staff of eighty-four to fuss over the passengers. There are so many daily activities—including waterskiing and sailboarding classes—that passengers might never see each other until mealtimes (and perhaps not even then if they use room service). Bathing suits and loose shirts are the uniform of the day. When dinner is served (pick any table, any time between 8:00 and 10:00

P.M.), the favored garb for men is a linen blazer and slacks. Women opt for dressy pants or a caftan or perhaps a just-bought Polynesian *pareu* (sarong).

Through December 25, the per-person double occupancy price is \$2,635; after the holidays, it's \$2,895, including tips and taxes as well as meals and most activities.

Wise travelers, having flown so far across the seas, will not want to scurry right home. The perfect counterpoint to a tropical cruise is New Zealand, a country of deep fjords, high mountains, and briskly cosmopolitan cities. Air New Zealand and UTA, the French carrier, fly from Los Angeles to Papeete and from there to Auckland, so that the cruise week can be considered a stop-over on a longer itinerary.

Because New Zealand is enjoying its balmy summer while the United States is still buried in winter, a holiday can be designed around the superb trout fishing or the golf or a long hike down the Milford Track. Overnight stays on working farms and sheep stations are easily arranged. New Zealanders are properly proud of their international restaurants and their Mercury Opera and Royal New Zealand Ballet. But what excites the visitors are the Maori singers and the South Island's ancient drawings.

For details on *Wind Song*, contact Windstar Sail Cruises, 7415 N.W. 19th Street, Suite B, Miami, Florida 33126; (305) 592-8008.

For details on New Zealand, contact New Zealand Tourist and Publicity Office, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10111; (212) 698-4650.

## Morocco

THE DISTANT DESERT

American sun worshippers have been known to pity Europeans because they have no Florida or Caribbean. But, ah, they have a desert with mountains and two oceans, and a galaxy of cities glowing with marvels to see, eat, buy, and ponder over. They have Morocco.

Above all, they have Marrakesh, a city with such power over the European imagination that, in the nineteenth century, Europeans called the whole country the Kingdom of Marrakesh, then mis-

pronounced the name as Maroc—or Morocco.

An oasis of rose-red battlements ringed by 10,000 date palms, Marrakesh sits at the hazy foot of the Atlas Mountains, the gateway to the Sahara. A thousand years ago, it was the only hospitable crossroads on the caravan trails between ocean, desert, and mountain.

From all over northwest Africa, the Arabs and the Berbers came to trade and they still do. In winter, they are now joined by vacationers, notably the French, following in the elegant footsteps of house-owners Pierre Balmat and Yves St. Laurent. From November to March, Marrakesh has sun, but no overwhelming heat. (Bring a light coat and your most stylish sweaters. "Should anyone be seeking a warm sunny winter," Winston Churchill once advised, "it is to be found in a truly unique setting here in Morocco.")



In Marrakesh, vacationers do the things they usually do when they unpack their bags in paradise. They sunbathe, swim in pools, play tennis and golf, and ride magnificent horses. They sample the local wine and the pigeon pie and the sweet-pungent stews known as *tajines*. They rubberneck and shop. But here rubbernecking focuses on princely tombs and hidden gardens and the majestic Koutoubia mosque.

And rubbernecking leads to the Djema el Fna, a vast square that mingles the centuries and cultures in a whirl of buying and selling. The water seller purveys the precious liquid from his goatskin, offering his customer a copper goblet. The food vendors sell shish kebab and soup. In the center, offering their ancient artistry, are storytellers, jugglers, snake charmers, dancers.

The Djema el Fna leads into the *souk*, a maze of alleyways, roughly one and a quarter miles square, roofed over by rush mats, lined with tiny



talls. More than just a row of stores, the *souk* is a factory, residence, retail mall, and social club. The goldsmiths have their corner, the spice-sellers have theirs, and so do the rug makers and the other artisan-merchants. When you spot the Berber carpet or embroidered leather slippers you want, step over the sill into the stall and be ready to join the merchant in sipping mint tea before the real bargaining begins.

The Marrakesh hotel that Churchill loved is the garden-ringed Mamounia, which has recently been renovated with some unChurchillian additions, like a Regine's nightclub. It is still a fan-sy world. Expect to pay at least \$145 per couple.

A surprising alternative is the Club Med, which, when space is available, accepts guests by the night at its remarkably handsome village. You can look from the pool straight into the heart of the Djemma el Fna. The charge with meals, wine, and access to sports facilities is \$70-105.

Americans will want to spend some serious sightseeing time in the imperial city of Fez, with its wealth of mosques and religious academies, *souks*, and palaces. The place to stay is the nineteenth-century Palais Jamai, on the edge of the *souk*; a double with breakfast is \$76-115 until Christmas.

Agadir, with its comfortable beach-side hotels and colorful markets, is a fine place to end the trip. Rabat, like Marrakesh, is popular with golfers, lured by the Robert Trent Jones course that King Hassan II commissioned. Moroccan golf is so appealing that at least one firm, Eisley Associates of Mount Vernon, New York, organizes tours around the sport.

Casablanca is probably unavoidable since that's where Royal Air Maroc and the international flights land, but there is no need to stick around.

For more information, contact the Moroccan National Tourist Office, 20 East 46th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017; (212) 557-2520.

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miles and in culture, for a brief journey? The answer is *no*. India can be cool, exhilarating and fun—offering luxuries and delights you could afford nowhere else.



Brian Vander

Although many first-timers prefer to take an escorted tour or at least a carefully pre-booked one, it is simple to get around, particularly if you aim, as most visitors do, to pay your respects to India's best known treasures. The travel snob who automatically scorns "tourist spots" would have to pass up Agra's Taj Mahal and Delhi's Red Fort. These cities belong on any itinerary, at any season, but Delhi is particularly exciting on January 26, when Republic Day is celebrated with full pageantry on Rajpath, the majestic avenue that once symbolized Britain's imperial might.

From November to March, widely considered the ideal time to visit, is the dry season. But it could be too chilly to explore the erotic cave carvings in northerly Auranabad or to replicate *Jewel in the Crown* by living on a Kashmiri houseboat (unless you want to ski at nearby Gulmarg). Even in New Delhi, the thermometer drops to the forties at night.

Since there is more India to see than can be squeezed into two or three weeks—or two or three lifetimes—winter travelers might want to concentrate on the south, adding Madras and Goa, where the mid-summer heat has subsided enough for visitors to comfortably enjoy strolling among the temples and bazaars and the beach resorts.

The stumbling block is not what to add to an itinerary but what you can bear to leave out (or save for a subsequent trip). The shrewd traveler heads first for the library to weigh the possi-

bilities against personal enthusiasm. For a compressed course in the region's arts and religions, look for Murray's *Handbook for Travellers in India, Pakistan, Nepal, Bangladesh and Sri Lanka*. For a practical carry-along, *India on \$15 and \$25 a Day* is helpful even for people willing to spend more and so are the Insight and Nag guides.

Those who consider shopping to be the highest form of cross-cultural communication will be happy wherever there are *chowks* (bazaars) or street vendors, which means in every town. It is a nationwide custom to precede each purchase of a bolt of silk or hand-worked gems by a slow, decorous session of haggling. The impatient will go to the provincial government store around Delhi's Connaught Place. There they can stock up on fixed-price treasures such as Kashmir scarves (the natural-color ones look best back home), made-to-measure silk sportcoats—a low time for alterations), and carved teak (don't shy away from a teacart or giant screen; they are easily shipped).

A tiger hunt is no longer easily laid on. Wildlife is now hunted with a long-lens camera, in wildlife sanctuaries. Travelers heading south have good choices of directions in which to head their hired cars (in the Indian English that is widely spoken where travelers are likely to turn up, *hired* means chauffeured). For elephants and Indian bison, October through May are the best months at Periyar Sanctuary, between Madurai in Madras and the city of Cochin. For birds, the November-to-February breeding season is the ideal time to see Vedathangal Sanctuary, fifty-four miles from the city of Madras.

Experienced travelers who typically seek out inexpensive little hotels gravitate in India toward the outposts of big Indian or international chains. Even so the journey is less costly than might be supposed. For Air India's one-stop service via London, a roundtrip from New York is in the \$1,500-1,800 range. India's newest, plummier, and priciest hotel is the Oberoi Bombay, where each floor has its own butler/valet, and a double room costs \$140. The plushy modern Taj Mahal in New Delhi charges about \$110 for a double. A top hotel, such as the Fort Aguada in Goa, charges about \$70.

For more information, contact: Government of India Tourist Promotion Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10112; (212) 586-4901.



# THE HARD-BOILED GO TO BRUNCH

Detective fiction in our time

By Charles Nicol

Among the works discussed in this essay:

*New Black Mask*, Nos. 1-8.

*The Maltese Falcon*, by Dashiell Hammett. 299 pages. Random House. \$2.95.

*The Long Goodbye*, by Raymond Chandler. 312 pages. Ballantine. \$2.95.

*The Moving Target*, by Ross Macdonald. 245 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. (Out of print.)

*The Lonely Silver Rain*, by John D. MacDonald. 232 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. \$15.95.

*Bitter Medicine*, by Sara Paretsky. 321 pages. William Morrow. \$17.95.

*Pale Kings and Princes*, by Robert B. Parker. 256 pages. Delacorte Press. \$15.95.

"The Violent Hero, Wilderness Heritage and Urban Reality: A Study of the Private Eye in the Novels of Dashiell Hammett, Raymond Chandler and Ross Macdonald," by Robert Brown Parker. Ph.D. dissertation, Boston University, 1970.

**F**or sixty years the American private eye, an anarchist unimpressed by wealth, power, violence, or sensuality, has etched his acid impressions on every level of our society. Confronted with ambiguities and deceptions, he has always reminded us that truth is not found but made. The hard-boiled dick has changed drastically over the years, though, from marginal self-employment to yuppie self-improvement: where we once had Sam Spade, Philip Marlowe, and Lew Archer, we now have Travis McGee, Spenser, and V. I. Warshawski. If a tradition is going to stay alive, it has to go somewhere, but this one has gone from Mean Street to Easy Street and moved in with Ozzie and Harriet; Eddie Mars's Cypress Club has been replaced by the Sierra Club, and the gumshoes are brand-named for jogging. Still, the trip has been in a straight line, and Grandfather Hammett seems to have laid out the early maps himself. We even have tour guides, including *New Black Mask* (now renamed *A Matter of Crime*, a magazine attempting to revive the *Black Mask* tradition of tough-guy detective fic-

tion), books by academics, and a seventeen-year-old dissertation by Robert Brown Parker, a.k.a. Robert B. Parker, creator of Spenser.

*Hard-boiled*, a slang term that shifted meanings as it passed from minstrel shows through Damon Runyon, by the twenties had become a style, an attitude, a characterization, found in Hemingway as much as in Hammett. Nicely defined in a 1926 magazine article as "hard, shrewd, keen men who neither asked nor expected sympathy nor gave any, who could not be imposed upon," hard-boiled heroes were tough, wise-cracking, bitter; they resented having lost their innocence and were determined the world pay a price for it. Their code of honor had become so private they perversely enjoyed being thought worse than they were. Only to themselves, and not always then, did they let the truth slip: "It is awfully easy to be hard-boiled about everything in the daytime, but at night it is another thing," said Jake Barnes in *The Sun Also Rises*, also in 1926. The hard-boiled school of crime fiction arose four years earlier in *Black Mask* with the first stories of Dashiell Hammett, who looked like an El Greco saint and has been promoted as one by Lillian Hellman; he had been a private eye himself.

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Hammett, Chandler, and Macdonald has become both literature and myth

Ross Macdonald noted that "we all came out from under Hammett's black mask."

Essentially, all hard-boiled heroes had the same ingredients, although their sense of loss was spelled out more clearly if they were not private eyes. Here is Jake Barnes, emasculated in World War I: "Of all the ways to be wounded. I suppose it was funny." Ross Macdonald and Raymond Chandler admired the tough-guy novels of James M. Cain (Chandler co-wrote the screenplay for *Double Indemnity*); William Faulkner, one of Hammett's drinking buddies, helped write the screenplay for Chandler's *The Big Sleep*. Humphrey Bogart, the archetypal hard-boiled actor who played both Sam Spade and Philip Marlowe, was just as hard-boiled in *Casablanca* after losing Ingrid Bergman. Detective or not, the character smoked incessantly, drank destructively, distrusted women, killed when more or less necessary, and took a lot of punishment without complaining.

By now, the private-eye fiction of Hammett, Chandler, and Ross Macdonald has become both literature and myth. The literary reality is in the books, but Hollywood has seized the myth and held it for ransom. Hammett's first hard-boiled dick, the Continental Op, never translated to film too well. Sam Spade not only became the model for later dicks but also provided Hollywood with the classic private-eye film, *The Maltese Falcon*. John Huston transported much of its dialogue directly from the novel, so that now it is difficult to imagine Spade calling everybody "sweetheart" without hearing Bogart's precise, indifferent sarcasm.

Although slightly older than Hammett, Raymond Chandler didn't begin to write detective fiction until Hammett was about finished. Chandler's first appearance in *Black Mask* was in 1933, and his last Philip Marlowe novel, *The Long Goodbye*, came twenty-one years later. Philip Marlowe lived in Los Angeles, the hol-low American city with the Hollywood cream filling, where the move from dreams to corruption was only one short step. Private eyes know this territory, and Hollywood has provided its clearest image of them through Marlowe, producing ten films based on the six Marlowe novels—although when *The Big Sleep* was remade, with Robert Mitchum, the story was idiotically moved to London. Private eyes can only function in their own locales.

Our third classic, Ross Macdonald, a full generation younger, wrote his first Lew Archer, *The Moving Target*, in 1949. Although Archer had a Los Angeles office, his cases ranged up and down the California coast; unlike Marlowe, Archer stayed away from Hollywood, and Hollywood has almost reciprocated. Still, *The Moving Target* was made into the fine film *Harper*,

with Paul Newman as the renamed Archer, and Newman reappeared in *The Drowning Pool* (unfortunately moved to Louisiana). Because Archer gradually became less hard-boiled, Robert Brown Parker concluded that "Archer's humanity blurs the purity of line, I think, that Chandler had made most definite in Philip

Marlowe." Perhaps that humanity has blurred the camera lens as well.

Consider the best of the current, vast changed hard-boiled dicks: Travis McGee, because he has been a pivotal figure and because John D. MacDonald, who died this winter, wrote so well about death, money, and Florida; Robert B. Parker's character Spenser, because he's the toughest wisecracker in the business; and Sara Paretsky's V.I. Warshawski, because she gets laid, jailed, knocked out, and shot at; takes the law into her own hands and occasionally has an excessive urge to maim or kill, and generally proves that a feminist can fit hand in glove with the hard-boiled. We should expect changes; otherwise we would be dealing with a genre as stale and lifeless as English drawing room mysteries. The hard-boiled dick is a reflection of America, and America itself has changed. Our current concerns are ourselves and our families, which are in pretty bad shape.

It may be an optimistic sign that today's hard-boiled dick is in pretty good health compared to the old-timers. He is no tougher but he is stronger. Actually, Philip Marlowe began this: he was over six feet tall and had played college football. Football has now become popular for hard-boiled heroes. Travis McGee, who stands six feet four, played professionally until he hurt his knee; on television, Thomas Magnum, about the same height and in many other ways a borrowing from McGee, played college ball, climaxing with the Army-Navy game. Spenser is a boxer rather than a football player, but he too is built like a brick roundhouse. Women are rare on football teams, so Warshawski, though only five feet eight, played on a state-championship high-school basketball team.

Not only have the current dicks played at the most brutal good American games but they also have kept in shape. Lord knows what Sam Spade, Philip Marlowe, or Lew Archer did for exercise other than dodge bullets. Travis McGee is the conscience of us all in this respect. In John D. MacDonald's sixth novel, *Bright Orange for the Shroud* (1965), McGee realized that if he simply sat around on his houseboat partying between cases, he got soft. He began exercising, with that kind of pain we all know when we suddenly break out the sweatpants, adding some of his girlfriend Chookie McCall's dance exercises to his old football and



army routines; this surely made him one of the pioneers in aerobics. In *The Lonely Silver Rain* he learns shadowboxing from another of his girlfriends, but over the last twenty years (ten years for Travis, who, like other private eyes, ages only half as fast as the rest of us), it has become harder and harder to loosen up the joints. While McGee suffers for his fitness, Spenser obviously enjoys working out for hours and hours, lifting weights, sparring with Hawk (especially in the television version), and jogging. Jogging is also the exercise of Warshawski, who runs five miles most days; in *Bitter Medicine* she spends a lot of time in Lake Michigan as well. As spectators, Spenser, Magnum, and Warshawski are all passionate baseball fans (Red Sox, Tigers, Cubs).

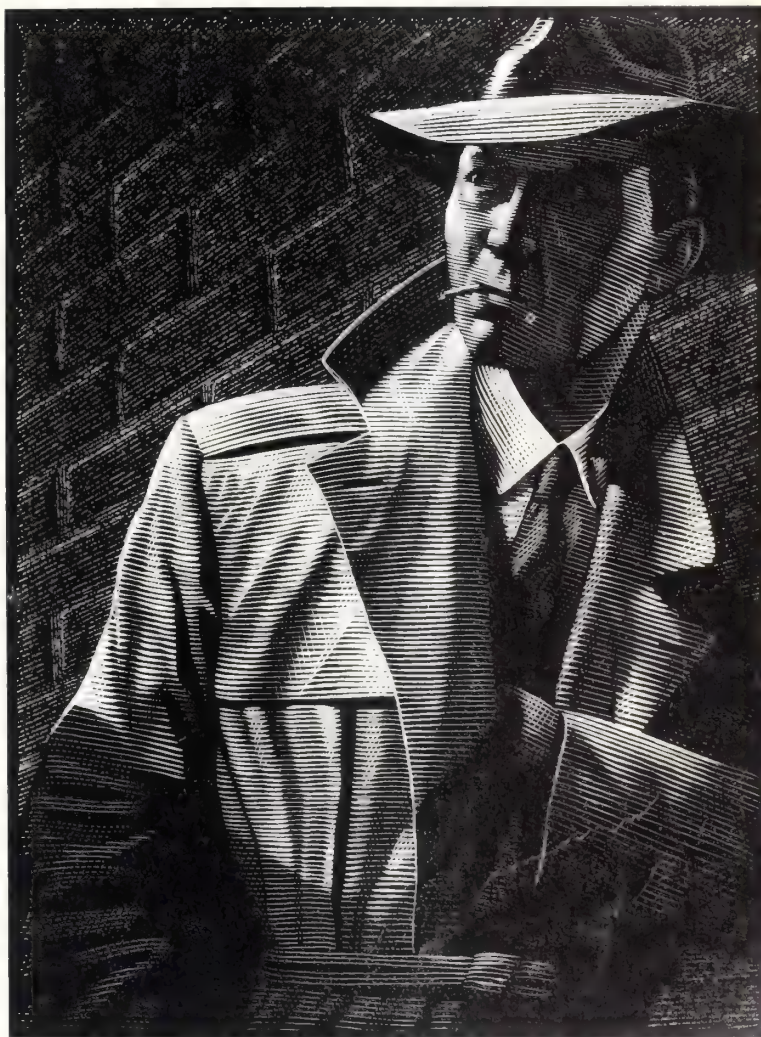
The casualty in all this healthy-body business is smoking. The Continental Op smoked Fatimas. Sam Spade rolled his own with Bull Durham. Philip Marlowe smoked everything but cigars. Where would Bogart have been in any movie without that smoldering stub to make him squint? But now the surgeon general should be ecstatic. Lew Archer started out smoking, but after his author quit, his author's wife had an operation for lung cancer, and the two of them joined the antismoking campaign, he quit also (quietly, as was his wont). Travis McGee started out smoking, but it didn't seem too much of a habit with him; nevertheless, being an opinionated sort, he has become one of those unpleasant quitters who seem to forget they ever indulged. In *The Lonely Silver Rain* he grumbles gratuitously: "It's a funny thing about television and cigarettes. Hardly anybody I know anymore smokes cigarettes or watches the tube. One stunts the body and one stunts the mind." In her third case, *Killing Orders*, Warshawski suddenly turned fanatic; she said that "all smoke makes me ill," complained to us whenever anyone lit a cigarette or pipe, and offered as one concrete detail of why she disliked her ex-husband the fact that he smoked in bed.

They do still drink. In *The Thin Man* the amount of booze consumed by Nick and Nora Charles and their friends between breakfast and dawn was frightening, especially because they drank so cheerfully; no wonder Hammett, an alcoholic himself, was essentially at the end of his writing career. And when things got bad for Marlowe, he would drink himself blotto. But today's dick is picky. Having become a yuppie, he demands brand names. This started with McGee, who insisted that his gin come out of a bottle of Pilgrim. When Pilgrim moved from Britain to America, McGee switched to Boodles. Spenser loves to drink: four margaritas at lunch start *Taming a Sea-horse*. Mixed drinks, whiskey, wine, or beer—he'll drink just about anything, with a preference for beer. Yet he is

ludicrously picky about his beer, in one novel making a small scene in a restaurant because they don't have Amstel and he has to settle for another of Holland's finest, Heineken—in spite of the fact that from novel to novel he switches brands (Beck's, Amstel, Rolling Rock, and sometimes even Heineken). Warshawski prefers whiskey neat, especially doubles of Johnnie Walker Black, but twice in *Killing Orders* grudgingly settles for Chivas Regal.

In other words, the hard-boiled detective has become both a decadent connoisseur and an upwardly mobile consumer. Formerly, he was a connoisseur of only two things: guns and women, although even Marlowe once celebrated

Spenser, Magnum, and Warshawski are all passionate baseball fans (Red Sox, Tigers, Cubs)



Huggins-Young Coffee ("one of these days I'm going to see that they get the recognition they deserve"). In one novel Travis McGee described his friend Meyer as a "finnikin," but he is finicky himself, and the younger dicks are worse. In *Taming a Sea-horse*, Spenser and Hawk sit around discussing baseball and brands of California champagne: "I opted for Schrams-



The only  
 Sam  
 Spade was  
 known to  
 have read  
 was a  
 compendium  
 of famous  
 criminal  
 cases

berg, he for Iron Horse. We agreed that Taittinger was the class of the French though Krug and Cristal and Dom Pérignon were worth a gulp." Now there's something wackily funny about two mean, pistol-toting ex-boxers comparing champagnes, but this name-brand business can get tiring. Take jogging shoes. In *Promised Land* (1976), Spenser notes that his client's wife wears "white Tretorn tennis shoes" and that Hawk has "white Puma track shoes with a black slash on them." Spenser wears, during the course of the novel, not only old sneakers and dress loafers but "my white Adidas track shoes with the three black stripes, no socks," not to mention "my Adidas Varsitys, in rust-colored suede"; in the next novel he wears three more pairs of Adidas and some Pumas, and Hawk gets Nikes. In *Pale Kings and Princes* Spenser has "brand-new Avia running shoes, oyster white with a touch of charcoal," but a hundred pages later he ruefully notes that "my Avia aerobic shoes were gorgeous and comfy but were not designed for standing in doorways in the snow." Warshawski doesn't tell us the brand of her running shoes, but she is passionate about "my beloved Magli pumps"—open-toed, red-leather high heels at \$140 the pair. By their shoes shall ye know them.

Today's hard-boiled authors have formidable formal educations, and these are often reflected in the intellectuality—or pseudo-intellectuality—of their characters. The only book Sam Spade was known to have read was a compendium of famous criminal cases. But Philip Marlowe eventually let his college education get in the way: his lonely study of chess problems and championship games started off as an endearing, stubborn pursuit, but that was in the early stories when he had to ask who Marcel Proust was; by *The Long Goodbye* he was giving a hack writer a brief lecture on Gustave Flaubert and sophomorically discussing T.S. Eliot with a chauffeur. Ross Macdonald (when he was Kenneth Millar) acquired a Ph.D. in English from the University of Michigan (dissertation on Coleridge). John D. MacDonald possessed one of the most sought-after degrees in the country, an M.B.A. from Harvard, which apparently failed to make him a successful member of the business community; this is reflected in the vast theoretical and practical economic knowledge of Travels' older friend (and MacDonald's alter ego) clever, the hairy economist, whose first houseboat, the *John Maynard Keynes*, was replaced by the *Thorstein Veblen*. We have already mentioned the dissertation of Robert B. Parker, Ph.D. in English from Boston University, who taught literature before breaking free of academia. As Spenser is the most well-read of all private eyes and quotes poetry frequently, but

there is a kind of defensive and offensive quality—snobbishness, name-dropping—about it. The very essence of Spenser, of course, is to be two things at once (symbolically represented by his two shadow selves, Susan Silverman and Hawk): a refined man who sculpts wood in his spare time, reads continually, and cooks gourmet meals; and a tough guy who wrecks cars, kills crooks, and in one novel drives clear to Maine just to beat up a man he has never met who had sold his own daughter. Sara Paretsky has a Ph.D. in history from the University of Chicago; her Warshawski has a law degree, sings lieder and Italian opera, and like Spenser goes in for gourmet cooking. Paretsky lists every menu and for all I know may be about to publish a restaurant guide to Chicago; Robert B. Parker actually has contributed to a dining-out column in a Boston magazine.

Health, education, expensive tastes—these may be American virtues, but they are not hard-boiled. One cannot judge a society if one shares its values. Try to imagine Sam Spade (or Bogart, for that matter) in Spenser's new jogging suit, "shiny, black, with red trim."

**T**he biggest, most alarming change, however, in the hard-boiled dick is his surreptitious attempt to acquire a family. Of course, Dashiell Hammett tried this too in his last novel, the peculiar *Thin Man*, wherein a retired investigator, married and wealthy, sniffed out crimes for amusement. Hollywood spun out a series of Thin Man films (Hammett's sketch for *Another Thin Man* is printed in *New Black Mask*, Nos. 5 and 6), but Nick was not a hard-boiled detective and the novel was simply a murder comedy. Hammett's attempt to bring the private eye out of his self-imposed isolation was a wistful failure: the hard-boiled dick is a loner by definition; he can be widowed, divorced, or simply abandoned, but he can't have a family—that would be too much of an investment for a shrewd investor to make in a worthless world.

Raymond Chandler began to delve into this family area, and Ross Macdonald once described him as "Hammett with Freud potatoes." A year of psychoanalysis resulted in Macdonald's own best work, beginning with *The Galton Case* (1959), a family drama along Oedipal lines; the eleven novels that followed had a common theme: the real victims were the children of monstrous parents. He noted about his own work that Freud "made myth into psychiatry, and I've been trying to turn it back into myth again in my own small way"; he was less concerned with gangsters and politicians than with the corruption at the heart of the family, usually festering in secrets at least twenty years



ld. But the newer detectives have stopped investigating other people's families and started acquiring substitute families of their own. Travis McGee soon had Meyer, a father figure, to provide cautionary warnings; and now, after over twenty years of bachelorhood, Travis has suddenly discovered he has a daughter of seventeen, a by-blow from an earlier case. This is the climax of *The Lonely Silver Rain*, a case which renders McGee more sour on the world and more alone than usual, even quarreling with Meyer for no good reason and wondering about the point of it all, until his daughter appears out of the blue. He sets up a trust for her, including early everything he owns, and although he cheerfully suggests that the crimp in his money supply will force him to take more cases, we wonder whether John D. MacDonald had a premonition of his own mortality and felt guilty about leaving McGee out there on the Atlantic side of Florida without the comforts of home.

Spenser suddenly stopped aging a few novels into the series, but by then he had acquired the ill trappings of a family: pseudowife Susan Silverman, whom he has bedded for many years; pseudobrother Hawk; and even pseudoson Paul, whom he pried away from a destructive family some cases back, trained in the manly virtues of carpentry, and sent off to ballet school in every novel we get a report on how Paul is doing. Since her own family is either hostile or dead, V.I. Warshawski also has acquired a pseudofamily: her older confidante, Lotty, an immigrant medical doctor from Vienna, says in *Killing Orders* that "you have been the daughter never had," and V.I. addresses Lotty's brother as "uncle." In *Bitter Medicine* her seventy-year-old downstairs neighbor has "sort of appointed himself" her father. In addition, Warshawski has added a new wrinkle to the hard-boiled family romance, solving the murder of her cousin in one novel and in another discovering why her mother was thrown out of the house at age eighteen. Half-Italian, half-Polish, half-Jewish, Warshawski has a complicated and tragic family history to worry about in this maze of Chicago immigrants, and the Freudian family dramas are her own (as the last paragraph of one novel reminds us, V.I. Warshawski's middle name is Iphigenia).

**R**obert Brown Parker was one of the earlier proponents of a thesis about the hard-boiled dick that now seems almost universally accepted: the private eye is the frontiersman in modern dress, having moved to the city after the frontier closed. D.H. Lawrence had written that our earliest frontier hero, Leatherstocking, was "a saint with a gun... an isolate, almost elfless, stoic, enduring man, who lives by

death, by killing, but who is pure white. This is the very intrinsic-most American." Citing this, and Leslie Fiedler's observation that the detective is "the cowboy adapted to life on the city streets, the embodiment of innocence moving untouched through universal guilt," Parker argued that the heroes of Hammett, Chandler, and Ross Macdonald had a "wilderness heritage." On the other hand, Elmore Leonard, who wrote Westerns before turning to crime fiction, doesn't see too much of a similarity, just that his protagonist should be "a stand-up kind of a guy, like the Western hero" (*New Black Mask*, No. 2). Is it a good thesis?

The heroes, starting with Philip Marlowe, compare themselves to knights rather than frontiersmen. Travis McGee rather tiresomely refers to himself as Don Quixote in every novel; V.I. Warshawski thinks of herself as Joan of Arc and "Dona Quixote"; even Spenser betrays his author's thesis by choosing a knightly image. Still, Parker cautioned in an interview that his dissertation was not relevant to his own novels.

There is something to the argument, although it obscures by examples the principles that unite the hard-boiled dick with the frontiersman. The moral authority of Cooper's Leatherstocking was that he lived in the wilderness *before* civilization brought law and order; Cooper argued in *The Pioneers* that his law was nature's law and hence of a higher order than civilization's law. Americans have always believed that individual morality, individual religion, individual education stand above institutions. The hard-boiled dick carries on this tradition, insisting on individual justice as distinct from the law, which is held in barely disguised contempt (Spenser is always tearing up parking tickets). In an increasingly class-conscious America, the hard-boiled dick restores our democratic dreams of the classless frontier by moving easily through every level of society. But his violence also reminds us of the dark side of an anarchic democracy: when we sign the social contract, we obtain security in exchange for handing over certain rights; the hard-boiled dick has to provide his own security. The price of freedom is eternal murder. The frontiersman—Leatherstocking, Daniel Boone—could always move on when the world got too crowded for anarchists. The dick cannot, and he stays to defend his turf. Ironically, in the process he protects a society to which he refuses to belong, generating his bitter sarcasm. And this is what the frontiersman thesis misses: the hard-boiled dick may be a mad saint, going through increasingly complicated rituals to cleanse himself, but he is no innocent. And now that he has moved into the propertied class, his arguments look increasingly like sophistries. ■

*The hard-boiled dick insists on individual justice as distinct from the law, which is held in barely disguised contempt*

tion, and many women in their thirties having their first. Some are stoic, some hysterical, a few giggle uncontrollably, many cry.

I talk to a sixteen-year-old uneducated girl who was raped. She has gonorrhea. She describes blinding headaches, attacks of breathlessness, nausea. "Sometimes I feel like two different people," she tells me with a calm smile, "and I talk to myself."

I pull out my plastic models. She listens patiently for a time, and then holds her hands wide in front of her stomach.

"When's the baby going to go up into my stomach?" she asks.

I blink. "What do you mean?"

"Well," she says, still smiling, "when women get so big, isn't the baby in your stomach? Doesn't it hatch out of an egg there?"

My first question in an interview is always the same. As I walk down the hall with the woman, as we get settled in chairs and I glance through her files, I am trying to gauge her, to get a sense of the words, and the tone, I should use. With some I joke, with others I chat, sometimes I fall into a brisk, business-like patter. But I ask every woman, "Are you sure you want to have an abortion?" Most nod with grim knowing smiles. "Oh, yes," they sigh. Some seek forgiveness, offer excuses. Occasionally a woman will flinch and say, "Please don't use that word."

Later I describe the procedure to come, using care with my language. I don't say "pain" any more than I would say "baby." So many are afraid to ask how much it will hurt. "My sister told me—" I hear. "A friend of mine said—" and the dire expectations unravel. I prick the index finger of a woman for a drop of blood to test, and as the tiny lancet approaches the skin she averts her eyes, holding her trembling hand out to me and jumping at my touch.

It is when I am holding a plastic uterus in one hand, a suction tube in the other, moving them together in imitation of the scrubbing procedure that women ask the most secret question. I am speaking in a matter-of-fact voice about "the tissue" and "the contents" when the woman suddenly catches my eye and asks, "How big is

the baby now?" These words suggest a quiet need for a definition of the boundaries being drawn. It isn't so odd, after all, that she feels relief when I describe the growing bud's bulbous shape, its miniature nature. Again I gauge, and sometimes lie a little, weaseling around its infantile features until its clinging power slackens.

But when I look in the basin, among the curdlike blood clots, I see an elfin thorax, attenuated, its pencilline ribs all in parallel rows with tiny knobs of spine rounding upwards. A translucent arm and hand swim beside.

A sleepy-eyed girl, just fourteen, watched me with a slight and goofy smile all through her abortion. "Does it have little feet and little fingers and all?" she'd asked earlier. When the suction was over she sat up woozily at the end of the table and murmured, "Can I see it?" I shook my head firmly.

"It's not allowed," I told her sternly, because I knew she didn't really want to see what was left. She accepted this statement of authority, and a shadow of confused relief crossed her plain, pale face.

**P**riately, even grudgingly, my colleagues might admit the power of abortion to provoke emotion. But they seem to prefer the broad view and disdain the telescope. Abortion is a matter of choice, privacy, control. Its uncertainty lies in specific cases: retarded women and girls too young to give consent for surgery, women who are ill or hostile or psychotic. Such common dilemmas are met with both compassion and impatience: they slow things down. We are too busy to chew over ethics. One person might discuss certain concerns, behind closed doors, or describe a particularly disturbing dream. But generally there is to be no ambivalence.

Every day I take calls from women who are annoyed that we cannot see them, cannot do their abortion today, this morning, now. They argue the price, demand that we stay after hours to accommodate their job or class schedule. Abortion is so routine that one expects it to be like a manicure: quick, cheap, and painless.

Still, I've cultivated a certain disreputable. It isn't negligence, but I don't

always pay attention. I couldn't be here if I tried to judge each case on its merits; after all, we do over a hundred abortions a week. At some point each individual in this line of work draws a boundary and adheres to it. For one physician the boundary is a particular week of gestation; for another, it is a certain number of repeated abortions. But these boundaries can be fluid too: one physician overruled his own limit to abort a mature but severely malformed fetus. For me, the limit is allowing my clients to carry their own burden, shoulder the responsibility themselves. I shoulder the burden of trying not to judge them.

This city has several "crisis pregnancy centers" advertised in the Yellow Pages. They are small offices staffed by volunteers, and they offer free pregnancy testing, glossy photos of dead fetuses, and movies. I had a client recently whose mother is active in the anti-abortion movement. The young woman went to the local crisis center and was told that the doctor would make her touch her dismembered baby, that the pain would be the most horrible she could imagine, and that she might, after an abortion, never be able to have children. All lies. They called her at home and at work, over and over and over, but she had been wise enough to give a false name. She came to us a fugitive. We who do abortions are marked, by some, as impure. It's dirty work.

When a deliveryman comes to the sliding glass window by the reception desk and tilts a box toward me, I hesitate. I read the packing slip, assess the shape and weight of the box in light of its supposed contents. We request familiar faces. The doors are carefully locked; I have learned to half glance around at bags and boxes, looking for a telltale sign. I register with security when I arrive, and I am careful not to bang a door. We are all a little on edge here.

**C**oncern about size and shape seem to be natural, and so is the relief that follows. We make the powerful assumption that the fetus is different from us, and even when we admit the similarities, it is too simplistic to be seduced by form alone. But the form is enormously potent—humanoid, pow-



ss, palm-sized, and pure, it evokes almost fierce tenderness when wed simply as what it appears to. But appearance, and even potency, aren't enough. The fetus, in being itself, can ruin others; its utter endence has a sinister side. When struck in the moment by the contents in the basin, I am careful to remember the context, to note the tear-teenager and the woman sighing h something more than relief. One d of question, though, I find con-erably trickier.

Can you tell what it is?" I am ed, and this means gender. This stion is asked by couples, not nen alone. Always couples would rt a girl and keep a boy. I have n asked about twins, and even if I ld tell what race the father was. An eighteen-year-old woman with ee daughters brought her husband he interview. He glared first at me, n at his wife, as he sank lower and er in the chair, picking his teeth h a toothpick. He interrupted a ersionation with his wife to ask if I ld tell whether the baby would be oy or a girl. I told him I could not. Good," he replied in a slow and ngely malevolent voice, "'cause if as a boy I'd wring her neck."

n a literal sense, abortion exists ause we are able to ask such ques-ns, able to assign a value to the fe-which can shift with changing cir-stances. If the human bond to a ld were as primitive and unflinch-ly narrow as that of other animals, re would be no abortion. There uld be no abortion because there uld be nothing more important n caring for the young and perpet- ing the species, no reason for sex to make babies. I sense this some-ies, this wordless organic duty, en I do ultrasounds.

We do ultrasound, a sound-wave t that paints a faint, gray picture of e fetus, whenever we're uncertain gestation. Age is measured by the th of the skull and confirmed by e length of the femur or thighbone; speak of a pregnancy as being a cer- n "femur length" in weeks. The al concern is whether a pregnancy within the legal limit for an abor- m. Women this far along have bel- s which swell out round and tight

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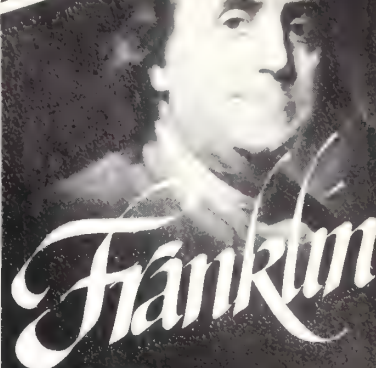
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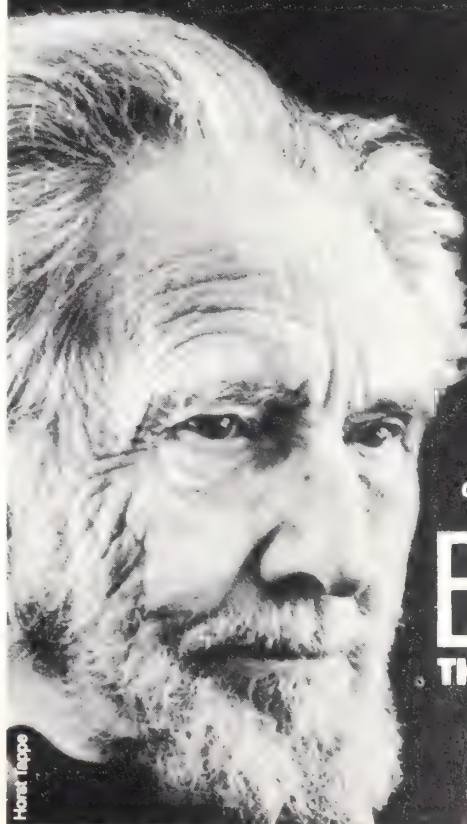
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# EZRA POUND

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like trim muscles. When they lie flat, the mound rises softly above the hips, pressing the umbilicus upward.

It takes practice to read an ultrasound picture, which is grainy and etched as though in strokes of charcoal. But suddenly a rapid rhythmic motion appears—the beating heart. Nearby is a soft oval, scratched with lines—the skull. The leg is harder to find, and then suddenly the fetus moves, bobbing in the surf. The skull turns away, an arm slides across the screen, the torso rolls. I know the weight of a baby's head on my shoulder, the whisper of lips on ears, the delicate curve of a fragile spine in my hand. I know how heavy and correct a newborn cradled feels. The creature I watch in secret requires nothing from me but to be left alone, and that is precisely what won't be done.

These inadvertently made beings are caught in a twisting web of motive and desire. They are at least inconvenient, sometimes quite literally dangerous in the womb, but most often they fall somewhere in between—consequences never quite believed in come to roost. Their virtue rises and falls outside their own nature: they become only what we make them. A fetus created by accident is the most absolute kind of surprise. Whether the blame lies in a failed IUD, a slipped condom, or a false impression of safety, that fetus is a thing whose creation has been actively worked against. Its existence is an error. I think this is why so few women, even late in a pregnancy, will consider giving a baby up for adoption. To do so means making the fetus real—imagining it as something whole and outside oneself. The decision to terminate a pregnancy is sometimes so difficult and confounding that it creates an enormous demand for immediate action. The decision is a rejection; the pregnancy has become something to be rid of, a condition to be ended. It is a burden, a weight, a thing separate.

Women have abortions because they are too old, and too young, too poor, and too rich, too stupid, and too smart. I see women who begin themselves with violent emotions for their first and only abortion, and others who return three times, five times,

hauling two or three children, who cannot remember to take a pill or where they put the diaphragm. We talk glibly about choice. But the choice for what? I see all the broken promises in lives lived like a series of impromptu obstacles. There are the sweet, light promises of love and intimacy, the glittering promise of education and progress, the warm promise of safe families, long years of innocence and community. And there is the promise of freedom: freedom from failure, from faithlessness. Freedom from biology. The early feminist defense of abortion asked many questions, but the one I remember is this: Is biology destiny? And the answer is yes, sometimes it is. Women who have the fewest choices of all exercise their right to abortion the most.

Oh, the ignorance. I take a woman to the back room and ask her to undress; a few minutes later I return and find her positioned discreetly behind a drape, still wearing underpants. "Do I have to take these off too?" she asks, a little shocked. Some swear they have not had sex, many do not know what a uterus is, how sperm and egg meet, how sex makes babies. Some late seekers do not believe themselves pregnant; they believe themselves *impregnable*. I was chastised when I began this job for referring to some clients as girls: it is a feminist heresy. They come so young, snapping gum, sockless and sneakered, and their shakily applied eyeliner smears when they cry. I call them girls with maternal benignity. I cannot

imagine them as mothers.

**T**he doctor seats himself between the woman's thighs and reaches into the dilated opening of a five-month pregnant uterus. Quickly he grabs and crushes the fetus in several places, and the room is filled with a low clatter and snap of forceps, the click of the tanaculum, and a pulling, sucking sound. The paper crinkles as the drugged and sleepy woman shifts, the nurse's low, honey-brown voice explains each step in delicate words.

I have fetus dreams, we all do here: dreams of abortions one after the other; of buckets of blood splashed on the walls; trees full of crawling fetuses. I dreamed that two men grabbed me

and began to drag me away. "Let's do an abortion," they said with a sickening leer, and I began to scream, plunged into a vision of sucking, scraping pain, of being spread and torn by impartial instruments that do only what they are bidden. I woke from this dream barely able to breathe and thought of kitchen tables and coat hangers, knitting needles striped with blood, and women all alone clutching a pillow in their teeth to keep the screams from piercing the apartment-house walls. Abortion is the narrowest edge between kindness and cruelty. Done as well as it can be, it is still violence—merciful violence like putting a suffering animal to death.

Maggie, one of the nurses, received a call at midnight not long ago. It was a woman in her twentieth week of pregnancy; the necessarily gradual process of cervical dilation begun the day before had stimulated labor, as it sometimes does. Maggie and one of the doctors met the woman at the office in the night. Maggie helped her onto the table, and as she lay down the fetus was delivered into Maggie's hands. When Maggie told me about it the next day, she cupped her hand into a small bowl—"It was just like a little kitten," she said softly, wonderingly. "Everything was still attached."

At the end of the day I clean out the suction jars, pouring blood into the sink, splashing the sides with flecks of tissue. From the sink rises a rich and humid smell, hot, earthy, and moldering; it is the smell of something recently alive beginning to decay. I take care of the plastic tub on the floor, filled with pieces too big to be trusted to the trash. The law defines the contents of the bucket I hold protectively against my chest as "tissue." Some would say my complicity in filling that bucket gives me no right to call it anything else. I slip the tissue gently into a bag and place it in the freezer, to be burned at another time. Abortion requires of me an entirely new set of assumptions. It requires a willingness to live with conflict, fearlessness, and grief. As I close the freezer door, I imagine a world where this won't be necessary, and then return to the world where it is. ■



# DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO.58

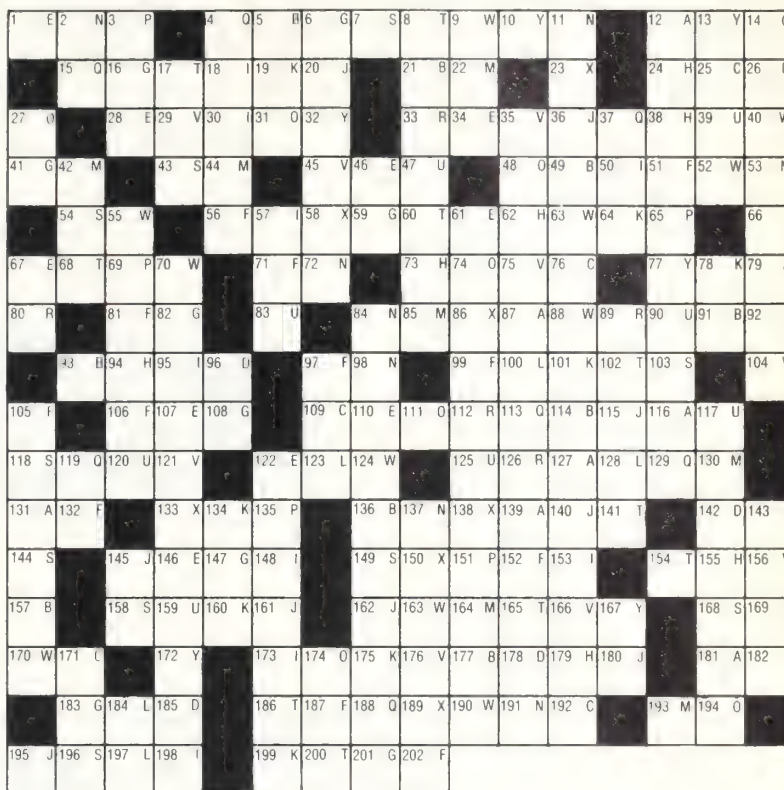
by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 73.

## CLUES

- A. Gradually diminished by persistence (2 wds.) 79 181 116 139 87  
131 12 127
- B. Break in 21 114 157 177 5  
49 91 136 93
- C. Borough of West Riding, Eng., on the Aire River 109 171 25 192 76
- D. Sp. poet and playwright (1898-1936; *Blood Wedding*) 96 185 178 26 142
- E. Mexican volcano also called the Sleeping Woman 107 34 1 61 28 110 46 67  
146 122 92
- F. "The very casques / That did — at Agincourt" (3 wds., Henry V) 51 56 132 152 81 99 106 187  
105 97 202 169 71 182
- G. "A violet by a — / Half hidden from the eye" (2 wds.; Wordsworth, "She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways") 59 6 108 14 147 82 183 201  
41 16
- H. Closely united 62 38 94 179 73 155 24
- I. Wildly dramatic behavior 95 173 153 198 30 18 57 50  
148
- J. Rebellious British youths who affected Edwardian costume (2 wds.) 140 115 20 161 180 162 36 195  
145
- K. Originating from animals (as a disease) 101 175 78 66 19 64 134 160  
199
- L. Eng. author (1903-66; *A Handful of Dust*) 184 100 197 128 123
- M. Unaware 193 42 44 85 130 53 22 164



- N. Anonymity, obscurity 72 137 84 2 191 11 98
- O. Indian deity, Arjuna's teacher in the *Bhagavad Gita* 27 174 31 111 74 194 48
- P. Made a sudden forward thrust 69 151 143 65 3 135
- Q. John Lyly's most famous and durable character 113 37 4 119 188 129 15
- R. Group of three, triad 112 89 126 80 33
- S. Star of a long-running tv show that featured Buffalo Bob Smith (2 wds.) 168 196 118 7 149 103 54 43  
144 158
- T. Zeal 102 154 165 200 8 186 68 17  
141 60
- U. Became less intense (2 wds.) 120 83 117 47 39 159 90 125
- V. Scold, shrew; Socrates's wife 156 104 121 45 29 75 35 176  
166
- W. Useless 40 52 88 190 55 163 7 103  
63 122
- X. Common vacation pastime 58 150 23 189 133 80 133
- Y. Errors, esp. in printing 10 167 32 13 7 17

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S	C	I	A	E	L	A	T	E	R	S	T
N	U	N	K	E	E	L	S	S	W	C	U
E	S	C	W	O	D	I	W	O	E	S	P
S	E	E	K	L	S	A	R	N	W	C	O
N	N	R	I	E	Y	E	W	A	S	H	R
O	O	E	M	B	R	O	G	L	I	O	S
N	N	E	A	O	E	E	E	U	R	O	T
W	N	C	E	N	D	S	S	D	E	L	A
E	K	S	I	H	W	K	A	E	W	Y	R
E	S	R	E	O	S	U	L	E	E	A	V
T	A	W	O	W	I	A	E	L	F	R	E

## NOTES FOR "SEE DIRECTIONS"

Note: The first letter, or first two letters, of each clue answer indicated the direction in which it headed in the diagram (S, SW, etc.).

1. SINCERE, hidden; 2. WASHES, anagram; 3. DEB-ME, reversed; 4. ST(UP)ORS, anagram; 5. ELATERS (ate), anagram; 6. S(W)ORE; 7. E(as)ELS; 8. SEC(RE)T; 8. SWAY BACKED; 9. W-I-DOW(n); 10. SCHOOL YARD(I), anagram; 10. SW(AG)ED(e); 11. SWA(i)NS; 12. SEGUE, hidden; 13. NECTARINE, anagram; 13. NOSE("knows")-B(LE)ED; 14. NE(C...K)ED; 15. NE(WE)L(son); 16. EYEWASH, "I wash"; 17. SIRE(n); 18. EMBROGLIO, anagram & Lit; 19. SCAR(V)ES; 20. NO-N-S-ENSE(anagram); 21. LIEN, reversed; 21. NON(E)SU(anagram)-CH; 22. (kangaro)O-RUE, reversed; 23. WALE-D, E-LAW reversed; 24. NEMESIS, anagram; 25. (off)ENDS; 26. NOBEL, "no belle"; 27. S(WOO)P; 27. AUKS, reversed; 28. SALEM, anagram; 28. SEER-SUCKER; 29. S-E-W-N; 30. WHISKE(R)Y; 31. (t)WEAK; 32. E(r)OS; 33. SID(L)ED; 34. EAVES, "Eve's"; 35. WATER FLEA, anagram.

**SOLUTION TO SEPTEMBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 57).** JOAN BAEZ: AND A VOICE TO SING WITH: Bob Dylan... was fragile as a winter leaf, fidgeting there on the couch in an oversized jacket and new cuff links, and I was Mom. But I was also sister mystic and fellow outlaw, queen to his jack, and a twin underground star. We were living out a myth, slumming it together in the Village.

**CONTEST RULES:** Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 58, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's Magazine*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by October 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the November issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 56 (August) are George Dunn, Indianapolis, Indiana; Johan P. Bakker, Union Lake, Michigan; and Ed Austin, Morgantown, West Virginia.

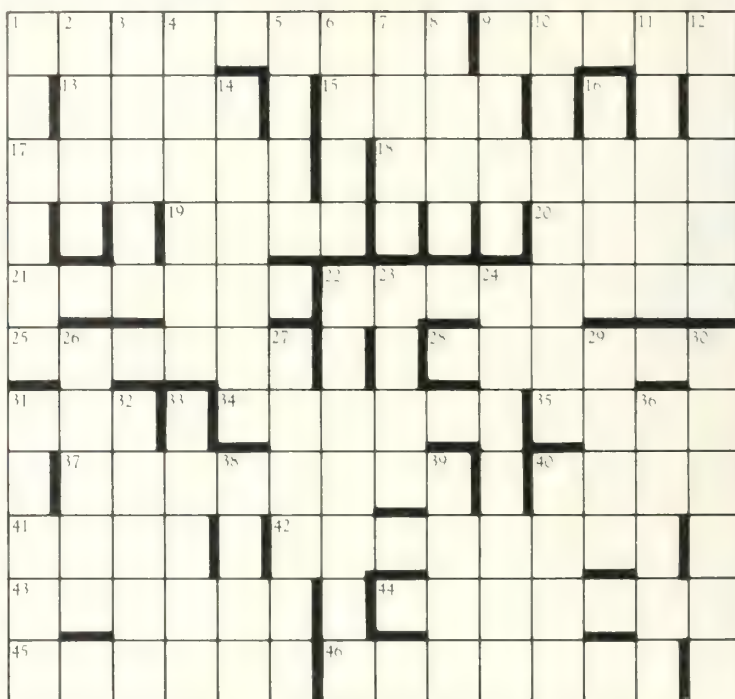
# PUZZLE

## Word Shuffle

by E.R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

**E**ach Down clue consists of two definitions. In the two words defined, one is longer than the other. (Answer lengths of both are given in parentheses.) When one letter is dropped, as many times as it appears, from the longer answer, the shorter answer is revealed. Enter the shorter word in the diagram and put the deleted letter in the nearest shaded square at the top or bottom. When the diagram is completed, a slightly modified six-word quotation from Finley Peter Dunne will be spelled out.

Across clues are normal. Among the clue answers are three proper names, a common phrase, a foreign word, and uncommon words at 41A and 24D (both of them). The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 73.



### Across

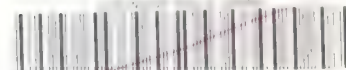
1. Ranch land is turned to make, for instance, a furrow drain (9)
9. Praise a Celt outrageously (5)
13. Protection for tilting post (4)
15. Infatuated with trick article (4)
17. Used wheels, but if on street, walked (6)
18. Much syncopated music has a ring in a confusing mix (7)
19. Female seems partly injured in France (4)
20. One stick cut short to make icehouse (4)
21. Mother ducks, for instance, when Ray and Les get into trouble (6)
22. Stammer awkwardly about love for monkey (8)
25. Rasher's cooked... he'll give you some (6)
28. Tap-iron containing gold, and carbon by ton (6)
31. A lot of grass will give you authority (3)
34. Ordain converts in old Greek (6)
35. Old gold coin, on reflection, makes philosophical contribution (4)
37. Tongue lover consumed in guilt (8)
40. "W.C.N."—he's crazy (4)
41. The yokel's own portion of an escutcheon (4)
42. Strongarm men returned, taking fix like busybodies
43. Stop circulation of oral releases (6)
44. With two ground floors, one left in slant (2-5)
45. Went on a raid without one. That's classified (6)
46. Old movies shot in less time inside (7)

### Down

1. Boy Scout groups oral communications (7/6)
2. Chinese island's weaponry (6/4)
3. Quip as a rule (7/5)
4. It's used to cultivate more quiet (7/6)
5. Eats in bars (6/4)
6. Slight chill (5/4)
7. Trick slip (5/4)
8. Consideration by Jove (6/4)
9. Noble during certain intervals (6/4)
10. Deer with bad teeth (8/7)
11. Was dependent for fish (7/5)
12. Fish test (6/5)
14. Looked, in a raunchy way, intelligent (8/6)
16. African capital's flags (5/4)
22. They discipline servicemen (9/7)
23. Dope, the way it's seen (7/2,2)
24. Monastery steward's clerical vestment (8/7)
26. Teamster or fitter (6/5)
27. Got out of bed! (7/6)
29. Lullaby for a nocturnal animal (5/4)
30. Feel some excitement, like an ineffective WASP (9/6)
31. Banks and heads into the wind (6/5)
32. Fresher waterspout (7/5)
33. Bug put inside (6/5)
36. Boxes for files (6/5)
38. Look, this is thin stuff (5/4)
39. Linen work (5/4)
40. Foreigner's outstanding charge (5/4)

**Contest 2000** Send completed diagram with name and address to "Word Shuffle," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's Magazine*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the December issue. Winners of the August puzzle, "Carte Blanche," are Nancy M. Warren, Berkeley, California; George White, Waban, Massachusetts; and Elizabeth Mattor, Bar Mills, Maine.





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# How nuclear energy can help defuse the next oil crisis



**N**uclear-generated electricity, still the fastest-growing major energy source in America, may be our best defense against another oil crisis.

More and more energy experts are asking the same question: How long before another oil shock torpedoes our economy and threatens our national security?

## Oil turmoil

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- A whopping two-thirds of the world's oil lies under the sands of OPEC nations.

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# LETTERS

## Mr. Reed's Washington Party

How refreshingly lucid, albeit disturbing, was the Washington costume-party article, "Games People Play" [by Fred Reed, *Harper's Magazine*, July], recounting in a deft satire the masquerade of leadership in the last days of the Reagan regime. Reed has put his finger on the intellectual sickness that is bringing down this nation abroad: the Administration's tacit support of "hobbyism"; the private conduct of foreign policy; and officially sanctioned mediocrity in the State Department, civil service, and military. Not only do these dilettantish dullards at the silly soiree epitomize the ideological amateurishness of our cockeyed foreign policy, they symbolize the idiocy that has made the once respected United States of America the laughingstock of the post-Vietnam era. How long can we tolerate junior colonels making deals with manicured madmen in Iran?

Our former enemies, the Japanese, have painfully learned the dangers of incompetence, anti-professionalism, and official irresponsibility. When a JAL jet crashed a few years ago the head of that government-sponsored airline took full responsibility—and resigned immediately. Even the Soviets had the good sense to fire their top defense ministers after a young West German penetrated their highly touted frontier surveillance system. Only

in America does an ambassador escape culpability when marines escort spies through our embassy and commanders go unpunished when 240 marines die in Lebanon because their barracks were not secure. Alas, the vast majority of Americans—victims of an inept educational system and of watching too much television—make soap-opera heroes of appointed incompetents such as Oliver North, Elliott Abrams, George Shultz, and Edwin Meese.

Michael Passariello  
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

With the publication of "Games People Play," Fred Reed won't have to worry about receiving any more invitations to Washington parties. Now he can spend his evenings in the company he clearly prefers, his own, doing what he does so well: contemplating his own superiority.

Mary Ellen Reese  
Washington, D.C.

Fred Reed's article, "Games People Play," offers your readers enough snide comments and personal attacks to know that something is wrong with the author. Perhaps he seldom gets a chance to see normal people letting their hair down and having fun. Perhaps he doesn't get invited to many parties. Reed mentions that during the merriment, "I wrapped myself around my drink for security..." Well, that really says it all.

Having attended the party he describes, I can tell you that Reed's cynical ramblings are inaccurate. He describes a kitchen that was "overly

*Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.*



pacious," implying that his diatribe is aimed at the well-to-do. In fact, the kitchen is of moderate size and his hosts are not wealthy: they are generous and loving people who, since that party, have sheltered two wounded Afghan freedom fighters.

The woman whom Reed trashes for being "dressed like an inflatable boat" is a kind person who often helps those in need. She is a former stewardess, currently a secretary, and not at all an affluent featherhead. As for her maternal instincts," she has been responsible for sending a considerable amount of medical and humanitarian supplies to the Afghans. One of those recuperating at her house is eighteen years old and had been fighting for years. His hands were blown off when he tried to defuse a Soviet explosive. I'm certain he appreciates that the lady dressed as an inflatable boat cares about him.

Although Reed has something nasty to say about everybody who came into his sight that night, his perceptions of the party are distorted and inaccurate. Perhaps Reed should unwrap himself from his drink and tighten up.

Dana Rohrabacher  
Washington, D.C.

Although I have been in Washington for almost six years, I have never attended a costume party with Republicans dressed as giant clams. Fred Reed is lucky to have been asked.

Reed seems to deplore the existence of what he calls hobbyism in government. Does this include Congress? He claims an administration is made up of people who "have no particular qualities other than a consuming desire to be obviously important." He may be right or wrong depending on the individual. But I have noticed that "Very Important People" at parties are often unapproachable because they are usually surrounded by a clump of media people, which certainly encourages the obvious importance of the individual. I'd like to hear more about this symbiotic relationship.

Sondra Gotlieb  
Washington, D.C.

## TWO WINNERS PICK THE BEST



Photo Credit: Tom McFaster

**Gay Talese**, essayist, critic, and novelist, demonstrates a taste for the risky, the provocative, and the unexpected in his selections for *The Best American Essays 1987*. Here is Robert Stone on cocaine, Richard Ben Cramer on Ted Williams, Phyllis Rose on tools of torture—and result is a feast of spicy food for thought. Robert Atwan is the series editor. A Ticknor & Fields book

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# Aural Fixations

Bernard Holland's piece on the new musical ecology brought forth by the availability of inexpensive recordings ["A New and Awful Silence," *Harper's Magazine*, July] is the first I have read which goes beyond carping about yet another version of Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons*. Composers in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries knew that few of their works would be given repeat performances, hence their willingness to use every musical effect at their disposal.

Listening to the same music over and over does require some accommodation. In particular, the big Romantic works need careful rationing if they are to retain any meaning to our ears. Rarely experienced caviar remains a treat; eaten at every meal, it becomes vapid and finally repugnant. The tonal cathedral which is each's B minor Mass must rise out of an aural countryside of silences if it is to inspire our awe on successive listenings.

The current state of technology necessitates that we begin to impose limits on our aesthetic appetites. I can no longer listen freshly to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. When my young daughter asks to hear the "Fate knocking at the Door" theme, I start recording and leave the room. Perhaps in several years I will essay another listening, with the awareness that I have only a few more opportunities to experience Beethoven's insights before that selfsame Fate knocks for me.

Jim Braudt  
Hubbuck, Tex.

"A New and Awful Silence" sounds sincere but is unconvincing. It may be true for Bernard Holland that good music is being overplayed and consequently underappreciated, but music is not like the dollar: an increase in supply does not depreciate its value.

Like Holland, Brahms's music has played a special role in my life. When I was seventeen, I remember thanking Providence for the turntable and record collection at my disposal. I

must have listened to the Second Symphony and the Clarinet Quintet sixty times that year.

Unlike Holland, I do not live in New York City but in Miami where there is a dearth of orchestras, opera companies, and chamber groups. This city even lacks a subway platform for starving violinists.

As far as music is concerned, I am glad to be living in the technologically advanced twentieth century. With the help of records and compact discs, Brahms, Beethoven, and Glass can be appreciated without the benefit of easy access to Lincoln Center.

Holland has the luxury of being a music critic in one of the world's cultural centers and if he is saddened by the overabundance of sound, maybe his best option would be to put himself in my shoes: attend one or two concerts a year and cherish all the records and radio stations available.

Mark Rennella  
Miami

Bernard Holland implies that the only serious music is classical music; this sours for him any chance to explore the textures and rhythms of other forms.

The problem is that classical music is dying. This assertion should be met with joy since it opens the way for new sounds to be created.

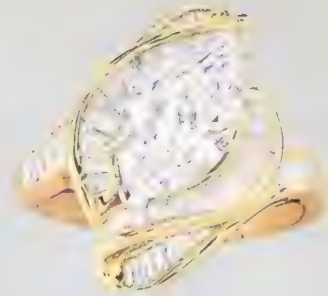
Classical music lacks an imaginative, responsive collaboration with all its participants; that is the quagmire underlying its demise. Why should the conductor be the only one to express himself, while the other musicians labor within a structure that stifles creativity?

The life of music is the sound of all musicians playing an equally important role, one dedicated to self-sacrifice in search of the unique quality music can bring. It can be found if the musicians are receptive to it.

Mik Dietlin  
Torrance, Calif.

# Sex and the Single Animal

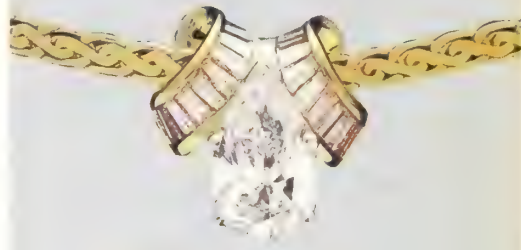
I beg to disagree with Mark Twain's statement concerning masturbation that "The monkey is the only animal



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except man that practices this science" [Readings, "Mark Twain on the Safest Sex," *Harper's Magazine*, October].

I live on a farm, where it is not uncommon to see cattle, horses, and hogs (most often the males) contort themselves into implausible positions whose aim can hardly be misconstrued. Although their efforts appear to leave these animals dangling in a state somewhat short of fulfillment, my buck goat has devised a remarkable technique for achieving orgasm. With astonishing grace and a refreshing lack of inhibition, he substitutes his mouth for a hand: your basic male, no frills.

Jane Williamson  
Londonderry, Vt.

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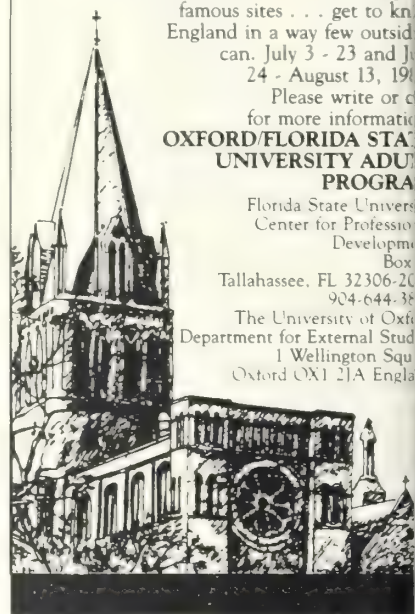
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**TRUE CHARACTER IS REVEALED WHEN**





**COME FACE TO FACE WITH ADVERSITY.**

# NOTEBOOK

## Potomac fever By Lewis H. Lapham

*What grimaces, what capers, leaps and chuckles prime ministers, presidents and kings must indulge in, in the privacy of their bedrooms, so as to avenge their systems on the daylong strain imposed on them!*

—Valéry, *Tel Quel*

With the onset of the presidential campaigning season, Nicolson falls victim to one of the common delusions of his trade. On most days of most seasons Nicolson goes dutifully about the task of writing newspaper editorials meant to keep the country safe from Communists and fleas. But in the autumn of every fourth year, when the weather turns cold and the public-opinion polls move their rigs north into New Hampshire, Nicolson imagines that he was born to be a statesman instead of a journalist.

Most journalists worthy of their rank suffer low-grade and chronic symptoms of the same pathology, but in Nicolson the affliction takes a peculiarly virulent form. During the worst of his seizures he believes he would enjoy being President of the United States. His hands sweat and he thinks he hears the cheering of crowds. He broods about the ingratitude of a society that places so much of its trust and so many of its helicopters at the disposal of dolts. His humor turns choleric and he wonders why nobody asks him to make commencement speeches.

Fortunately for his wife and children (who otherwise might be condemned to a sequence of forced marches through the nation's shopping malls), Nicolson has the wit to

know that unless he takes severe measures he would end like one of those garrulous derelicts sometimes seen explaining their geopolitical theories to ash cans in the park. Several years ago Nicolson devised a list of questions intended to restore his sense of democratic proportion. He presents the list to obliging friends with the instruction that they conduct the interrogation in a matter-of-fact voice appropriate to the reading of a catechism or police report.

When Nicolson showed up in the office the other day it was obvious that he had not been having an easy autumn. A tall and stoop-shouldered man, who once walked from Panama to Mexico City, he seemed drawn and pale, his eyes clouded by a distant stare. He pushed the familiar typescript across the desk and then, without saying a word, settled himself uncomfortably in a chair. After taking a few moments to light his cigarette, he indicated with a laconic nodding of his head that he was ready to answer questions. I began, as always, at the top of page one.

*What is it that Presidents do?*

They keep up appearances and wear the iron masks of power. They tell the necessary lies with which other, more high-minded men would rather not incriminate themselves.

*What is the condition of a President's existence?*

Fragmented and incoherent. Somebody is always tugging at his sleeve, trying his patience, and nibbling at his time. He's lucky if he can remem-

ber his name, much less the capital of France.

*With whom do Presidents consort?*

Mostly with the kind of people that decent citizens choose to avoid—with flatterers, office seekers, crooked lawyers, assassins, touts, arms merchants.

*Do Presidents understand the workings of modern science?*

No.

*Of weapons and languages?*

No.

*Of art or culture?*

No.

*Do Presidents possess extraordinary gifts of wisdom or perception?*

On the contrary, their ignorance is their strength. If they knew what they were doing they would find it impossible to act.

*How would you describe a presidential election?*

An ordeal by klieg light.

*How does the electorate reach its judgment?*

On the basis of the single slogan or facial expression that the audience can be counted upon to remember for more than fifteen minutes, because of the color of the candidate's tie or the nervousness of his hands.

*Name the attributes of a winning candidate.*

Stamina, courage, energy, and a



strong stomach. The candidate must travel thousands of miles, bear the insults of ill-informed experts, eat the food in Holiday Inns, submit to the charade of a debate, answer (in twenty words or less) questions that cannot be answered in a hundred-thousand words, display under all circumstances and any weather not the least sign of fear or disgust.

*What is the cost of a President's ambition?*

Ruinous and of two kinds. First, the cost to the nation. Presidents must be seen doing great deeds, and these inevitably require huge sums of money. The waste is as colossal as the President's appetite for praise.

Second, the heavy tax on the lives of the people in the President's immediate vicinity. The governor of even a small New England state marks the passage of his career with an emotional desolation as bleak as the wreckage behind the caravans of Genghis Khan. Look into the face of a candidate's wife, and you look into an abyss.

*List the attributes of a successful President.*

Selfishness and a cold egoism. A willingness to sacrifice other people's interests to one's own. Also a talent for dissimulation, a capacity to endure boredom and to turn one's back on the unlucky or unsuccessful. Better the man who can order the incineration of cities with a cozy smile than the man who worries about the death of whales.

*What is the President's reward for these crimes against conscience and humanity?*

Applause, the servility of all those who approach him, a lot of space in the papers, and a lot of time on television. Also the comfort implicit in a surrounding din of gossip, sirens, cheering, and noise.

*What does a President hope to achieve? Toward what vision of the future does he push his way through the crowd?*

He doesn't know. He moves instinctively deeper into the labyrinth of his megalomania, snuffling toward the scent of something more—more

weapons, more friends, more secrets, more lies, more power.

*Why should we feel grateful for the services of men blessed with such a monstrous appetite and rare pathology?*

What other kind of men could bear the weight of our expectation?

At this point Nicolson's eyes had begun to clear. His expression seemed less furtive, his voice more

confident and kind. There were a few additional questions on his list, but Nicolson indicated that the delusion had passed; for the time being at least he could follow the political news without feelings of envy or resentment. Happy to be relieved of his burden, he picked up his text and went off to write what he referred to as "a pawky, God-fearing, patriotic sort of piece" for the Sunday edition. ■

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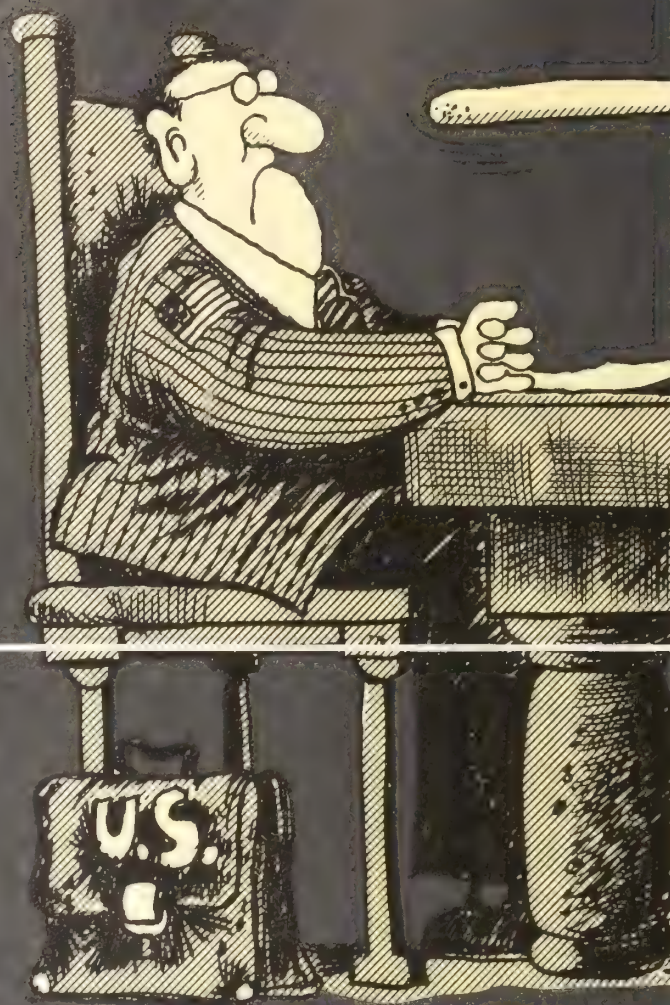
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\* A recent study by the Human Performance Laboratory at the Oregon Health Sciences University found exercisers using the patented Hill Profile interval program for 10 weeks had 60% more cardiorespiratory improvement than exercisers using the steady-pace program on identical equipment, both groups training 43 minutes, four times a week.



Mon.

Tues.



Thurs.

Fri.

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Every week there's a page in Newsweek that takes a lighter look at some heavy subjects.

It's a page called Perspectives. A gathering of cartoons and comments on issues close around us and on people and events

that we might otherwise take too seriously.

Sometimes witty, often biting, always revealing, Perspectives brings our readers statements overheard in hallways or on the airwaves, material spotted in newspapers

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It's this variety of opinion and viewpoint that makes Newsweek different from



What arms  
violations?

Wed.



Sat.



other newsweeklies. Like our economics specialist, Robert H. Samuelson. And our consumer affairs expert, Jane Bryant Quinn. Or columnists Meg Greenfield and George Will. They're another reason Newsweek readers know that

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for people who like to smoke...

# *New* LIGHTS BOX

A black and white photograph of a man and a woman sitting on a leather sofa. The man, on the left, is wearing a light-colored suit jacket, a white shirt, and a dark tie. He is looking up and to the right with a slight smile. The woman, on the right, is wearing a green dress and is holding a cigarette in her right hand, looking down at it. In the foreground, two packs of Benson &amp; Hedges Lights cigarettes are visible. The pack on the left is white with green and gold accents, labeled 'BENSON &amp; HEDGES 100's Lights MENTHOL PARK AVENUE NEW YORK'. The pack on the right is yellow with green and gold accents, labeled 'BENSON &amp; HEDGES 100's Lights PARK AVENUE NEW YORK'. A small white ashtray is on the table in front of the man. In the bottom left corner of the photo, there is a small vertical text: '© Philip Morris Inc. 1987'.

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# HARPER'S INDEX

- Total number of days spent by presidential candidates in Iowa since March 1985 : 544
- Amount the Republican Party raised in 1985 and 1986 for every \$1 raised by the Democratic Party : \$4.86
- In the first six months of 1987 : \$3.60
- Amount the Pentagon budgeted for Star Wars research in 1987 : \$3,500,000,000
- Amount it budgeted for basic technology research for the Army, Navy, and Air Force : \$3,233,000,000
- Number of computer, radar, and systems maintenance technicians employed by the FAA in 1978 : 11,000
- Today : 5,500
- Percentage of high-school students who say the telephone was invented after 1950 : 10
- Percentage who cannot name the region of the country William Faulkner wrote about : 67
- Percentage change in Ku Klux Klan membership since 1980 : - 50
- Expert witnesses listed in the *Lawyer's Desk Reference* in 1970 : 500
- Today : 3,500
- Amount lawyers spent advertising on TV in 1986 : \$47,000,000
- Percentage of doctors who say it is not unethical to refuse care to an AIDS patient : 27
- Reported cases of rectal gonorrhea in San Francisco in 1980 : 5,098
- In 1986 : 390
- Percentage of doctors who are union members : 10
- After-tax income of the average female-headed household in 1980 : \$10,858
- In 1985 : \$10,309
- Tuition for a week at the Dollars & Sense management camp for teenagers in Florida : \$600
- Skills and concepts a child should know before entering kindergarten, according to World Book : 105 (see page 24)
- Copies of *Little Black Sambo* sold in the United States in 1986 : 12,900
- Cases of child pornography investigated by the federal government in 1982 : 82
- In 1986 : 179
- Number of public officials charged with corruption by the federal government in 1986 : 916
- Number of people who listen to the Watergate tapes at the National Archives in an average week : 12
- Total number of hours the Grateful Dead has played "Dark Star" in concert : 46
- Percentage decrease in the number of people arrested for possession of marijuana in 1986 : 20
- Percentage change, since 1977, in per capita consumption of white bread : - 30
- Rank of Israel, Saudi Arabia, and the United States in per capita consumption of poultry : 1, 2, 3
- Black-market price of ten pounds of lean meat in Romania (in cartons of Kent cigarettes) : 1
- Liters of vodka drunk in the Soviet Union in 1984 : 2,577,000,000
- In 1986 : 1,386,000,000
- Wild turkeys in the United States in 1940 : 20,000
- Today : 2,500,000
- Amount paid at auction for the hunting permit to kill one bighorn sheep in Montana in 1987 : \$109,000
- Price of a .44 Magnum pistol issued to commemorate the Constitution's anniversary : \$1,295 (see page 21)
- Price of a leather filoFax insert to hold condoms : \$34
- New uses for Velcro suggested each week by the public to Velcro USA : 4

*Figures cited are the latest available as of September 1987. Sources are listed on page 8.*  
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# READINGS

[Essay]

## GORBACHEV: THE GREAT COUNTER-REFORMER

*From "Gorbachev's Counter-Reformation," by Adam Michnik, published simultaneously in the summer issues of END: Journal of European Nuclear Disarmament and the East European Reporter. Michnik, an historian, is one of Solidarity's leading theoreticians. Since martial law was declared in 1981, he has been jailed several times by the Polish government. Translated by Pat Hunt and Jonathan Koziol.*

**W**ho is Gorbachev? Reformer or dissembler? A politician who knows that the Great Reform is an essential precondition for strengthening the Soviet state? Or a skillful demagogue who understands that the pretense of reform is necessary to counter international political trends unfavorable to the Soviet Union?

The whole world is asking itself these questions today. Poles are too.

In general, Poles view events in the Soviet Union with more caution than optimism. Lech Walesa said to me: "In twenty-five years as an electrician I have had to tighten and loosen many screws. I only ever broke one screw I was tightening, but I've broken a few hundred of those which I was trying to loosen. And Gorbachev is constantly loosening screws..."

Jacek Kuron, a founder of KOR (Committee for Workers' Resistance) and a Solidarity adviser, is more optimistic. In his view, Gorbachev's attempts at reform put him in conflict

with his own governing apparatus. Because of this Gorbachev will have to turn toward public opinion for support of his reforms. This conflict, however, will inevitably foster pluralism in both Soviet society and the other nations of its empire.

But I wonder: Is Gorbachev really a reformer?

Leszek Kolakowski's interpretation of the concept of counter-reformation may be useful in understanding Gorbachev's program. Counter-reformation, according to Kolakowski, both rejects reformist criticism and assimilates it in order to adapt traditional structures to changed conditions. Counter-reformation is therefore not a restoration of the pre-reformation order, but an attempt to restructure institutions from within, employing self-criticism to incorporate values created outside the institution. Once incorporated, these values cease to be revolutionary and hostile.

If one assumes that Solidarity was a great movement of reform in the orbit of Communist civilization, Gorbachev deserves the title of the Great Counter-Reformer. His reform from above—counter-reformation—is an attempt to save the Communist system.

By successfully organizing workers against the Communist state, Solidarity deprived Communism of its basic legitimacy. It proved that transcending bureaucratic doctrine is a precondition for positive change, as is the rejection of the leading role of the Communist Party and the establishment of a democratic society.

Gorbachev, made wiser by the Polish experience, seeks to save Communism from being exposed as it was here; to this end he has produced a bundle of ideas and solutions. Lifted out of op-

positional writings and incorporated into the program of the Soviet Communist Party, these ideas lose their unambiguously anti-totalitarian edge. The partial paralysis of Soviet dissidents today testifies to Gorbachev's skill; their spokespeople feel compelled to stress continuously that the changes in the Soviet Union are a propagandistic sham. But they are not a sham.

Gorbachev is not a dissembler: he is a counter-reformer.

But this counter-reformation—and here I agree with both Walesa and Kuron—can have far-reaching consequences for the Soviet Union. Working under the pressure of economic necessity and in conflict with the conservative power apparatus, Gorbachev is pushing the Soviet Union down the road of change, and the consequences of this are impossible to foresee. Yet the knowledge of what happened in Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland, China (where reform led to the dismissal of the Party's General Secretary), and Yugoslavia can only hold him back.

For Gorbachev, change is as unavoidable as it is risky. Without change the Soviet empire is threatened with internal decay; on the other hand, its implementation might open a Pandora's box. All the demons of Soviet Communism could take their revenge for the years of silence. It is therefore impossible to predict the condition in which the Soviet Union will find itself in the next several years.

Nevertheless, it is possible to formulate criteria by which these changes can be assessed. There is only one criterion by which to assess political goals: respect for human rights.

The release of several hundred prisoners, the surprising, albeit incomplete, rehabilitation of Andrei Sakharov—these are important signals that something is indeed changing for the better.

Politics is slowly replacing the police; political dialogue is slowly replacing repression. An extension of independent space in the realm of culture, *glasnost* in information—these are the first important steps in establishing true public opinion.

These changes, however, have an obvious limit: one must support the policies of Mikhail Gorbachev, his call for economic and social restructuring, for *perestroika*. The crucial test for *perestroika* will come when *perestroika* itself faces criticism. Only then will it be clear whether we are witnessing a process of democratization in the Soviet Union, or whether this is just a Potemkin village—a democratic facade with totalitarian foundations.

What will *perestroika* bring for Poland? Unlike Czechoslovakia, no one in Poland will appear in public with the slogan "We want Gorbachev." The Polish situation is different, for

here there is a powerful independent Catholic church; here there has been, for ten years, an independent public sphere and independent institutions. Positive change in Poland depends on a dialogue between the Communist authorities and these institutions. The changes in the Soviet Union can of course have an important effect on this dialogue.

Western public opinion was understandably impressed when uncensored interviews with Margaret Thatcher and Zbigniew Brzezinski appeared in the Soviet press and on Soviet television. For the Poles, however, the proverbial swallow that heralds spring was the Soviet publication of an interview with the Polish Primate, Jozef Cardinal Glemp.

For the first time it was officially recognized in the Soviet Union that there is a powerful institution in Poland that is independent of the state apparatus and enjoys general respect in society. For the first time it was made clear that for the Soviet Union there is in Poland a partner for dialogue other than the Communist *nomenklatura*.

Such events are important. They pose new questions for political thinking in Poland. For it is not out of the question that the Muscovite counter-reformation will open some sort of new perspective for the Poles. It is not at all absurd to hope for a transformation of Polish-Soviet relations, to expect that the conflict will become a dialogue.

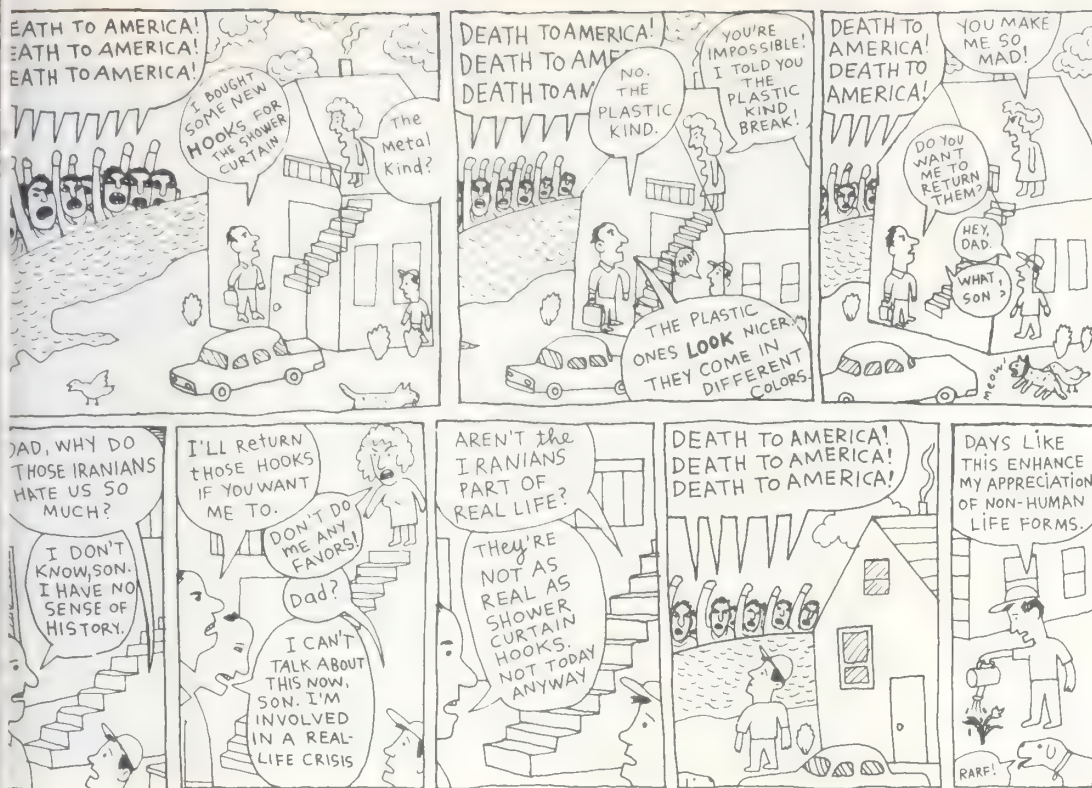
If the Soviet leaders are considering variations of a new order in Eastern Europe, then one can be sure that Jaruzelski will hold Solidarity up to them as a movement of people who believe that "the only good Russian is a dead one." This lie must again and again be exposed as such by Solidarity.

Let us try to sum up: the Muscovite counter-reformation can open the way to a new approach—to thinking of political compromise as a means of regulating social conflicts within the socialist countries and in Polish-Russian relations. It is not unreasonable to hope for such a form of compromise, although it should also be remembered that the totalitarian essence of Soviet institutions remains untouched.

Does the gradual and peaceful evolution of the Soviet Union toward democratic forms present a real chance for the world? Is "real Communism" flexible enough to permit the existence of independent public opinion? And will not the Soviet reformers pull back in fear when faced with the natural demands of its oppressed peoples for more freedom—of the Ukrainians, the Georgians, the Lithuanians, the Estonians, the Kazans, and many others?

Our hope grapples with despair. But how can we live without hope?





From The Village Voice.

[Advertisement]

## PRAISE MADISON AND PASS THE AMMUNITION

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Each gun in the Collector's Edition is polished and blued to a rich, gloss-black finish. The hammer, trigger, and front and rear sights are plated with pure 24-karat gold, and the deep etching is gold-gilt infilled. Only 950 will be made; each is serially numbered with the prefix CC for "Constitution Commemorative."

This is a firing handgun that could be used to



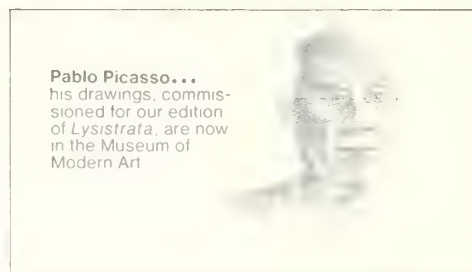
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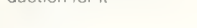
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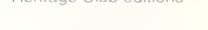
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[List]

## CUTTING IT IN KINDERGARTEN

From a press kit for the *Early World of Learning*, "a big box of creative play opportunities," sold by World Book. In a recent survey sponsored by the encyclopedia publisher, teachers identified 105 skills and concepts that a child should know before entering kindergarten. According to Dr. D. Keith Osborn, a professor of child development who directed the survey, "It would be useful if parents helped children acquire certain readiness skills necessary to maximize the educational experience offered by the school." Below are some of the skills and concepts a kindergarten student should possess. World Book sells the *Early World of Learning* for \$249.

### SIZE

Understands big and little  
Understands long and short

### COLORS AND SHAPES

Recognizes and names primary colors  
Recognizes circles  
Recognizes rectangles

### NUMBERS

Counts orally one to ten  
Understands empty and full  
Understands more and less

### READING READINESS

Knows what a letter is  
Has been read to frequently  
Has been read to daily  
Identifies parts of the body  
Knows common farm and zoo animals  
Identifies other children by name  
Understands that print carries a message  
Pretends to read

### POSITION AND DIRECTION

Understands up and down  
Understands in and out  
Understands front and back  
Understands top, bottom, middle  
Understands beside and next to  
Understands hot and cold  
Understands fast and slow

### TIME

Understands day and night  
Knows age and birthday

### MOTOR SKILLS

Is able to run  
Is able to walk a straight line  
Is able to jump  
Is able to hop  
Is able to alternate feet walking down stairs  
Is able to march  
Is able to walk backwards five feet  
Is able to throw a ball  
Pastes objects  
Claps hands  
Is able to button  
Is able to zip  
Controls pencil and crayon well  
Handles scissors well

### SOCIAL-EMOTIONAL DEVELOPMENT

Takes care of toilet needs independently  
Feels good about self  
Is not afraid to go to school  
Knows full name  
Knows how to use a handkerchief or tissue  
Knows own sex  
Asks to go to school  
Knows parents' names  
Enters into dinner-table conversation  
Gets along well with other children  
Recognizes authority  
Talks easily  
Likes teachers

[Anecdote]

## ONE QUESTION

By Mark Salzman. Salzman is the author of *Iron and Silk*, an account of a year spent teaching English and studying martial arts in China. "One Question" was included in a presentation Salzman gave in July at the Yale University Art Gallery.

**I**n 1985, on my way south after participating in a *wushu* (Chinese martial arts) competition in northern China, I spent several days on a sacred mountain in Hunan Province. One of my *wushu* teachers, a devout Buddhist, asked me to burn incense for him in the temple located at the top of the mountain. He also mentioned that the abbot of the temple, a distinguished old fellow, was quite good at martial arts, and that I should speak to him if the opportunity presented itself.

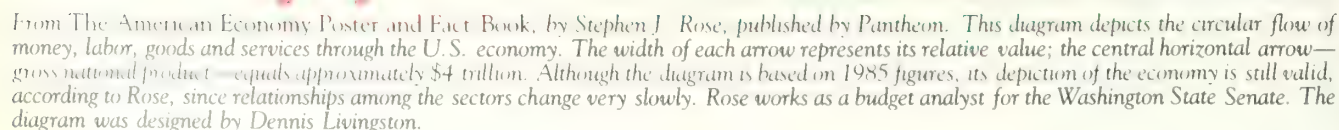
On my way up the mountain a miserable storm developed. By the time I made it to the temple I was soaking wet, had a pounding headache, and ran a considerable fever. Two elderly







## CHARTING THE U.S. ECONOMY



me to rest. As soon as they left the room I took three aspirin, and within an hour I felt quite comfortable.

The ladies returned to check on me and, pleased with my recovery, began to ask where I was from and what brought me to the mountain in such bad weather. When I told them about burning incense at the temple for my teacher, they seemed touched and promised to introduce me to the abbot the next day.

In the morning they called on me and said that the abbot could see me, but only for a few minutes as he was just now preparing for a trip. We walked to the temple, where I dutifully burned some incense—to the vast amusement



of the crowd of Chinese pilgrims there—then the ladies showed me into a small waiting room lined with ancient wooden cabinets containing Buddhist texts. After a brief wait, the abbot entered and saluted me with his palms pressed together.

He was everything I could have wanted in an abbot—old, bald, dressed in robes, and he had a long white beard. He sat down opposite me at a low table, and a young assistant poured tea for us. After a short prayer, he sipped at his tea, then asked if there was anything I would like to know about the temple. I asked a few questions about the history of the temple, how he came to be abbot there, and about his *wushu* practice. He seemed pleased that I was interested in these things, and gave me very detailed, animated answers. After twenty minutes or so the assistant quietly reminded the abbot that he had to hurry if he wanted to catch his bus. The abbot nodded, then turned back to me. “Can I ask you a question?” he asked, suddenly looking very serious. “Of course,” I answered, and I became strangely nervous. What would this man, who had spent a lifetime in solitary contemplation on a sacred mountaintop in China, possibly want to ask me?

He leaned across the table as if he didn’t want to be overheard, and pointed an accusing finger at me. “What did you people do to President Nixon, anyway? He really understood the international situation. He was a friend of China, you know.”

[Telegram]

## REGAN AND THE RUG MERCHANTS

*From a telegram sent to former White House Chief of Staff Donald Regan by Allan Furman, president of the Oriental Rug Retailers of America, after Regan’s testimony before the Iran-contra committees in July. ORRA has received no reply from Regan.*

TO: Donald Regan, care of Howard Baker, chief of staff, White House

As President of the Oriental Rug Retailers of America (ORRA) and on behalf of our membership, I hereby request an apology for your disparaging remarks during recent Senate hearings regarding being snookered again by rug merchants. Your statement was thoughtless and implies distrust of all rug merchants and especially our membership. ORRA, a seventeen-year-old professional organization and a collective indus-

try voice, is dedicated to being a source of ethical and reliable consumer information. We would appreciate having your response to read to our delegates at our annual dinner, Thursday, August 6, at the Chicago Hilton.

[Dialogue]

## REVISING LENIN’S LEGACY

*From “Transcripts of History: Political Testament,” by Fyodor Burlatsky, in the July 22 issue of Literaturnaya Gazeta, a Moscow weekly. This imaginary debate between two brothers recapitulates the political struggle that took place in the Soviet Union after Lenin’s death. Petr espouses the Stalinist view that Lenin’s New Economic Policy (NEP) should be abandoned and the country forcibly industrialized. Aleksey makes the argument of Nikolai Bukharin, Stalin’s opponent in the Politburo, who felt that the market-oriented, gradual programs of the NEP should be continued. Bukharin was expelled from the Party in 1929 and executed in 1938. Burlatsky, a journalist and a scholar, concludes: “Now that the Party and people are carrying out a radical restructuring of society, it is important to remember the reasoning and the arguments that were put forward when socialism was just beginning to take shape.” Petr and Aleksey’s father, a farmer, is also present during the discussion. Translated by the Foreign Broadcast Information Service.*

FATHER: Aleksey, will you explain what kind of socialism Lenin laid down in his later writings?

ALEKSEY: Cooperatives, that is first. Two, development of industry. Three, democracy as opposed to bureaucracy. Four, collective leadership of the Party—that is the most important thing.

FATHER: And what do the others want?

ALEKSEY: Superindustrialization in the city. Forced collectivization of the countryside. The cult of one-man leadership in the Party. Lenin made no mention of any of that.

PETR: Enough of these lies! He has not said the main thing, Dad! He wants to drag out the NEP till the end of the century. It is time to uproot capitalism now.

ALEKSEY: Just look around you. What was the country like right after the Civil War? And what has it become in just a few years? Nobody expected it. We have surpassed pre-revolutionary production levels. The peasant lives better today. In the city, the workday has been reduced to seven hours and wages are higher.

[Lay Line]

## 'WHO'S HAD WHO'

From *Who's Had Who*, by Simon Bell, Richard Curtis, and Helen Fielding, published in England by Faber and Faber. *Who's Had Who* is a collection of "lay lines," which the book defines as "lines of people who have lain with each other and not just fallen asleep." The authors have compiled annotated lay lines using the best available evidence of romantic liaisons, or "rogers," from the time of Henry VIII to the present. Below is a lay line that connects, by 79 "rogers" over 450 years, Henry VIII and Sarah Ferguson.

Henry VIII  
Catherine Parr  
Lord Seymour  
Elizabeth I  
Second Earl of Essex  
Penelope Devereux  
Charles Blount  
Elizabeth Paulet  
Robert Devereux  
Frances Howard  
James I  
George Villiers  
Anna Maria Brudenell  
Harry Killigrew  
Barbara Villiers  
Charles II  
Louise de Kéroualle  
Louis XIV  
Mlle. de Fantagues  
Prince Radzini  
Miss Chudleigh  
Duke of Hamilton  
Miss Gunning  
Lord Coventry  
Mme. de Pompadour  
Louis XV  
Madame du Barry  
Comte Jean du Barry  
Desirée Clary  
Napoléon Bonaparte  
Empress Marie Louise  
King Joachim  
or  
Caroline of Brunswick  
George IV  
Lord Hertford  
Lady Hertford  
Marchesa di  
Castiglioni  
Napoléon III  
Lady Blessington

Franz Liszt  
Lola Montez  
Victor Hugo  
Sarah Bernhardt  
Edward VII  
La Belle Otero  
Raoul Dufy  
Fernande Olivier  
Pablo Picasso  
Eva Gouel  
Leo Stein  
Gertrude Stein  
Alice B. Toklas  
Mercedes D'Acosta  
Marlene Dietrich  
Douglas Fairbanks Jr.  
Joan Crawford  
Clark Gable  
Ava Gardner  
Sir Gordon White  
Vanessa Llewellyn  
Dai Llewellyn  
Tessa Dahl  
Peter Sellers  
Britt Ekland  
Rod Stewart  
Sabrina Guinness  
Mick Jagger  
Bianca Jagger  
Ryan O'Neal  
Mia Farrow  
Frank Sinatra  
Carol White  
Warren Beatty  
Viviane Ventura  
Omar Sharif  
Barbra Streisand  
Elliott Gould  
Vicki Hodge  
Prince Andrew  
Sarah Ferguson

PETR: You always paint a rosy picture. You always see the NEP in bright colors. But the fact that we have more than a million unemployed—how do you regard that? We tried to achieve communism with a cavalry charge. It did not come off, so we withdrew. Well, we have reformed and retrained, and now we are on the attack again. Otherwise we will slip imperceptibly back into a bourgeois society.

ALEKSEY: The NEP is a serious, long-term project. It is the path to socialism, and a vaccine against bureaucratization.

PETR: And what happens to communism, does that not worry you? There are 25 million peasant households. In the cities, craftsmen manufacture nearly one-third of all industrial goods and half of all basic household goods. And in trade? Here the private trader rules the roost. This is okay? Who is advancing on whom—communism on capitalism, or capitalism on communism?

ALEKSEY: What do you mean by communism, or rather socialism? State control?

PETR: State ownership, more accurately. There can be no discussion about that. We are communists—that means we are enemies of private property.

ALEKSEY: It is not as simple as you think. There is still property to be managed: Who will do this and how? Only the leaders? Or the leaders together with the ordinary people?

PETR: Do you think we are striving just for our own sake? Of course it is for the people.

ALEKSEY: And have you asked the people what they want? The peasants, for instance?

PETR: A peasant is a small-property owner. Land, livestock, plow, the grain he harvests—he makes it all his own property.

ALEKSEY: And what should be done about that?

PETR: It is obvious. The peasant will have to get rid of his property. Otherwise there can be no communism.

ALEKSEY: There is an alternative. Lenin said outright that the socialist system is a system of voluntary cooperatives in the city and in the countryside. He proposed a gradual cooperativization, a slow gathering of resources that would enable us to dismount the peasant's horse and mount the industrial horse.

PETR: The Five-Year Plan, that is our method. After two or three Five-Year Plans, our industry will be as good as Germany's or France's.

ALEKSEY: The Plan? Well, that is fine. You expect in five years to increase the volume of capital investment in industry by three- or fourfold... superindustrialization. What does "super" mean? Over and above the real potential? Over and above common sense? Or over and above the truth?

PETR: You keep twisting things.



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ALEKSEY: So we twist things? Well, you talk straight about the expropriation of peasant farms.

PETR: Well, we make no secret of that. We will exact tribute from the peasantry. For the sake of industrialization. For the sake of the ultimate victory of the revolution.

FATHER: What do you mean tribute? Who do you think you are, Genghis Khan? Do you want to take us back to Mongol times?

ALEKSEY: Tribute has already been defined, Dad: exploitation of the peasantry.

PETR: You will pay for that remark. You are trying to kick the Party line as hard as you can.

ALEKSEY: You want to build everything on fear alone.

PETR: What do you mean?

ALEKSEY: Think for yourself: Why will the peasants work in the common fields? Why will a plant fulfill its pledges? For one reason alone: If you do not fulfill the Plan—off with your head. You are building military-bureaucratic socialism.

PETR: If you start making noises like that, you will dig your own grave and ruin us. You must understand, Aleksey, if we do not follow the right path, the imperialists will crush us. War could break out at any moment. If we have no heavy industry, we will have no defense. And that will be the end of it. What kind of socialism would you have us pursue?

ALEKSEY: Me? Socialism for man, a people's socialism.

[Essay]

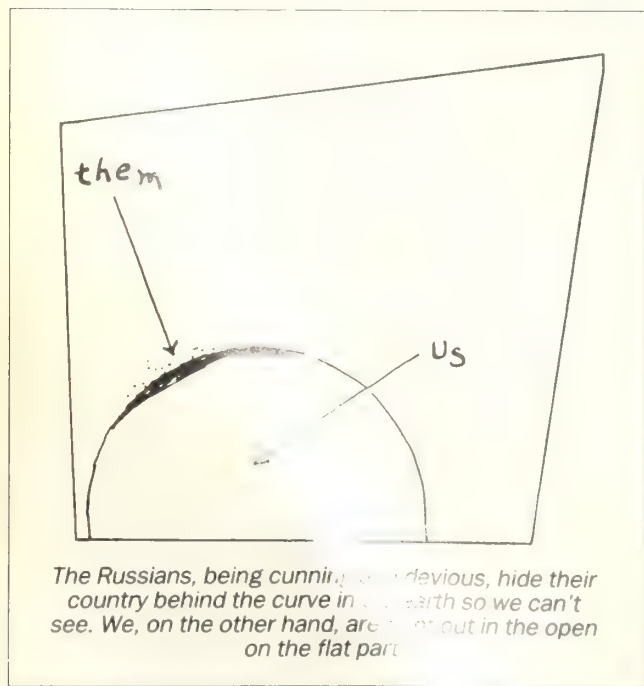
## ARAB WALLS, REFLECTING CHANGE

From "Kitsch 22: On the Problems of the Relations Between Majority and Minority Cultures in Israel," by Anton Shammas, in the September/October issue of *Tikkun: A Jewish Critique of Politics, Culture & Society*. Shammas, an Israeli Arab, lives in Jerusalem. His first novel, *Arabesques*, will be published by Harper & Row next year. This essay was translated from the Hebrew by Yael Lotan.

**S**ome years ago I visited a certain house in my village to console the bereaved. The man whom I was to console had just lost his wife; he was in his seventies and was considered in the village to be one of the pillars of "rural culture." I had never before set foot in his house, and this visit was something of a journey back in time for me. After the words of consolation and the sipping of bitter coffee, and during the prolonged silence which ineluctably falls on these occasions, my gaze wandered over the walls, classical Arab walls, untouched by the hand of progress. Walls dazzling in their bluish-white limewash. About three meters from the floor, about a meter below the ceiling, hung various pictures—mostly wedding photographs of the children and grandchildren, alongside pictures of saints and decorated, embroidered rugs.

Very few Arab houses have been preserved in this state, and fewer still keep their pictures hanging so high. It would not be inaccurate to suggest that exposure to another culture has lowered the picture level of the Arab wall by at least a meter, to eye level. Is it possible that Arab eyes have lost their visual confidence and no longer know what may be called "beautiful"? Is beautiful the bare wall, whose white limewash was usually tinted with laundress's blue and frequently hung with a multitude of pictures close to the ceiling; or is beautiful the wall which has obeyed the command of the majority culture, and which is hung with cheap reproductions (often of a weeping child) or tapestries depicting imaginary gardens in imaginary places or ornamental wallpaper, a distant and pathetic echo of the walls of the Alhambra?

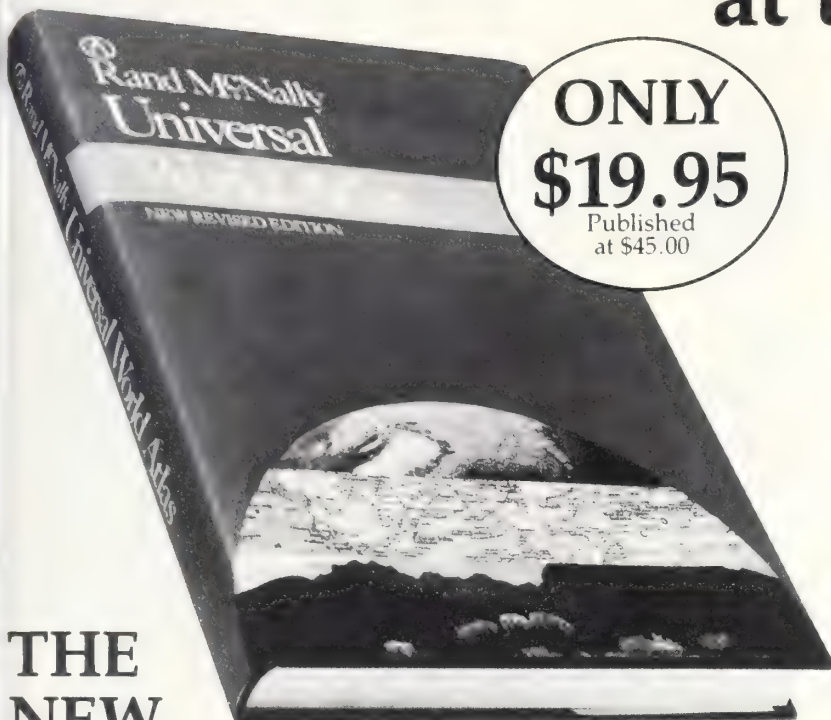
One way or the other, the Arab wall, the mirror in which I see reflected the changes in Arab culture since the early 1950s, is not what it used to be, and the people who face it and look at it are no longer the same people. On the walls of the Arab house in Israel we can observe the impact of the majority culture upon that of the minority, because this house stands as one of the many monuments to the "overwhelming" of the



From *New Statesman*, the British weekly.



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culture of the third world by Europe—and by European kitsch in particular.

Accepting the Jerusalem Prize in 1985, Milan Kundera quoted Hermann Broch on the modern novel. Broch believed that the modern novel tried to stem the tide of kitsch but in the end was overwhelmed by it. Kundera said, "The term kitsch, which originated in Germany in the middle of the last century, describes the desire to please the greatest number of people at any cost. To please, one must say what everyone wants to hear, to cater to widely held views. Kitsch translates the foolishness of widely held views into the language of beauty and sentiment."

In his speech, Kundera also noted that "Israel, the newly found homeland, appears to me to be the true heart of Europe, a strange heart which lies far from the body." This state of affairs worried its founding fathers in the very earliest days of Zionism. In his *Judenstaat* Theodor Herzl stated that "we shall form part of Europe's fortified wall against Asia, and fulfill the role of cultural vanguard facing the barbarians."

Before collapsing under the onslaught of terrible kitsch, the Arab wall in our parts underwent several phases, which I shall divide schematically into three: the wall of the father, the wall of the son, and the wall of the grandson. The wall of the father is a creation in which the functional and the aesthetic coexist in a delicate balance. The wall divides and separates, defines and supports, while at the same time its white limewash, tinted with laundress's blue, inspires the space called "home" with an atmosphere of tranquility that characterizes not only the walls but all the components of classical Arab construction: the arch is functional (it supports the ceiling) as well as aesthetic; the keystone, the topmost stone that binds the other arch stones together, symbolizes the balance that binds and consolidates all the elements of structure into one entity, from which the removal of a single part may jeopardize the whole.

In the traditional Arab house there are rarely any pictures on the walls, but rather objects that are also functional-aesthetic, and insofar as there are pictures, they are usually hung well above eye level, close to the ceiling. A possible explanation is that since the seating in the father's house is generally close to the floor—on mattresses, stools, padded shelves—the angle of vision tends to reach higher, in the direction of the ceiling. Or it may be an expression of respect: the higher the object hangs, the further out of reach the greater its honor. For honor, generally, implies a certain awe, and Arab culture regarded the imitation of reality with awe. The transmission of reality via the artistic vision entails for the villager an element of defiance

against the supreme power. Having overcome this awe and hung a single picture on the wall, he feels threatened by the remaining blankness and hurriedly piles any number of other things on the wall—everything, of course, above eye level.

But then the son married and built his own house. The neighbors who came to call after the wedding and on other festive occasions brought various things which they felt were suitable to hang on his walls, which the son accepted whether he cared for them or not. For surely it would be unthinkable to offend the giver of a gift, no matter how horrid it is in your own eyes, and refrain from hanging it prominently in your house. This was the beginning of the onslaught of kitsch upon Arab culture in Israel, and the villager wished to please the greatest number of people, as Kundera put it.

The son's house was, in reality, the house of the orphans of 1948, of all those who were abandoned by the generation of fathers who had been exiled and were exposed to that new and fearsome being, the State of Israel, a state which defined itself, politically and culturally, as a "Jewish State." This sudden exposure knocked the ground—both figuratively and literally—from under the son's cultural confidence and left him naked and helpless to face new challenges. Given the reality of this cultural and political threat, in an atmosphere of military government and land expropriations, one can hardly expect a man to devote much attention to the inner decoration of his walls, his house, and himself. Metaphorically speaking, the Jewish-Israeli reality not only expropriated the son's walls, with the help of his neighbors, but forced him to hang on them things he never thought to hang on them—a poster of Ben-Gurion hung in my father's cobbler shop—much as it forced

him to carry a permit of passage from place to place.

The grandson's house, the most confused of them all, was built in the shadow of the 1967 War. The military government had only recently come to an end, and the direct contact between the Israeli Arabs and the Arabs beyond the "green line"—in the West Bank—had just begun. The shock of the encounter between the one-lunged Arab, who had been living under the restrictions of the military government, and his "national oxygen" led to a profound upheaval in his conceptual world. For the military government had previously served to delegitimize the Arab in Israel—he was, in effect, only transiently a citizen, and as such his every attempt to set foot outside the boundaries imposed on the national minority was an illegal act. Thus, for example, when Arab lands were expropriated



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From *I Want to Take Picture*, by Bill Burke, published by Nexus Press, in Atlanta. The book is a collection of photographs Burke made on three trips along the border between Thailand and Cambodia. Pictured above are a soldier of the Khmer Rouge (left) and a soldier of the Khmer People's National Liberation Front. Both groups are fighting the Vietnamese-backed government in Cambodia. Burke's photographs were exhibited this summer at New York's International Center of Photography.

ed the Arab local councils were given no development authority, so that an Arab who tried to build a house in Israel inevitably engaged in illegal construction. Once the "green line" was erased, however, and the state itself began to engage in illegal construction in the occupied territories, the bent spine of the Israeli Arab acquired some added vertebrae; he began to feel at last that his belonging to the Palestinian nation legitimized him where he lived, even if this legitimacy amounted to a crime in the eyes of the government.

By now the house of the Arab in Israel has become a festival of kitsch. The wall has become the locus for what may be called a crime against the laws of Arab aesthetics.

In his 1927 essay "The Vogue of Arabesques," Vladimir Jabotinsky stated, "The arabesque was invented because the Koran forbade the depiction of real things—not only the image of man, but even a cat or a table. Therefore they contented themselves with painting by allusion, in which one cannot recognize either the cat or the table. This means that the arabesque is not at all a special, independent artistic conception, but only a retarded art form."

Fifty years later, in *The Ascent of Man*, Jacob Bronowski discussed the Alhambra palace in Spain, one of the masterpieces of Arabic architecture, in connection with the achievements of Arab mathematicians in the field of two-dimensional symmetry. In the Alhambra palace, says Bronowski, tranquility overcomes the adventurous impulse, and one discerns the weariness of an empire which has reached its summit and devotes itself now to a sensuous observation of the world. The ornamentation in that palace (to wit, those arabesques described as "a retarded art form") is in fact the summation of all the possible symmetries in two-dimensional space, the product of a thousand years of mathematics, a magnificent finality... the perfect finish.

Today the Arab house is torn between these two opposite views of the arabesque. The Israeli Arab, the grandson of the late 1960s, is no exception. For, having been denied permission to build his own house in Israel, he turns to his grandfather's house and "remodels" it, so as to conform with the "aesthetic demands" of his day. The tranquility of the whitewashed walls, the sensuousness of the supporting vault, the



weary harmony among the diverse components of the structure—all these are now set aside, to be replaced by new elements. The arch, which had borne the weight of the house, is hidden by a new wall that divides the old space into many small ones. The walls are, at best, covered with wallpaper that dimly recalls the walls of the Alhambra, thus legitimizing the kitsch and creating a false sense of being at peace with the past. The future looks in through the window—a false window in the form of a landscape wallpaper, opening from the desolate living room upon a view of faraway worlds, usually a fairy-tale forest in Switzerland. And between the mountains of Switzerland, on the one hand, and the pseudo-arabesques, on the other, the Israeli Arab must contend with the complicated reality of the Jewish State, with the complexity of living between two languages, both of which are written from right to left, a vestige of the good old Semitic days, but one of which, Hebrew, flows from left to right, as a language must to be the language of “Europe’s torn heart” in the agonized carcass of the Levant.

**S**ome years ago in Jerusalem, in my wanderings from one rented apartment to another, I found myself residing in an old Arab house in the old Katamon quarter. In addition to the handsome furniture, which was marvelously appropriate to the Arab structure, there stood in the bedroom a shining, brightly polished piano, left there by my Jewish landlady, who was also my friend. At first we were mutually indifferent, for I had never played the piano, nor any other musical instrument. But gradually a dim hostility arose between us, which before long became open and incomprehensible. I spent many restless nights, for I had never slept in the same room with a piano. Now alone with a polished piano in a single bedroom, I found dormant impulses awakening in me. What could a piano be doing in an Arab house? It struck me that its very presence was an intolerable contradiction, a tension I could never cope with. Finally one evening I took courage and began to hit the keys, an act which disturbed the rest of the delicate-eared neighbors but brought sweet sleep to my eyes.

The tension in the tales of *A Thousand and One Nights* resembles the tension of piano playing (as I am told by better pianists than myself): The left hand provides the background, the framework, while the right hand plays in and out of the framework, just as in the stories of *A Thousand and One Nights* the subsidiary tales depart from and entwine with the central story, in the end returning to it. So it is with the arabesques of the Alhambra: Out of the basic pattern of the ornament subsidiary patterns branch

off, like variations on a theme, and in the end all harmonize together in a single arabesque. But when the left hand of this equation was replaced by a European hand, the Arabs contented themselves with the right and returned to two-dimensional creativity. And yet, how are the Arabs in Israel to play their culture with the right hand only, when the left hand of the Jewish majority sets the framework chords, which they must, willy-nilly, go in and out of?

As for me, I chose to contend with the piano that I was living with, face to face, and used both hands to write my first novel, *Arabesques*, an Arab story in Hebrew letters. This was not easy at all. A certain Hebrew writer recently urged me to take my belongings and move one hundred meters to the east, to the Palestinian state-to-come, if I wish to fulfill my national identity. But he does not realize that his left hand is already part of my Israeli being, just as at least one finger of his right hand is one of mine.

[Oral History]

## BEIJING'S POPCORN ENTREPRENEUR

*From Chinese Lives: An Oral History of Contemporary China, published last month by Pantheon. In 1984, Zhang Xinxin, a fiction writer, and Sang Ye, a journalist, traveled around China collecting more than 100 oral histories from people of all ages and occupations. This one is based on an interview with a teenager in the Beijing underground. Chinese Lives was edited by William J.F. Jenner and Delia Davin.*

**I**'m over thirteen. From a village in Fuyang county, Anhui. I didn't come here by myself—one of my big brothers and four other boys from the village are here too. We've each got a popcorn machine. During the day we split up and pop our corn, and we meet up again each night. We're all working for ourselves and keeping what we make.

I've been to school. I dropped out after the fourth year. My family contracted for some land. Dad said I'd be leaving school and coming home to farm. I didn't like school. It was boring. There are eight of us in the family: Gran, Dad, Mum, big brother, second brother, me, little brother, and my kid sister—she's the baby. There are about thirty families in the village, all farmers, except for the soldiers. And the soldiers come back to farm after they've done a few years in the army. Soldiers had it made a few years ago. When they'd been in the

army they could join the Party and be top men—Party committeemen, village doctors, running things, bossing people about. They were somebody. But not anymore. Now the land's divided up and contracted for, nobody can boss anyone else about, so being a soldier gets you nowhere. What I want is to make money. We're poor, and money's what we want. Money stinks, but I sure do want to make some.

The very first year we farmed our contract land the crops failed. That's why there are so many of us trying to make a living in the cities this year. Dad and my eldest brother stayed back in the village to work the land. I left with my second-oldest brother. These machines cost eighty yuan each. We got ours with an agricultural loan. You grit your teeth and buy them, then pay the money off gradually. It's a good bargain. There's no interest to pay on agricultural loans in disaster areas. We borrowed 200 yuan, spent 160 on the machines, and had 40 left for our fares.

The first thing when I got to Beijing was I had to pay a fucking fine in the station. We thought all we had to have were tickets for ourselves. We didn't know we needed luggage tickets for the machines. We got charged for excess baggage. They gave us receipts, but that's no damn use to us. We don't work for the government—we can't claim it on expenses. So we tore the fucking things up.

Been in Beijing over three weeks now. I make over two yuan a day—over four on a good one. We carry our gear to outside an apartment block and shout, "Fresh popcorn!" Once you start popping you draw a crowd. One explosion works a lot better than a dozen shouts. They bring their own corn—all I do is pop it. For twenty cents, I'll pop them a whole sack of corn—much cheaper than the state shops. Sometimes I don't ask them to pay, I'll do it for grain coupons. City people are rolling in grain coupons. I need them when I buy food, otherwise I have to pay extra for my grain—five cents more for a bowl of noodles. Sometimes I ask for coal, especially from kids. I promise them a big handful of popcorn for free if they'll steal me a few lumps from home. Nobody counts their coal. That way I've got my fuel. The Beijing city government's got everything planned—you can't even get coal without showing your book. If you're from out of town and you ain't got no book, forget it. Okay. So I get the Beijing kids to steal it for me.

What really makes me want to throw up are those bigmouths who keep on asking me questions and giving me a load of crap about not going to school being a serious problem, some kind of fucking social problem. What's being broke got to do with anything social? I'm here in Bei-

jing with a letter of introduction from my production brigade. The letter's got a big red official stamp on it. I'm not here because we're dying of starvation—I'm here to make money. As for school, I'll go if I feel like it, and I won't if I don't. Nobody's going to tell me what to do. I'm going to decide.

I'll be serious with you: our life's got a lot better since the government decided to divide the land and contract it out. Get rich and you're the greatest; be poor and you're the pits. We had floods the first year. It was terrible. Except for that we'd have built ourselves a new house. That's another reason why I've got to earn. My dad said if we have a good harvest this year, we'll build the new house come next spring. Then we'll be doing even better. But I don't reckon I'll ever catch up with Beijing people. From the way they throw their money about you can tell they've never been broke.

I'm much better at this than I was when I first came. I can pop rice and New Year cakes too. Dried-out New Year cakes are great when you've popped them. In small towns you've got to add a bit of color and saccharin when you pop corn, make it red and green and sweet. Beijing's got stupid ideas, so you can't do it here. They want it white. They say colors and saccharin give you cancer. Load of rubbish. Who ever caught cancer from eating popcorn? And they won't let me pop corn at midday, so I don't disturb all those precious government officials' siestas. Beijing people are soft. Well, that suits me fine. I like to have a fucking snooze too, under a tree.

When I've made my money I'll buy myself a new outfit, have a good bath, and enjoy myself for a few days before going home. I'll sell the machine here. I'll get eighty for it—they don't make them in Beijing.

If you ask me, Beijing tax officials are a lot better than other ones. They don't bother about us land-mine operators, and they don't make us pay tax. Anhui's no good: you've got to pay fifty cents tax a day. I ran into a tax man a couple of days ago. He asked me if I'd paid any tax. "I don't know about tax rules and all that," I told him. I was playing dumb. The tax man asked me where I was from and how old I was. Then he ended up by saying, "Forget it. You're from a disaster area. Go home and go back to school, and stop doing this. You're only thirteen." But I'm definitely not going back to school. I'm going to make money. I'm not going back till I've covered the cost of the machine and the fares and made another couple of hundred on top of that. That's what I agreed with my family before I came here. And there'll be no more school for me even when I do get home. I'll be farming and getting ahead. If the crops fail again I'll come



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back to Beijing and make a living here, with my land mine. I've heard you can make even more collecting scrap paper here than you can with a land mine. I can believe it, but I'm not going to sink that low. I'm a skilled man.

[Poem]

## PROPHECY

By Donald Hall. *In the Summer* Paris Review.

I will strike down wooden houses; I will burn  
aluminum  
clapboard skin; I will strike down garages  
where crimson Toyotas sleep side by side; I will  
explode  
palaces of gold, silver, and alabaster: the summer  
greathouse and its folly together. Where shopping  
malls  
spread plywood and plaster out, and roadhouses  
serve steak and potatoskins beside Alaska King Crab;  
where triangular flags proclaim tribes of identical  
campers;  
where airplanes nose to tail exhale kerosene,  
weeds and ashes will drowse in continual twilight.

I reject the old house and the new car; I reject  
Tory and Whig together; I reject the argument  
that modesty of ambition is sensible because the  
bigger  
they are the harder they fall; I reject Waterford;  
I reject the five and dime; I reject Romulus and  
Remus;  
I reject Martha's Vineyard and the slamdunk contest;  
I reject leaded panes; I reject the appointment  
made at the tennis net or on the seventeenth green;  
I reject the Professional Bowling Tour;  
I reject purple bathrooms with purple soap in them.

Men who lie awake worrying about taxes, vomiting  
at dawn, whose hands shake as they administer  
Valium,  
skin will peel from the meat of their thighs.  
Armies that march all day with elephants past  
pyramids  
and roll pulling missiles past Generals weary of  
saluting  
and past President-Emperors splendid in cloth-of-  
gold,  
rain will dissipate soft rumps of armies. Where square  
miles  
of corn waver above Minnesota plains, where  
tobacco ripens  
in Carolina and apples in New Hampshire, where  
soybeans  
turn Kansa green, where pulpmills stink in Oregon,

dust will blow in the darkness and cactus die  
before it flowers. Where skiers wait for chairlifts  
wearing money, low raspberries will part rib-bones.  
Where the drive-in church raises a chromium cross,

dandelions and milkweed will straggle through  
blacktop.  
I will strike from the ocean with waves afire;  
I will strike from the hill with rainclouds of lava;  
I will strike from darkened air  
with melanoma in the shape of decorative  
hexagonals.  
I will strike down embezzlers and eaters of snails.

I reject Japanese smoked oysters, potted  
chrysanthemums  
allowed to die, Tupperware parties, Ronald  
McDonald.  
Kaposi's sarcoma, the Taj Mahal, Holsteins wearing  
electronic necklaces, the Algonquin, Tunisian  
aqueducts,  
Phi Beta Kappa keys, the Hyatt Embarcadero,  
carpenters  
jogging on the median, and betrayal that engorges  
the corrupt heart longing for criminal surrender:  
I reject shadows in the corner of the atrium  
where Phyllis or Phoebe speaks with Billy or Marc  
who says that afternoons are best although not  
reliable.

Your children will wander looting the shopping malls  
for forty years, suffering for your idleness,  
until the last dwarf body rots in a parking lot.  
I will strike down lobbies and restaurants in motels  
carpeted with shaggy petrochemicals  
from Maine to Hilton Head, from the Scagit to  
Tucson.  
I will strike down hanggliders, wiry adventurous  
boys;  
their thighbones will snap, their brains  
slide from their skulls. I will strike down  
families cooking wildboar in New Mexico backyards.

The landscape will clutter with incapable machinery,  
acres of vacant airplanes, schoolbuses, and ploughs  
with seedlings sprouting through discs and turning  
brown.  
Unlettered dwarves will burrow for warmth and  
shelter  
in the caves of dynamos and Plymouths, dying  
of old age at seventeen. Tribes wandering  
in the wilderness of their ignorant desolation,  
who suffer from your idleness, will burn your  
illuminated  
missals to warm their rickety bodies.  
Terrorists assemble plutonium because you are idle

and industrious. The whippoorwill shrivels and the  
pickerel  
chokes under the government of self-love. Vacancy  
burns  
the air so that you strangle without oxygen like the  
rat  
in the biologist's belljar. The living god sharpens  
the scythe of my prophecy to strike down the red  
poppies and the blue cornflowers. When priests and  
policemen  
strike my body's match, Jehovah will flame out;  
Jehovah will suck air from the vents of bombshelters.  
Therefore let the Buick swell until it explodes;  
therefore let anorexia starve and bulimia engorge.



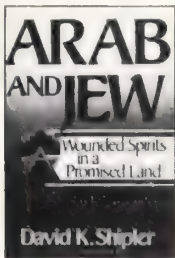
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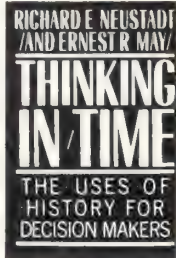
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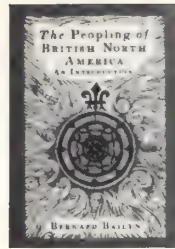
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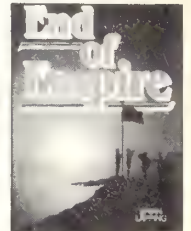
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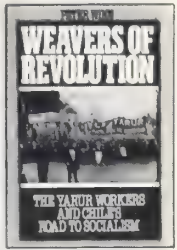
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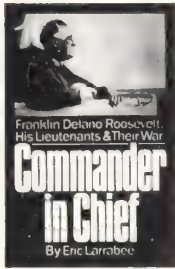
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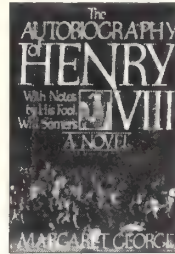
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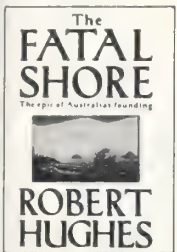
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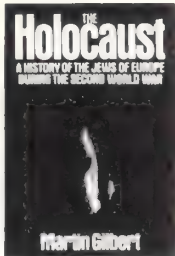
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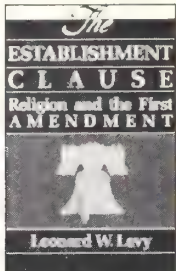
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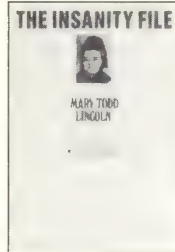
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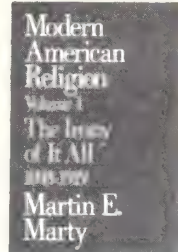
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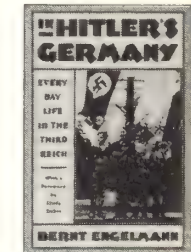
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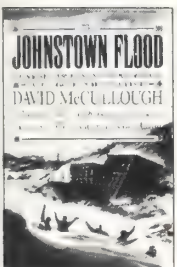
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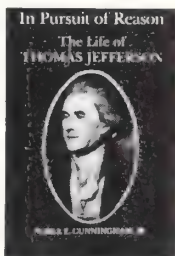
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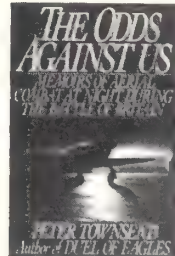
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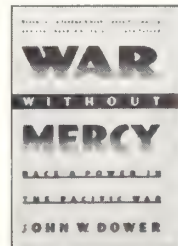
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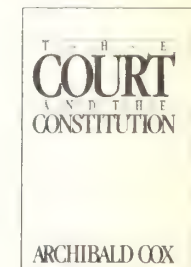
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When Elzira leaves the house wearing her tennis dress  
and drives her black Porsche to meet Abraham,  
quarrels, returns to husband and children, and sobs  
asleep, drunk, unable to choose among them,  
lawns and carpets will turn into tar together  
with lovers, husbands, and children.  
Fat will boil in the sacs of children's clear skin.  
I will strike down the nations, astronauts and judges;  
I will strike down Babylon, I will strike acrobats,  
I will strike algae and the white birches.

Because Professors of Law teach ethics in Esperanto,  
let the Colonel become President; because Chief  
Executive  
Officers and Commissars collect down for pillows,  
let the injustice of cities burn city and suburb;  
let the countryside burn; let the pineforests of Maine  
explode like a kitchenmatch and the Book of Kells  
become ash in a microsecond; let oxen and athletes  
flash into grease; I return to Appalachian rocks;  
I shall eat bread and prophesy through hours or  
millennia  
of Jehovah's day as the sky reddens above cities.

Then houses will burn, even houses of alabaster;  
the sky will disappear like a scroll rolled up  
and hidden in a cave from the generation of idleness.  
Mountains will erupt and vanish becoming deserts  
and the sea wash over the sea's lost islands  
and the earth split like a corpse's gassy  
stomach and the sun turn as black as a widow's skirt  
and the full moon grow red with blood swollen  
inside it  
and stars fall from the sky like wind-blown apples,  
while Babylon's managers burn in the rage of the  
Lamb.

[Essay]

## SHORT STORIES: WEAPONS OF PESSIMISTS

From "On the Short Story," an essay by Daniel Boulanger in the Summer issue of *The Michigan Quarterly Review*. Boulanger, a French novelist, has published fourteen collections of short stories. Translated from the French by Penny Million Pucelik and Marijo Desprésaux Schneider.

**W**e all die in the end: animals, plants, and people. So why should we be surprised that the short stories make up about the world are marked by death? Need we wonder why we are left with a taste of ashes at the reading of twenty pages about a day in the country, where good food and flesh are seemingly at their climax? It is the role of the short story to let us know that

all news is bad news, for there can be no final promise nor hope for a reprieve. Dreams and paradise are not its domain: the short story emanates from the earth, from reality, from the transient. It attempts to capture a given moment without passing judgment. We might be astonished not to recognize ourselves in a snapshot flashed at a thousandth of a second, caught frowning, perhaps, or in a pose that we'd rather deny, in all good faith insisting: "That can't be me. I never did that." Likewise, the short story can also seem fake, exaggerated, malicious. Perhaps, indeed, it should.

Let other genres include the long embraces, pounding hearts, the throes of passion, long enough to make us believe that we understand one another. It's up to the *roman* to romanticize, the *conte* to tell us a tale, the *récit* to condense a long story. The *nouvelle*, or short story, doesn't try to understand, or comfort or explain. It violates and betrays. It is the art of treachery, of gossip. It doesn't hold its tongue, despite its pretense to silence. It implies all the more because it says so little. It reveals the flaw in beauty and where the shoe pinches. Short-story writers are not moralists but voyeurs, which often makes them seem heartless. Thus the reader often shows more heart than the author, and there is no literary genre so demanding of the "other." The writer will slip an egg into your nest for you to sit on. A swan will hatch, or an ugly duckling. Short-story writers aren't soothsayers but reporters. They throw the ball and flee from the scrimmage. Of course it all looks quite easy. You set the spark and watch.

Its flourish resides in the unusual, seen at a glimpse. His Majesty, on the pot, is more pitiful than the least of his subjects. Material for twelve lines, not twelve volumes. The king made a decision there, however, which will transform the kingdom. Historians will relate the consequences. The short-story writer alone will know the source.

No sense of class distinction here. No hierarchy. The street sweeper is equal to the princess, the cardinal to the jockey, lovemaking to a raging toothache, rescuing the drowning to lighting a cigar; dawn, in fact, wears the same dress as dusk. Same price for all, from the peanut gallery to the orchestra. The trick is to find the heart. It's not often found beating within a chest bedecked with medals.

There is in the short story a feeling of flushed cheeks, of too high a temperature. It cannot live long. Old age is for the novel. The short story scintillates. Its one wish is to be a blaze. Short, but good, as many hope their lives will be. And the *nouvelliste*, like a good grocer, offers you pepper and spices. This genre lives on images,

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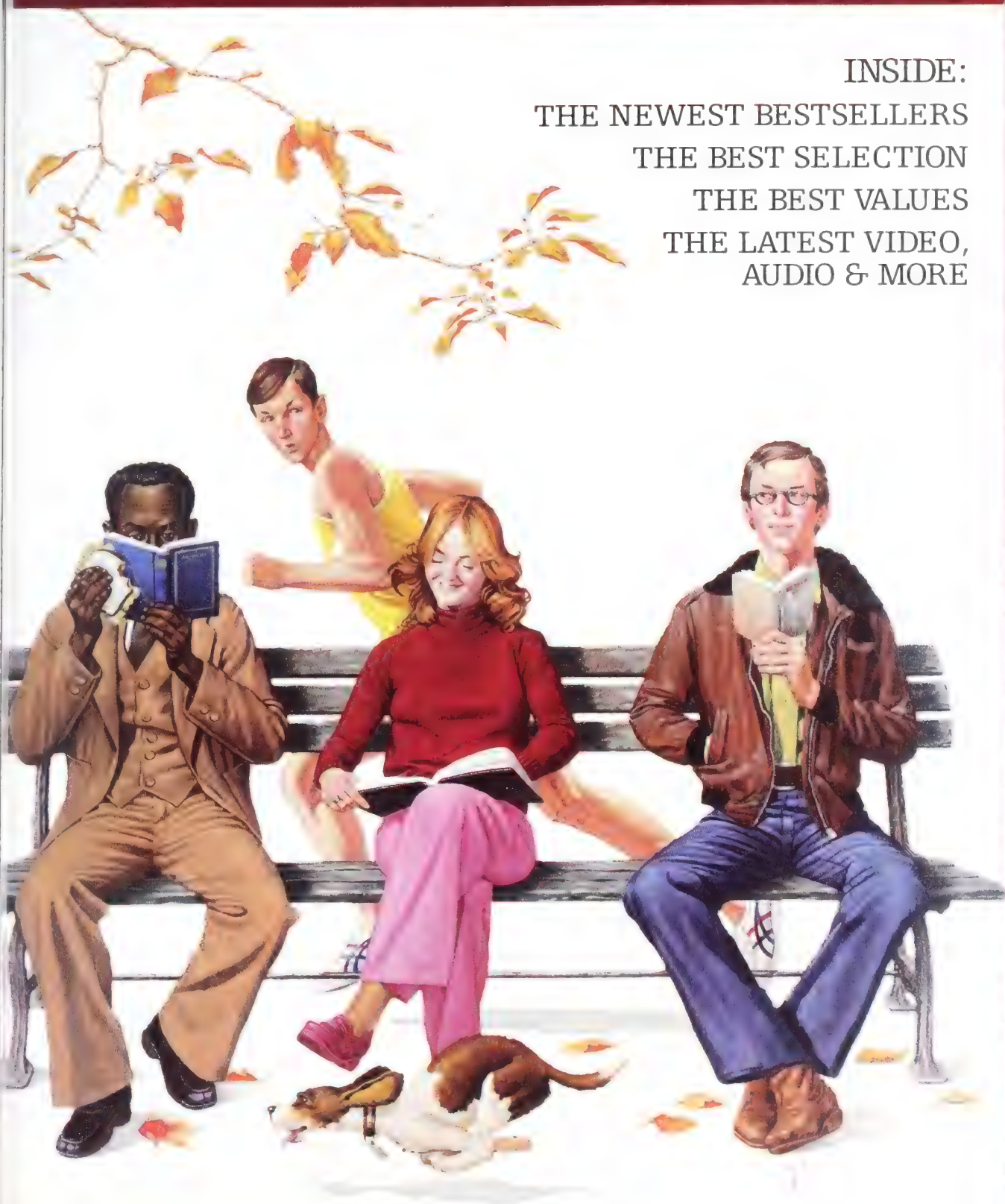
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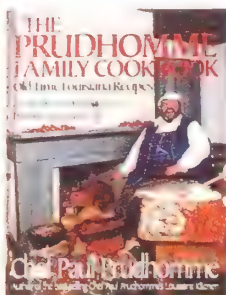
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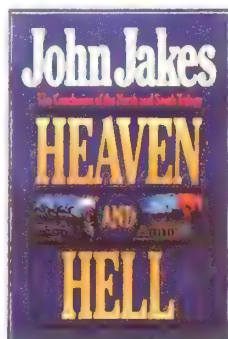




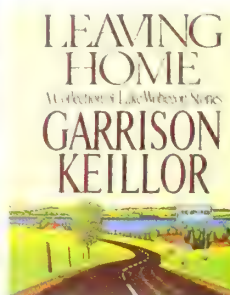
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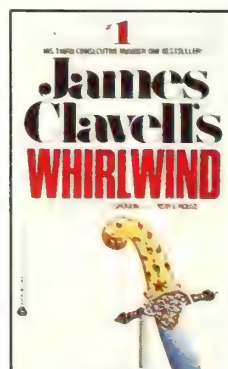
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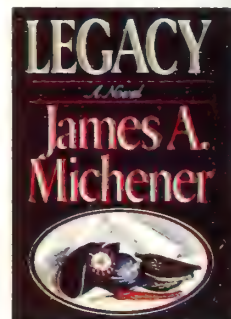
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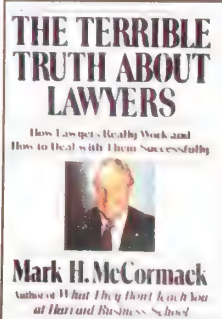
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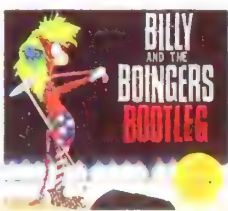
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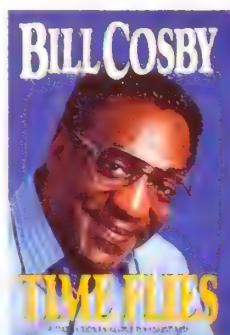
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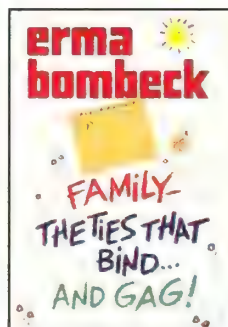
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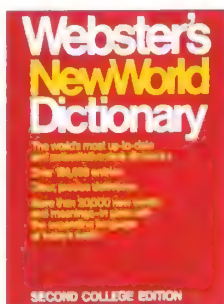
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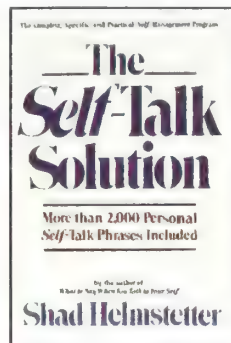
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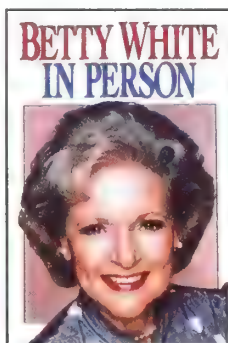
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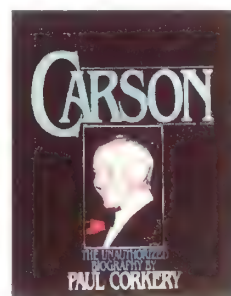
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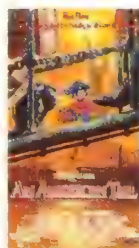
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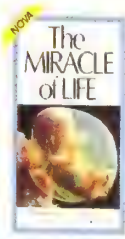
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Continued from page 40

the stronger the better. Consequently, you don't read one short story after another. You should chase each one with a long cool drink.

One feels friendly with a *roman*, dreamy with a *conte*, fastidious about a *récit*. The *nouvelle* is a channel with a hint of the porte cochère, of furtive lovemaking. It thrives on detail, on a flaw, a vice, a wound. Unlike sanctity, it is not glorious. It is flesh and blood with a determined gait. Out at five, back at midnight. Encompassing neither a world nor a lifespan, the short story cannot be a novel willing to lose its color, thin down to its skeletal form, and pose as a *récit*; it would be just as unlikely for a colonel to be demoted to a lieutenant before a battle. Whether bulletin of defeat or of victory, it is a cry, but then isn't the whole war contained in the sounding of the bugle?

It's all fabrication, even the inspiration. Short-story writers see Venus within the block of marble. They'll chip away until they're down to the precious form. They'll retain but a motion, a curve, a triangle, and the surrounding air which is known as grace.

The process seems reversed because the short story stems from a word heard, a face, a glimmer dying on the shore, and because the writer seems to garnish, enrich, and surround these details. But not so. The sentence, the coming of twilight, the darkness wherein an old chair squeaks, all at once brings forth a given act; a given succession of generations comes out of their picture frames.

Short-story writers shield their eyes from the explosion and, within the enormous rubble which buries them, here they are, fishing for the cause, *which is known to them*, remembering of the explosion only a noise, and of the resurrection of the dead, only a phantom. Walking in the cloud of dust, they will retain nothing but a scarf bathed in light. There it is at last, the murderous hand with all its lines. It is up to you to read its palm.

Short-story writers neither analyze nor judge. They depict; not from the historian's distance, however. The latter looks for the skeleton beneath the flesh of facts, for the motivating force beneath the hullabaloo of an era. The danger for a book of short stories consists in its being viewed as an herbarium, narratives that are nothing more than objects. The short story is akin to those stinking pits that open beneath us as we read about a sensational crime. Is that possible? It is so possible that the fantastic element of the short story is often nothing more than the recording of the bizarre, the unusual: sulfur fumes from hell, black magic. The short story is the confessional; the novel, the church. One is a unique little nothing. The other, the whole.

To entertain oneself, not rest: constraint is such in the short story that the author manipulates it dangerously. It is always ready to explode, to escape you. It won't tolerate the freedom of the novel. The spark runs along its fuse straight to the final effect.

The days we live, increasingly chopped up as they are, with every hour drenched in audio-visual drama that sets our nerves on edge from the time we rise, are more and more akin to the inevitable bursts of the short story: anecdotes with a minimum of commentary, releases, and wild leaps, which remain suspended and leave us startled, but with the advantage of springing as elusive sparks toward beauty, turning the unusual into the commonplace. "We no longer have time . . ." is the current complaint, and the notion of the sacred has given way to disrespect, the family table to the fast-food counter, caresses to rape, uncertainty about the future to expectation of supreme rapture, and leisure to moments stolen from the all-powerful community. In view of all these modifications, the short story takes on increasingly greater weight, depleting the moment, being satisfied with it, and defines itself, finally, as the weapon of pessimists, or their shelter. Might this, after all, be its moral?

[Short Story]

## TOUSSAINT

By Ronald F. Turner. From the Fall/Winter 1986 issue of the *Alaska Quarterly Review*. Turner lives in Anchorage.

"Toussaint" was the only word I ever heard him utter. He expired in mid-sibilant, the "s's" escaping through his sun-split lips just ahead of his life, the final "t" surprisingly emphatic for a man already dead. Toussaint. His name? A ship? A town? Someone he mistook me for? Was calling for? Surely his name. It sounds like a name. I think he was Haitian. After he died he was dull and dusky with the matte finish of a sun-desiccated shark, but when I brushed off the sand and salt rime he was quite black. Blue-black with a bronze cast, like bornite, the iridescent purplish ore of copper. African alloyed with Carib. Of course I can't be sure. He may have been from Mississippi, Pascagoula or Moss Point, or off an offshore oil rig. But I think Haitian.

The storm had lasted two days—hurricane winds out of the southeast, the sky the color of spilled ink, or an eerie pale yellow barred

with the dark pillars of tornadoes—then a calm made rare by the appearance of north-blown man-o'-war birds. The day felt different, the old scoured new. The sun was still behind the pines at the east end of the island when I began walking west. The beach had been incised with steep, blue-shadowed cusps and embayments that dramatically complemented the sweep and curve of the storm-sculpted dunes. I carried no tackle that morning even though I knew the pompano would also be exploring a changed world of spits and bars and displaced shoals. Near shore the water was pale emerald, ruffled by tide and current. Offshore it was that intense Gulf violet that can never be captured on film and is only rarely caught in the pucker of a lucky watercolor.

The sun was almost overhead when I saw him, halfway out of the now gentle swash, curled against the storm-steepened face of the beach. At first I thought the curved black torso, half buried in sand, was a truck tire, a boat fender torn loose in the storm. I began to run when I realized it was a man. I grasped him under the arms and backed up the wave-cut slope, digging my heels in and lifting with my back and legs. Before I could say a word he was gone, the look in his eyes an enigma. I believe he was relieved not to die alone, with no one to know his fate. But I don't know. "Toussaint" was all he said.

For perhaps an hour I sat there in the sand. Light danced and dazzled off the surface of the sea like flashes from a hypnotist's prism. In the shallows, wave-fractured sunlight played across the rippled bottom in shimmering chevrons of light. Patterns on patterns. Reflections and refractions. Explicable. Somebody's law—Snell's: The angle of reflection is equal to the angle of incidence. Glints and flashes off the sea explained by the laws of physics. And Toussaint? What of the angle of coincidence?

I paced up and down the sargasso-strewn beach, aimlessly kicking the brown clumps, each with its hosts of whispering, clicking symbionts—dying amphipods, isopods, and elaborate little crabs the shape and color of leaves. I tossed a clump back into the water. It floated there like a brown funeral wreath, then slowly washed back to shore. I turned and looked back. From a distance Toussaint looked strangely familiar. The way he was positioned, propped up on one elbow, shoulders hunched, head to one side. I changed perspective. There. A better composition, more dramatic, more poignant. Barefooted and naked to the waist, he looked like the Negro in the Winslow Homer painting *The Gulf Stream*, a lone black man on the precariously tilted deck of a demasted fishing boat, surrounded by towering seas and waiting sharks. Had it been that way, Toussaint?

I continued pacing, agitated, saddened, yet oddly elated. The magnitude of the mystery almost overwhelmed me. Who was he? His pockets contained no identification. No money. No chart. Not even a knife. But in one there was a photograph, or what remained of one. A sodden ball, black and white, the glossy print detached from the paper. With shaky hands I tried to unfold it, but it sloughed off on my fingers like fish slime. But for a brief instant there was an eye, brown and almond shaped, that of a woman or a child. Someone to mourn him. Or had they been with him? The idea of others had not occurred to me. For the next hour I searched up and down the beach, but found no one, no identifiable wreckage, only a few jointed stalks of sugar cane, purple and green, gently rocking in the swash.

His belt, intricately knotted cuttyhunk with a buckle of carved bone, convinced me that he wasn't an American, but a fisherman from one of those islands. Probably not Cuba. All the Cubans on television wore shirts with alligators over their hearts, that or three-piece suits. The young ones looked like Desi Arnaz, the older ones like Kissinger. No, he had to be a fisherman blown off course by storms, or fleeing whatever it is they flee.

I lay on my back beside him, hands clasped behind my neck, the sun red through my eyelids. And what now, Toussaint, the Mobile County coroner, sand in his wing tips, leaving a curled, chemical-smelling Polaroid rind behind? Then a couple of trustees from the work farm sweating and making bad jokes as they struggle with the swaying vinyl body bag. And in the end, a pickup ride to an unmarked grave. I turned on my side and looked at him again. There was a rightness to the way he lay, a dignity, almost a nobility.

The solution seemed clear, the problem to do it right, not just cover him over with sand. Carefully, I dug into the side of a dune crowned with sea oats and salt grass, a south-facing pyramid littered with driftwood and shell shards. Soon I was sweating, working feverishly, digging with both hands. The sand began to cave. I dug faster and faster, changing the angle to cheat gravity for just a moment. There was no time for thought, only work, and in the end, no time for words.

Done, I walked slowly eastward, the sun now at my back, my agitated thoughts darting this way and that like the sandpiper scurrying nervously ahead of me. The tide began to rise. Both the bird and I moved higher on the beach. My shadow lengthened, growing more and more diffuse in the coral-tinted twilight, finally disappearing, freeing the pursued sandpiper to whirr past and settle on the beach behind me. ■



## YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL!

**T**he recent public debate on our nation's scandals exposes a fundamental irony. Amid the moralizing columns of pundits and two-minute homilies by newscasters warning "Thou Shalt Not" fall the whispers of advertisers: "Who Says You Can't Have It All?" and "Obsession" and "You Deserve a Break Today" and "The Pride Is Back!"

With sweet words, Madison Avenue seeks to profit from our longing to lead ourselves into temptation. The schizophrenia of public puritanism and private libertinism creates a host of charming—and uniquely American—effects. Ivan Boesky cloisters himself with the Torah. The President publicly offers his urine for official inspection. Mafia bosses make a public show of attending church. Preachers swear off adultery.

In the interest of moral instruction and clarification, *Harper's Magazine* asked leading advertising agencies to develop a campaign *promoting* the seven deadly sins: Wrath, Lust, Avarice, Gluttony, Sloth, Envy, and Pride. Each agency pitted in-house teams against one another to perform this public service, to provide grist for tomorrow's sermonizers and to reconcile God and Mammon.



**BE ALL YOU CAN BE.**

**THE GLUTTON SOCIETY**

Helping people make the most of themselves for over 100 years.

**GLUTTONY**

Agency: Fallon McElligott. Art Director: Kevin Hanson. Copywriters: Jarl Olson, Mike Lescarbeau. Clients: Federal Express; Wall Street Journal; Lee Jeans.



Do you remember all of the things you told me you wanted as a child?

Well, your list may have changed, but I'll bet it hasn't gotten any shorter.

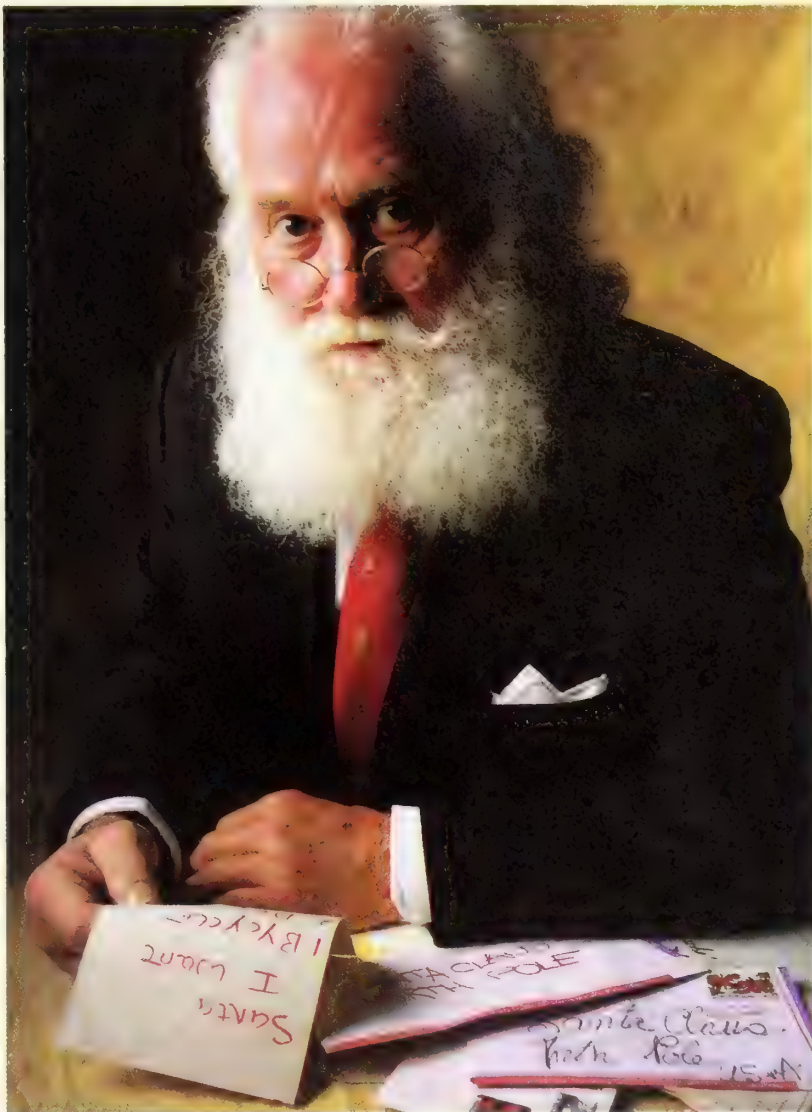
Perhaps you shouldn't be worried about that.

Greed has always motivated men and women. It has motivated inventors to make better mousetraps, artists to create greater art and scientists to find cures for diseases and pathways to the moon.

Just be sure to use your greed to good ends. Be greedy for knowledge. Be greedy for the kind of success that helps you, your family and your friends. Be greedy for love.

Just don't be greedy in ways that hurt others.

Remember, I'll always be the first one to know if you've been bad or good. So be good for goodness sake.



# The world's foremost authority speaks out on the subject of greed.

## AVARICE

Agency: The Martin Agency. Art Director: Hal Tench. Copywriter: Mike Hughes. Photographer: Jim Erickson. Production: Chet B...  
Clients: State of Virginia, "Virginia Is for Lovers"; General Motors; Reynolds Aluminum.



# ENVY

What luck! All the other agencies got the "plum" deadly sins. Lust, Wrath, Avarice, Pride, Gluttony. Those lucky slobs get the sins you can really sink your teeth into. Why, they practically sell themselves. (Hell, whoever got "Sloth" probably didn't even have to do an ad.) But what ~~do~~ we get stuck with? ENVY! Boy, talk about deadly!

## ENVY

Agency: NW Ayer, Inc. Art Director: Keith Gould. Copywriter: Patrick Cunningham. Clients: AT&T, "Reach Out and Touch Someone"; DeBeers, "A Diamond Is Forever"; U.S. Army, "Be All That You Can Be."





*The only emotion Powerful enough both to start a war—*



*and stop one.*

## WRATH

Agency: Saatchi & Saatchi DFS Compton. Creative Director: Dick Lopez. Copywriter: Jeff Frye. Clients: Toyota, "Who Could Ask Anything More? Toyota"; PaineWebber, "Thank You, PaineWebber"; Wendy's, "Where's the Beef?"





IF THE ORIGINAL SIN  
HAD BEEN SLOTH,  
WE'D STILL BE IN PARADISE.

## SLOTH

Agency: J. Walter Thompson. Art Dir.: Ian Marcellino. Copywriter: Chuck Hoffman. Clients: Ford, "Have You Driven a Ford Lately?" Pepsi Slice, "We Got the Juice"; U.S. Marine Corps, "We're Looking for a Few Good Men."



# It's Time To Start Feeling Good About Yourself—*Really* Good!

**"P**RIDE goeth before a fall"—we've all heard it. But how *TRUE* is it?

It's mostly *BUNK*, agree today's top mental health experts.

## Pride: the sin you can feel good about

You've heard all the bad-mouthing.

At home. In Sunday school. In literary magazines. "Pride's a sin!" they proclaim. Well, don't you believe it.

"Pride's gotten a bad rap," says psychiatrist/ornithologist Bernard Warbler.

"It's time this country wakes up and faces facts. Pride, to whatever extent, is healthy and natural. The psychiatric community is in complete agreement on this point."

So stick out your chest, for heaven's sake. *PRIDE*—it's today's "buzz word" for mental health!



Henry VIII

Failure after romantic failure, it was Henry's pride that kept him searching for Mrs. Right. At 52, he finally found her—the lovely Catherine Parr.



William Plover  
Dictionary Editor

The most misunderstood word in the English language? "Hubris," or excessive pride, is a word that's quickly leaving our vocabulary. *Good riddance!* The concept of "excessive" pride no longer works—and people are taking notice.

Dictionary editor William Plover: "'Hubris,' of course, comes to us from ancient Greece, and most word-watchers think it's come far enough. It's quite clear, early translators misunderstood the sense of 'wellness' implied by the Greeks. Resulting in centuries of lexicological slander, if you will. To me, hubris is a rather pleasant word."

Next time you run across "hubris" in the dictionary, cross it out—or write a new definition. You'll feel better for doing so!

## A poet celebrates pride

And on the pedestal these words appear:

My name is Ozymandias,  
king of kings

Look on my works, ye Mighty,  
and despair!

—Percy Bysshe Shelley,  
"Ozymandias"

Shelley was an early advocate of prideful living. His famous king Ozymandias wasn't afraid to put his words—or himself—up on a pedestal.

Shelley's wife, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, believed pride enabled men to

do the extraordinary. Her novel *Frankenstein* was a classic celebration of a doctor's pride so great, it was larger than life itself.

Dr. Frankenstein's pride allowed him to create a human being—a task no fictional character had ever before accomplished.

## Putting yourself on a pedestal—it's never been more convenient

But how can you live more pridefully?

It's easier than you think. We're the Pride Council. A trade association dedicated to bringing fine products—"Prouducts™"—to the American people. At prices that make pride easy to swallow.

## ACT NOW! HERE'S HOW!

Just read the coupon below. You'll find carefully screened and selected companies that can help you design the look-down-your-nose lifestyle you've always dreamed of having.

Don't dally—send in your coupon today!

It would be a sin not to.

## The Pride Council

Pride. It's not a sin anymore.™

Mail today to

The Pride Council  
666 Broadway  
New York, NY 10012

You've got me convinced! Rush me FREE information on the following prideful products and companies, please:

- ☐ Your Face in Bronze, Inc.
- ☐ Old World Family Crests
- ☐ Roots to Royalty Ancestor Investigators
- ☐ The Freelance Biographers Guild
- ☐ Acme Pedestal Co.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

© The Pride Council, 1987

## PRIDE

Agency: Ogilvy & Mather. Creative Director: Jay Jasper. Art Director: Carrie Wieseneck. Copywriter: Jim Nolan. Clients: Hathaway, "The Man in the Hathaway Shirt"; American Express, "Don't Leave Home Without It"; Pepperidge Farm, "Pepperidge Farm Remembers."

Any Sin That's  
Enabled Us to Survive  
Centuries of  
War, Death, Pestilence  
and Famine  
Can't Be Called Deadly.



*Lust*

Where Would We Be Without It?

LUST

Agency: TBWA Advertising, Inc. Art Director: Geoff Hayes. Copywriter: Evert Cilliers. Clients: Absolut Vodka; Bombay Gin; Laughing Cow Cheese.



# CUPCAKE LAND

Requiem for the Midwest in the key of vanilla

By Richard Rhodes

**I**n one corner of a decorative bridge on the Country Club Plaza, a shopping district in Kansas City, Missouri, a massive bronze sculpture attracts the attention of tourists. They are drawn to the work first of all by the colorful flags of the United States and Great Britain that fly overhead and seem to proclaim for it some undefined official status. Approaching the display, they discover that it depicts a man and a woman seated on or emerging from an undefined bronze mound. The man and the woman turn out to be Winston and Clementine Churchill—Winnie staring moodily ahead, Clemmie with folded hands observing her husband benevolently. *Married Love*, the sculpture is titled. By pushing a button on a sort of wooden jukebox behind it, one can listen to a scratchy recording of Churchill speaking to the British people in the dark days of the Second World War; “blood, toil, tears, and sweat” is sometimes discernible over the noise of traffic—Kansas Citians approaching the Plaza to shop.

*Married Love* originated as a small coffee-table piece by one Oscar Nemon. Nemon was an acquaintance of a Kansas City dentist, Joseph Jacobs; Jacobs saw the Churchill piece in Nemon’s Oxford home several years ago. Impressed, Jacobs brought home a photograph. One of his dental patients is Kansas City business leader Miller Nichols, whose father, J.C. Nichols, built the Plaza, and whose realty company operates it today. With Miller Nichols captive in his dentist’s chair one day, Jacobs confronted him with the photograph. “It’s no wonder that our young people have gotten away from traditional values,” the dentist says he told the realtor, “when they don’t have symbolism to inspire them.” Nichols liked the idea of a Churchill statue on the Plaza; it’s been fashionable in Kansas City to celebrate the British wartime leader ever since Joyce Hall, the founder of Hallmark Cards, courted his friendship back in the 1950s by sponsoring a national tour of Churchill’s leisure-time paintings. “Get that sculptor over here and let’s talk about it,” Nichols told Jacobs a few weeks later. Nemon was only too willing to scale the little sculpture up to heroic size.

Nichols, a man who pinches his inherited dollars until the eagles squeal,

*Richard Rhodes is the author of The Making of the Atomic Bomb. He is at work on a book about farm life in the Midwest.*

*The Holy Grail of  
Cupcake Land is  
pleasantness, well-  
scrubbed and bland*

wasn't about to pay for the work himself. He turned fund-raising over to his wife, Jeannette, who assembled privately the nearly \$500,000 that the statue and the endowment for its upkeep required. Jacobs says he suggested the title *Married Love*. What was merely kitsch at coffee-table scale thus found epic realization in bronze; the Country Club Plaza, with statuary already at hand of penguins, Indian braves, and sleeping babes, acquired the world's first Chatty Churchill.

Welcome to Cupcake Land.

I've lived in Kansas City for forty-four of my fifty years. I wasn't responsible for the first eighteen, after which I lit out for the East Coast as fast as my legs would carry me. But I came back here of my own volition, to teach and then to write, and I have to own responsibility for the other twenty-six. Partly I got stuck here—wife, children, then ex-wife with custody of the children. Maybe, as an editor friend once theorized, there's something irredeemably provincial in my soul. I like the country around here, rolling hills, prosperous farms. I even like the weather, which ranges from 20 below zero to 115 in the shade, from blizzards to tornadoes to swampy Bangkok heat, and which prepares you—good preparation for journalism—to be comfortable, even relieved, anywhere in the world.

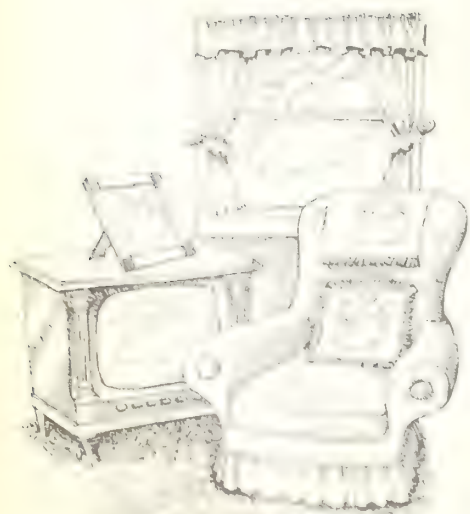
Kansas City was a paradise once, or so it seemed to me when I was a boy in the years just after World War II. The edges of the rough cow town it once was had been sanded and polished to splinter-free nostalgia by an intelligent, benevolent, remarkably nonpartisan city government: the old arrangement of wide, sweeping boulevards and well-kept parks still functioned, the streets were safe, mass transit by electric streetcars and buses was a dream (miles and miles of clean, quiet travel for a nickel, transfer free—I could and did roam the city unescorted at the age of eight). Neighborhoods abounded: children walked to school; you knew the little girl next door and the old man down the block; ladies hung washboards over the backs of chairs on sunny afternoons and used rainwater and vinegar to wash their waist-length hair; on summer evenings roaring with locusts lawn chairs came out and people called across front yards.

And then the suburbs arose, Cupcake Land, and sweetened Kansas City's plainspoken urban soul. We were more Elmer Gantry here once than George F. Babbitt. How many cities across the land have been similarly Cupcaked? What the hell happened to my town?

Curiously, although the cities of the East and West Coasts regularly forge ahead of the Midwest in many aspects of popular culture, in Cupcaking the Midwest has permanently held the lead. The Holy Grail of Cupcake Land is pleasantness, well-scrubbed and bland, and the Northeast Corridor is too crowded and dirty and ethnic, California too highly covered, too expensive, and therefore too much on the make, quite to measure up. My hometown is the very heart of Cupcake Land. Not by accident has Kansas City become the best test market for new products in the United States; what we consume (to paraphrase Walt Whitman) you shall consume, for every longing belonging to us as good belongs to you.

Cupcake Land is petit point and paisley and white wicker. It's professionally catered deb parties. It's the standing ovation, a tribute audience here accord almost every performance of classical music or ballet or theater, preferring effusion to critical appreciation and too timid to remain seated when fellow Cupcakes stand. Cupcake Land is Laura Ashley and Buick and Pierre Deux, yellow ribbons on every tree to declare Cupcake solidarity with distant hostages, memorials to Christa McAuliffe a thousand miles from Concord. When the goods at a bake sale staged to raise money for charity cost more to bake than they return in sales, I know I'm in Cupcake Land. I know I'm in Cupcake Land when a thorough search of an expensive, well-furnished house turns up not one serious book.

Cupcakes wear Ivy League styles of clothing, sort of: button-down shirts





or the men in easy-care Perma-Prest; demure skirts and one-piece bathing suits for the women. Cupcakes usually do not attend Ivy League schools, however; they attend state universities, because they believe that going to school out of state looks pretentious, isolates them from the gang, and excludes them from the network of potential business contacts they will need after graduation. Cupcakes do pledge fraternities and sororities; Cupcake and itself is a working out in maturity of the values, such as they are, learned so painfully in the crucible of the fraternity or the sorority house.

Cupcake men drink beer in moderation at backyard barbecues; Cupcake women don't drink at all, fearing to misbehave ("I get so silly"), or drink a glass of white wine, please." If the waiter specifies "Chablis?" they answer "That will be fine." "Chardonnay?" would elicit an identical response. Since to Cupcakes the only point of ordering a glass of wine is not to seem standoffish about drinking, the type of wine isn't an issue; and since Cupcakes in general know little about wine beyond what they've learned from television advertisements, making it an issue would appear snobbish to their friends. So of course they don't.

The suburban home and yard are the sturdy trunk and root of Cupcake Land. The ideal yard in Cupcake Land is a monoculture of bluegrass or fescue (a hardier Southern hybrid), a carpet of brilliant green maintained unvarying through the vicissitudes of summer with herbicides, pesticides, fertilizer, mowing, trimming, and irrigation. The front yards of Cupcake Land, whatever their extent and however inviting their shaded green lawns, aren't used. They're purely decorative, like the pristine curb spaces in front of Cupcake houses, where cars in urban neighborhoods would be parked. Cars in Cupcake Land belong in built-on garages with the garage doors closed. Garages for cars exemplify the Golden Rule of Cupcake Land, which is, *A place for everything and everything in its place*. In the spotless kitchens of Cupcake Land, hoods like the hoods condemned criminals wear to the gallows hide the blender and the food processor, and whiteenameled tin lids painted with meadow flowers disguise the plain, functional heating coils on the electric range. In Cupcake bathrooms, a needlepoint cover, slotted on top and bottomless, slips over the Kleenex box.

Cupcakes go to church. They're comforted to find so many similarly dressed and like-minded people gathered together in one place. If the sermons are dull, the setting is peaceful. God's in his heaven; all's right with the world, except in unimaginable places like Iran.

The Empress of Cupcake Land is Nancy Reagan, whom Kansas City Cupcakes adore—always impeccable, all her deals under the table, devoted to a cause for which she has found a pleasant solution ("Just say no") that is the equivalent of Cupcake Land's pleasant solution to poverty ("Just get a job"), to AIDS and teenage sex ("Just keep your legs crossed"), and to the national debt ("Just quit spending"). Ronald Reagan is the Emperor of Cupcake Land, of course, pleasantness personified, financing the imperial expansion on plastic, resplendent in his new clothes.

I've had some luck identifying when Kansas City ceded its south side to Cupcake Land (I grew up on the east side of town, now the black ghetto, where the old urban life persisted a few years longer). It began around the time I was born, not much before. The late Edward Dahlberg remembered a brawnier and more vigorous Kansas City, for example, in his 1964 autobiography, *Because I Was Flesh*. "A vast inland city," he described it, "a wild, concupiscent city." He recalled "a young, seminal town" where "the seed of its men was strong." Clearly this is not yet Cupcake Land; the period Dahlberg is evoking is the decade before the First World War, when he was a small boy. "There were more sporting houses and saloons than churches" in Kansas City then, he says. Remembering those forthcoming days he asks heatedly, "Could the strumpets from the stews of Corinth,

*In the spotless  
kitchens of Cupcake  
Land, hoods like the  
hoods condemned  
criminals wear to the  
gallows hide the  
blender and the food  
processor*

*Not many blacks live  
in Cupcake Land:  
white flight was a  
major force behind  
its founding*

Ephesus, or Tarsus fetch a groan or sigh more quickly than the dimpled thighs of lasses from St. Joseph or Topeka?"

But by the 1930s, on the evidence of Evan S. Connell's autobiographical 1959 novel, *Mrs. Bridge*, Cupcake Land was up and running, as if it came along one sinister Christmas complete and fully assembled, in a Pandoran box. Mrs. Bridge, a young Kansas City society matron, already shops on the Country Club Plaza, where presumably she bought her guest towels:

She had a supply of Margab, which were the best, at least in the opinion of everyone she knew, and whenever guests were coming to the house she would put the ordinary towels in the laundry and place several of these little pastel towels in each of the bathrooms. They were quite small, not much larger than a handkerchief, and no one ever touched them. After the visitors had gone home she would carefully lift them from the rack and replace them in the box till next time. Nobody touched them because they looked too nice; guests always did as she herself did in their homes—she would dry her hands on a piece of Kleenex.

Mrs. Bridge is conversant primarily with just such matters as towels, Connell observes, as well as "the by-laws of certain committees, antique silver, Royal Doulton, Wedgwood, the price of margarine as compared to butter, or what the hemline was expected to do." She knows the bedrock rules of Cupcake Land, which would seem not to have changed much these past sixty years. "Now see here, young lady," she scolds one of her daughters, "in the morning one doesn't wear earrings that dangle."

Edward Dahlberg revisited Kansas City late in life; his cantankerous but perspicacious reaction confirms the area's Cupcaking:

These cities, which are full of every kind of man and woman dirt, and have the most repulsive sex and movie dives, and prurient penny-arcade nudes, and pornographic postcard streets like Twelfth, have citizens, who are crazy about the word CLEAN. Clean health, clean living, clean politics! Only the corrupt can use this tabu word so easily.

**N**ot many blacks live in Cupcake Land: white flight was a major force behind its founding, and it's nearly impossible to cross the invisible lines that toothless laws tolerate and realtors maintain. Recently I rented an apartment in an old restored building in midtown Kansas City (wonderful Nutbread Land, a slice of the spirited Kansas City I remember from childhood, trucks unloading outside grocery stores and buses going by, people of all sizes and shapes and colors walking real sidewalks, some of them talking to themselves). "Funny thing," the rental agent told me, "the people who rent here are almost always from somewhere else. Kansas Citians all want new." To find the new, however diminished—and to escape the desegregation of the public-school system that began in 1955 and is still not complete—Cupcake recruits moved en masse across the state line into Johnson County, Kansas, last year's cow pasture become this year's pseudo-Colonial or French Provincial suburb. Freight wagons used to follow the Santa Fe Trail from Kansas City out through Johnson County; developers today, putting up houses and shopping malls along that trail, seem bent on moving the city itself to Santa Fe.

Not that Kansas City Cupcakes dislike blacks, exactly. They avoid them not necessarily because they think them inferior but because they know them to be different, Cornbread rather than Cupcake, just as the blue-collar whites who live south and east of Kansas City in Pancake Land are different. In that difference Cupcakes measure a strong potential for unpleasant encounter. "What would I say to one?"

Connell, in *Mrs. Bridge*, reinforces this analysis, depicting discomfort rather than active hostility in black-white relations at the borders of the Country Club District. "The niggers are moving in," Mrs. Bridge's daughter announces provocatively one day:

Mrs. Bridge slowly put down the tray of cookies. She did not know just what to say. Such situations were awkward. On the one hand, she herself would not care



to live next door to a houseful of Negroes; on the other hand, there was no reason not to. She had always liked the colored people she had known. She still thought affectionately of Beulah Mae [a laundress long departed for California] and worried about her, wondering if she was still alive. She had never known any Negroes socially; not that she avoided it, just that there weren't any in the neighborhood, or at the country club, or in the Auxiliary. There just weren't any for her to meet, that was all.

The Country Club Plaza is supposed to be a place for strolling, window-shopping, watering at one of its several outdoor cafes. (Alternatively, one may ride in a horse-drawn carriage, à la Central Park: at the height of the season more than a dozen carriages work the Plaza, an area only about ten city blocks in extent. They tour no park but streets of storefronts. They do not want for customers.) A little posse of black children biked into this pleasant setting one afternoon in the heyday of breakdancing. They unrolled their pads of cardboard and linoleum, cranked up their ghetto blasters on a centrally located corner outside a men's clothing store, and got down. They were good; spinning and double-jointing through their repertoire, they drew an appreciative crowd. But the Nichols Company doesn't want vulgar street entertainment within the confines of the Plaza, particularly when the entertainers are unlicensed and black. Security guards elbowed through the crowd, spread-eagled the children against the wall, and cuffed them (or tried to—the cuffs kept slipping off one small boy's wrists), and dragged them away.

In a subsequent year teenagers began to cruise and promenade the western end of the Plaza, to see and be seen, perhaps drawn by the McDonald's installed in a mall building there without golden arches but with a bronze statue of a seated lad eating a bronze hamburger and reading a bronze book. The Nichols Company reacted to the promenading as if it had been assaulted by Cuban mercenaries. First it tried to barricade the streets. That inconvenienced paying adults as well as conspiring teens. Next it sent in its security guards, gun-toting men paid not much more than minimum wage and trained initially only eight hours in their trade—lawsuits for brutality and false arrest are still pending. Finally the Nichols Company arranged with the Kansas City Police Department to set up a command post on the Plaza, *et in Arcadia ego*, from which police fanned out to arrest anyone committing even the most obscure infraction—shirt unbuttoned, one taillight out, taking a leak in the parking-lot bushes. That draconian measure seems to have cleared the kids away. I walked with them one Saturday night not

long before the end. They were, for the most part, clean, wonderfully wide-eyed, and duded up—and black. Their real offense was that they scared Cupcakes away.

To obscure its bawdy history Kansas City lays claim to an ersatz nobility. Its livestock show is the American Royal, its debutantes debut at a Jewel Ball, and the trademark of its best-known local industry, Hallmark Cards, is a crown. An exhaustive Name-the-Team contest that received more than 17,000 entries preceded the establishment in Kansas City of its baseball team; we were asked to believe that team owner Ewing Kauffman, a self-made pharmaceutical tycoon, considered those thousands of alternatives seriously before he came up with his choice, the Kansas City Royals, and with the team logo, a distinctly Hallmark-like crown.

The apotheosis of Kansas City's pretentious Anglophilia was a wedding party in London last June for the twenty-one-year-old stepdaughter of the U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Charles Price II, a good-old-boy Kansas City banker whose wife Carol is heiress to Omaha's Swanson TV-dinner fortune. Melissa Price's wedding dominated the pages of *The Kansas City Star*—a headline I particularly cherish read SIX-TIER, 500-EGG CAKE WILL BE SHOWPIECE OF RECEPTION—and nearly one hundred of Kansas City's elect flew to London for the event. "Sensible young people," the *Star*'s society editor wrote of the couple thus honored, "who believe in

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individual expression*

some of life's solid dividends, such as friendships and careers." The name of the Berkeley Hotel, the editor noted in a helpful aside, is "pronounced Barkley." There was breathless speculation that Nancy Reagan might attend the wedding, her presence transmuting Cupcake to Pound Cake—the Prices are inevitably canonized in Kansas City social notes as Reagan intimates—but no such imperial benevolence was bestowed.

I've concluded that Kansas Citian Calvin Trillin, writing in the *New Yorker*, declared Arthur Bryant's Kansas City barbecue to be the best in the world to gull such pretensions. Bryant's isn't even the best barbecue in Kansas City (their sauce, which Trillin seems to have confused with Lourdes water, tastes overwhelmingly of cayenne). Bryant's is situated in the heart of Kansas City's black ghetto, a place very few Cupcakes normally, by choice, even remotely approach. Arthur Bryant is gone now, but in his day the tables were rickety, the windows dirty, the neighborhood risky and the barbecue bad. Back in the 1950s, Bud Trillin's high-school crowd went to Bryant's for barbecue to be daring. Cupcakes traipse down to Seventeenth and Brooklyn now because they think it's sophisticated. Eating greasy cayenne-embittered pork in a ghetto barbecue joint identifies them *mirabile dictu*, as *New Yorker* readers.

The real humorist in Trillin's family is his daughter, Greenwich Village born, who spotted the change in Kansas City from urban paradise to Cupcake Land on a visit here when she was a little girl. Two days of driving from shopping center to shopping center led her to ask her stolid father,

Daddy, is this a city? Dearest daughter, of course it is, Bud informed her. Then how come, she pounced, we never walk?

Most Kansas City Cupcakes work for large, impersonal corporations, which partly explains their enthusiasm for conformity. They commute home from work to Cupcake Land every afternoon fearing for the jobs, and the angst such fear engenders colors all the other hours of the lives. I have heard bright and talented adults, who do not hesitate to speak up on issues of national politics, lower their voices in public places when discussing the doings of their corporations, afraid they might be overheard by someone who might pass on their usually innocuous testimony to the éminences noires of directordom. The Soviet Union can't be any worse in this regard. If you can't say something good about something, as I've been told many times out here, don't say anything at all. Cupcakes don't. They don't dare.

As political institutions, corporations aspire to nationhood; they often do command budgets larger than many of the nations of the world, and expect their employees to die for them. In dispensing raises and advancement they make it clear that they value loyalty more than achievement. Within such institutions even the most talented employees frequently come to believe that they are qualified for no other work (the Man Without a Country syndrome), that only the corporation's benevolence sustains them.

At the bottom of the cup in Cupcake Land is a deep insecurity about the consequences of individual expression. Cupcakes are usually only one generation removed from the urban working class or the farm. They wear the newfound bourgeois respectability awkwardly. Like the maids and nannies of Victorian England, but with no such compelling evidence walking the streets around them, they believe that only their conformity to the narrowest standards of convention protects them from the abyss.

Their fear stales friendship and love; in personal relations Cupcake men and women give off a continual sense of disapproval and unease. They don't mean to be difficult; they're only continually fearful that your actions or theirs might reveal them to be parvenus. "Between you and I" is standard English in Kansas City, Cupcakes working too hard to get their grammar right. When such hypervigilance extends to sex it's deadly; in bed with a Cupcake (to speak in the simplified but useful jargon of transaction





alysis), child encounters parent instead of child encountering child. "I n't mind. I enjoy cuddling. Let's try again next time." Cupcakes, I'm aid, lack spice.

A year ago I moved to the Missouri countryside to find out what rural life d become in the thirty years since I left the farm. (My farm career was an plescent interlude, six years at a boys' home and farm outside Indepen- nce, Missouri—but we bused ourselves to school in Kansas City.) The orning of the first day of my visit I met the farmer I would be following, om I call Tom Bauer, at the outdoor feeding floor where he finishes hogs market. One of the hogs had a prolapsed rectum, Tom explained, ich he was going to try to fix.

The poor animal wasn't hard to identify. Knee-high, weighing about 100 unds—half-grown—it was pink, with coarse white hair, and a swollen, ish tube of tissue protruded from its body behind. Because of attacks by e other hogs the prolapse was bloody. "You cain't always fix 'em," Tom d me. "Sometimes you work them back in and they come back out. en you've lost the animal for sure. But we're gonna try."

Tom's big sixteen-year-old son, Brett, was at hand. He slipped into the n and skillfully caught the hog by a back leg and dragged it out into the ile. His father pulled on a sterile plastic glove. "We got to haul it up by its nd legs and hang it over the gate," Tom directed. Brett caught the other g and worked the animal around as if it was a wheelbarrow until its belly proached the gate, which was framed with smooth iron pipe. But the g's legs were slippery with brown, pungent hog manure. Strapping kid ough he is, a reserve guard in high-school football, Brett struggled to lift e animal into position.

I didn't think I was being tested, that first day on the farm, but on the her hand, the boy needed help. I took a deep breath—not, in those redo- nt surroundings, the wisest decision I ever made—stepped to Brett's side, abbed one shit-covered leg, timed my effort with the boy's, and heaved e hog over the gate so that it hung down bent at the hip, its butt in the r. Brett and I held on then while Tom carefully worked the poor animal's ctum back into its body, the hog screaming in unavoidable pain. Gross," Brett said. Then his dad was finished and we let the animal gently own. It didn't prolapse again—it lived, to be trucked at 250 pounds to the aughterhouse for pork chops to grace the tables of Cupcake Land.

I adjusted to the realities of farm work quickly enough, having grown up the trade. But I realized that first morning as I pushed through my initial ltural shock how far removed Kansas City has become from the countr- de that sustains it. Cupcake Land is farther removed yet—too far, I fear, r any straightforward recovery. To make life pleasant seems a worthy ough goal in the abstract, but increasing control and decreasing surprise finally stifling. Full-blown and pathological, it results in life-threatening nsory deprivation. Cupcake children in their pervasive and much re- arked ennui show symptoms of such deprivation. Only last summer a rowd of well-provisioned Johnson County teens raged through their sub- rban neighborhoods smashing cars; Cupcake opinion of the rampage lamed permissive education.

Talk is general these days of a brutal recession on its way, the ugly se- uela of the Reagan years. That would be a terrible betrayal of Cupcake rust. Chatty Churchills won't guard the gates to Cupcake Land then, or ea cozies hood the disaster, or cuddling comfort the bewildered, or credit ards pay the bills. If any good might come from such a consequence it ould be the lifting of the burden of pretension from Cupcake backs.

Like other Cupcake outposts across the land, this plainspoken river-bluff ity I know and still grudgingly love has glazed over its insecurities with retension. Sooner or later, such artificial barriers always collapse. The issouri River will still be around then, ready in its brown flood to sweep he stale crumbs away. People I respect who care about this place counsel atience, but it's been a damned long wait. ■

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# AND NOW, FOR SOMETIME

What's coming up and

Twenty years ago this month, the architects of the Great Society set out to open a channel of high-minded communication free from commercial TV's wanton toadying to money. The founders pulled together a loose confederation of local educational and university stations and begot Public Television. The new medium promised new voices, more culture, and creative programming: quality television. Although eloquent about their purpose, the founders, alas, failed to establish a secure source of money. Instead of liberating PBS from the thrall of commerce, they shackled their good intentions to a Catherine wheel of perpetual need. As a result, this prime-time anniversary lineup is no cause for rejoicing. It is not so new and creative as it is cheap.

Shows of such unrelieved niceness as *Nature* and its multitudinous cousins are basement bargains. Some of *Nature's* programs, for example, consist of canned footage purchased abroad at little cost. PBS finds an American host, shoots a few stand-ups, and tapes a whispery voice-over. Since animals don't speak in Japanese or Italian or German, the audience assumes the productions are new.

	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY
8:00 P.M.	NATURE FOREIGN BIRDS (SEP-11) #100-1000 (SEP-11)	THE FIRST STEP	NOVA #110-1100 (SEP-11) #1110-1110 (SEP-11)
9:00 P.M.	MASTERS OF IMAGINE "The Bretons"	ML	THE KING OF KINGS
10:00 P.M.	#110-1100	#110-1100	#110-1100
11:00 P.M.	THE FINE BASTARD #110-1100	TRYING TIMES (SEP-11) #110-1100	THE STORY OF ENGLISH (A)
11:30 P.M.	THE PLAYERS OF THE BAY #110-1100	ALIVE FROM THE CENTER #110-1100	#110-1100

Foreign imports (shaded in gray) make up an astounding thirty-one of the eighty-four hours—more than a third—of this schedule. Importing a show costs a fraction of what it does to produce one. What PBS imports is often embarrassing. *Buster Keaton: An American Masters Special* is produced by Thames Television. Another upcoming series, *Television*—the history of a chiefly American phenomenon—is a re-edited British production. There is a reason for this: England spends about \$30 per capita on public television while in America we spend less than a dollar.



# COMPLETELY CHEAP

on at PBS, by Jack Hitt

Prepared: 1/1/87

	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
8P	THE ADAMS CHRONICLES #101-#110	WASHINGTON WEEK IN REVIEW #111-#120	WINTERWIGERS #121-#130
9P	MYSTERY! "Anthony L. Jowers' Lord Peter Wimsey"	WALL STREET WEEK #131-#140	HEIMAT
10P	UPSTAIRS, DOWNSTAIRS #141-#150	THE GREAT PERFORMANCES #151-#160	
11P			
12A			

CLOSED CAPTIONS

Another source of money is PBS's small crowd of viewers. Because only 10 percent of the audience contributes, PBS plays a Lilliputian ratings game. Like the networks, it sets programming to hold the audience—specifically, donor-viewers. This means building a mood throughout the evening or, in the jargon, "hooking them through the adjacencies." Notice the preponderance of hour-long shows, which reduces the dial-changing chances from two per hour to one. Also note the bland homogeneity of each night's offering: A truly original show wedged between Thursday's *The Adams Chronicles*, *Mystery!* and *Upstairs, Downstairs* would seem like a skunk at a lawn party. Other than furry animal features and Anglomaniacal soap operas, the only shows comfy in such fellowship are tranquilizing documentaries such as *The First Eden*, *Nova*, *The Story of English*, and *Discover*, which suffer from their only strength. They are interesting, very interesting, only interesting.

Even when PBS embarks on its own cultural programming, it relies on others. What C-SPAN does for Congress, PBS does for culture: It simply wheels its cameras into someone else's gig and rolls tape. Think of *In Performance at the White House*, *Live from Lincoln Center*, or a special broadcast direct from the Kennedy Center in Washington. To appreciate the keen pathos of what Public Television could be, consider the success of Public Radio. Despite similar problems, Public Radio established its own voice, created innovative programming, and launched such talents as Nina Totenberg, Bob Krulwich, and Garrison Keillor. In short, it created a network where there isn't one. PBS's voice is borrowed and its schedule patchwork.

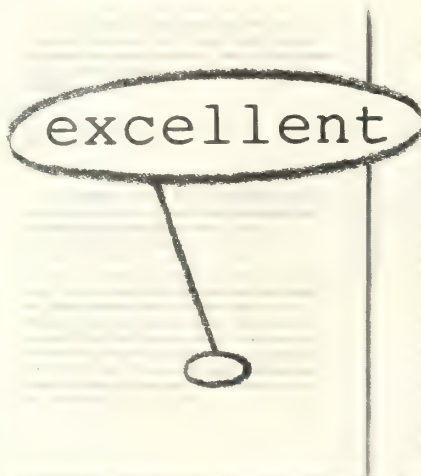
*Great Performances* is made possible, as you know, by a grant from the Exxon Corporation. By untethering programmers from the constraints of product advertisement, PBS delivered itself into a more refined bondage: corporate sponsorship. Public Television could never produce a show that risks even so small a joke as *Max Headroom* because a company as stately as Exxon will not sponsor anything that lacks the pomp and majesty of heavy bronze. The occasional good idea for a program, then, is forced to beg. The producers of the acclaimed civil-rights history, *Eyes on the Prize*, suffered through a five-year pilgrimage to more than three dozen underwriters before making it on the air.

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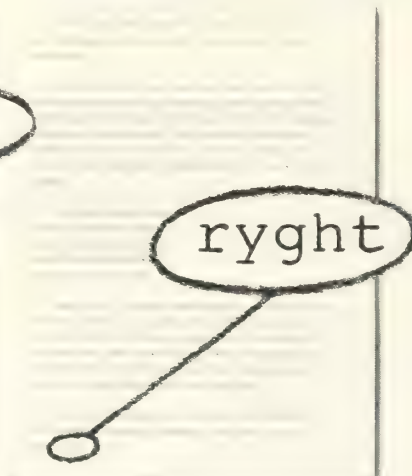
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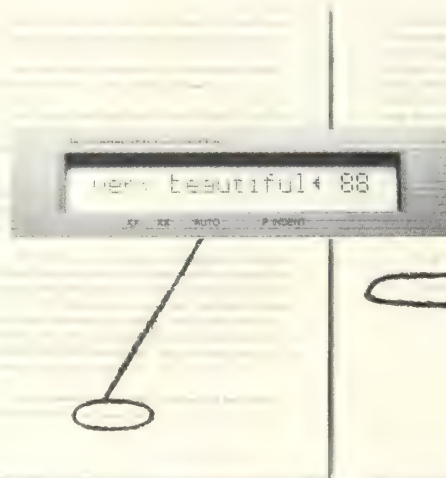
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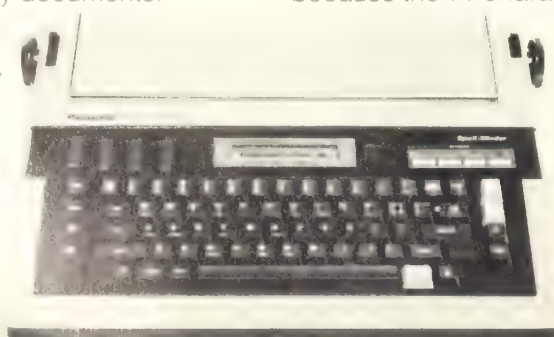
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# ABSENCE OF MERCY

*By Robert Stone*

**M**ackay once described himself as "the last orphan." He has a forlorn and humorous manner that makes his friends delight in the phrase. Some of them use it behind his back.

As a child of five, Mackay was sent to an institution operated by a Catholic order of teaching Brothers. Though it was described as a boarding school, the male children who attended St. Michael's were all homeless to a greater or lesser degree, and many had lost, one way or another, both parents. About half had been enrolled by surviving relatives who paid the Pauline Brothers a tuition that, in the mid-1940s, amounted to fifty dollars a year. Others had been placed by the Family Court system through the network of Catholic charities. The children were referred to, quaintly, as "scholars."

A significant minority of St. Michael's scholars were statutory delinquents. Many were suffering from emotional disturbances of varying severity. All were unhappy and unloved or unwisely loved or loved ineffectively. All were mildly malnourished; in later life, Mackay would find himself unable to remember the food at St. Michael's as food, only as the stuff of guilt or sickness. All were subject to unrelenting petty violence.

*Robert Stone's most recent novel is Children of Light.*

To be a scholar at St. Michael's was to live on one's nerves. A good beating was forever at hand. Pale children were always whispering, their jaws rigid like ventriloquists', about surprise attacks, revenge, and retribution. Sometimes it would seem to Mackay that his grade-school years were a single continuous process of being found out in transgression and punished. At other times he would recall them as a physical and moral chaos of all against all.

Mackay had been placed in St. Michael's by reason of his mother's incapacity. His virgin aunt, a schoolteacher, paid the Brothers. Mackay's mother was a single parent before her time and a paranoid schizophrenic. She was an educated, well-spoken woman, and Mackay could remember that in the years before their separate institutionalization she had often read to him. He could also remember lying with her in a dark room while music that was solemn and frightening played from an ornate wooden radio. Once in St. Michael's he forgot, for a while, his mother's face. He thought of her as a vague, troubled, tender presence. He was surprised, as an adult, to learn that she had been known to display a violent side.

Mackay's own experience of violence began at St. Michael's, where it appeared in three principal forms. The first was intramural, taking

place among the scholars themselves and visited by the strong upon the weak. In obscure corners, in lavatories, showers, and the swarming darkness after lights-out, boys alone or in combinations fought out the laws of struggle and dominance. St. Michael was a warrior angel and St. Michael's Institute had the social dynamic of a coral reef.

In its second variation, violence was attendant upon the scholars' education and correction and was meted out from above by the Brothers. Sometimes it was spontaneous and consisted of a clip, with or without a knuckle filling, to the head of a boy skylarking or talking in ranks. Idling in class, insufficiently complete answers to a teacher's question, or simply wrong ones, might also bring such an expression of displeasure. On one occasion, an unhappy arithmetic teacher lined up his entire third-grade class and slapped each scholar twice, hard across the face. Someone's slip of the tongue had provoked general unseemly laughter. The teacher, sardonically Mackay later believed, ordered his scholars to offer their humiliations to the Holy Ghost. The corporal punishment Mackay most dreaded was that administered formally, by the prefect of the primary school, with a worn razor strop. The smallest children and those in their first weeks at St. Michael's were not subject to such rigors, lax deportment in them being seen as the fruit of natural depravity. But for scholars aged six and over, the words "You will stand by my room... tonight!" uttered theatrically in the French Canadian inflections of Brother Francis, prefect of the grammar school, were an occasion of stark sick-making terror.

Finally, among the forms of violence, there were the weekly "smokers," in which a scholar found himself confronting both the authority of the institute and the mob spirit of his fellows. In the smokers, boys six and over were obliged to put on boxing gloves and flail away at each other for three two-minute rounds; time enough, Mackay discovered, to get beaten thoroughly. For years Mackay dreaded Thursday evenings and the smokers. In the middle of his second year, matched against a talented boy from West Virginia, he lost much of the hearing in one ear and years later discovered that his eardrum had been broken and his inner ear injured. Eventually he learned the requisite lessons. He learned to keep his head and to use his own anger. He learned to take blows, to take courage from someone else's show of pain, and to use another's fear to his own advantage.

The necessity of accommodating the realities of conflict caused Mackay much inward confusion. He recalled and idealized his mother's gentleness like a lost kingdom, but pining about it would not do. Homesick brooding made him

teary and vulnerable which was a dangerous way to be. Struggle was the law. During his first years at St. Michael's, World War II was in progress. The war and the patriotic effort to fight it were presented at St. Michael's as having a sacred character. The war was an occasion of suffering and death, states that were well regarded there. Death was particularly sublime, the highest form of existence and a condition to be acquired as soon as responsibility permitted. The virtuous dead were the Church triumphant.

Mackay understood the weakness of his position. He felt that he required help from higher powers, but the higher powers seemed firmly on the side of Brother Francis, their earthly representative. Mackay's religious allegiances shifted with his daily fortunes. One day he would find himself in transports of love for his Father in Heaven, who was after all the only one he knew, and he would pray that God's will be done on earth. At other times he would desire nothing so much as the defeat and ruin of the United States, on the theory that even the conquering Japanese were bound to be an improvement on the Pauline Brothers. On such days he would address his prayers to Satan, Hitler, and Stalin. It would seem at these times that the right side was not for him. Even today he seems to carry a strain of destructive skepticism in his nature, together with a strange credulity.

In the course of his time at St. Michael's Mackay was able to laugh off much of the Brothers' absentminded battery. He joined a school gang, fought for and held a middling status in the primate democracy. He became a friend of one of the gang's principals, a red-headed boy named Christopher Kiernan who excelled at the smokers. Mackay himself came to enjoy the smokers and even won a few. The statutory evening punishments he would never forgive or forget.

**I**n the hours before lights-out, there were always a few boys aged between six and nine standing in a line outside the cubicle in which the Brother Prefect slept. Besides serving as the House of Pain, the Brother Prefect's room was a place of great mystery, the only adult residence with which many of the scholars were familiar. Those who visited it most frequently would have been hard put to describe it, distracted as they were by their own fear and shame. Mackay remembers the white curtain, like a hospital screen across the door, and the smell of the Brother Prefect's pipe tobacco.

After the evening prayer and the bustle of innocent scholars retiring, the standers-by were left in semi-darkness with the beating of their own hearts. Very occasionally, on the eve of holidays or simply at a whim, Brother Francis



would commute the sentences of the condemned and send them scattering joyfully to bed. This remote possibility added a dimension of suspense to the nightly drama and enabled the children to experience the edifying sensation of vain hopes disappointed.

Ten minutes to a quarter of an hour after the lights had gone out, the Prefect would emerge from behind his curtain and eye the quivering scholars like a high priest inspecting the offerings. He would then make a withering remark at their expense; one of his favorites was to address them as "mother's little darlings," a characterization hardly appropriate since they were in fact orphans about to be beaten. Mackay always felt it directed at him in particular.

Then Brother Francis would return inside and consult his dreaded little black book and call the scholars in one by one. Punishment was administered in silence. It was expected to be endured with patience and to be, as the phrase went, "offered up." It was often pointed out at St. Michael's that Our Lord Himself had cooperated with the authorities who put him to death, meekly obeying their commands in order that the sacrifice be accomplished. And the ceremonial nature of these punishments, the waiting in reverent silence and order, as though for a sacrament, the intensity of feeling undergone by the finished, all conspired to give an atmosphere of perverse religiosity to the business.

Pushing the curtain aside, a guilty scholar could enter the tiny room. Looming hugely overhead was the black-clad figure of Brother Francis. The razor strop was behind his back and he would hold it there until the victim extended his small left hand, palm upward. Three times the rope would descend; and after each blow, the scholar, if he wanted to get it all over with, was required to offer his hand for the next. Mackay says he can remember the pain even today. After the left hand it was time for three on the right.

The worst of it, Mackay says, was the absence of mercy. Once the punishment began, no amount of crying or pleading would stay the Prefect's hand. Each blow followed upon the last, inexorably, like the will of God. It was the will of God. Brother Francis, implacable as a shark in a hurricane, carried out what was ordained on high. If a scholar withheld a trespassing hand, Brother Francis would wait until it was duly extended. He seemed to have nothing but time, like things themselves. Only in refusing to cry could a boy preserve a remnant of personal dignity. Mackay always tried to hold out. Once he made it through the second blow on the right and before dissolving. It did not escape Mackay's notice that in the end, everyone cried.

Duly punished, St. Michael's children would

fly weeping toward their pillows, their burning hands tucked under their armpits, scuttling barefoot over the wooden floor like skinny little wingless birds. In bed, in the darkness, they would moan with pain and rage against the state of things, against Brother Francis and God's will, against their alcoholic fathers, feckless mothers, or step-parents. Children can never imagine a suffering greater than their own.

Mackay was an intelligent child who liked books and so was able to mythologize his experience. One of the favorite myths informing his early childhood was the Dickensian one of the highborn orphan, fallen among brutish commoners. Sometimes he would try to identify and encourage in himself those traits of character that gave evidence of his lost eminence. The question of his own courage in the face of danger and enmity often occupied his thoughts. Years later, in Navy boot camp, Mackay would discover that in the course of his years at St. Michael's he had acquired an instinctive cringe. This would be the first indication in adult life that he had not passed altogether unmarked through his early education.

When Mackay's mother was released from the hospital, Mackay left St. Michael's and went to live with her in a single bathless room at a welfare hotel on the West Side. He spent as much time as possible out of the room, on the street. In his second year of high school, he began to cut classes. He had become a "junior" of a West Side gang and spent much time drinking beer in Central Park at night and smoking, with a sense of utter abandon, the occasional reefer.

Once, in the dead hours of a summer night, he was drinking Scotch and Pepsi-Cola with four other youths around the Egyptian obelisk in Central Park called Cleopatra's Needle when a hostile band happened by. One of Mackay's friends had a knife and in the fight that ensued a boy of the other party was stabbed. It was impossible to see everything in the darkness. The fight was almost silent. Mackay found that adrenaline worked against the sense of time; time advanced with his pulse beats, moment by moment. There was a cry of "Shank!" The stabbed boy cursed and groaned. At the height of the battle two mounted policemen from the Central Park precinct came galloping across the Great Lawn, bearing down on the combatants. Everyone scattered for cover.

Mackay and Chris Kiernan escaped down a wall and onto the transverse road across the park at Seventy-ninth Street. There they found the teenager who had been stabbed, standing by the curb watching glassy-eyed as the cars sped past him. He had been stabbed twice in the arm, warding off thrusts at his body. The



wounds seemed deep and, Mackay thought, might well have killed had they been placed as intended.

The stabbed youth cursed them. Mackay and Kiernan felt compromised. Custom discouraged the promiscuous use of knives against white enemies. It seemed impossible to simply leave him there so they decided to help. Mackay and Kiernan made a tourniquet of his bloody white shirt. They walked him, talking encouragement, to the door of the nearest hospital, a luxurious private establishment off Madison Avenue. His shirt had become suffused with blood. Blood ran off his sneakers onto the pavement. As they approached the inner glass door of the hospital a man in white came forward from behind a reception desk and locked the door. When they protested the man in white simply shook his head. Mackay and Kiernan somehow got the youth to Bellevue, left him outside Emergency,

and fled.

The following winter, on St. Patrick's Day, Mackay was one of the drunken youths who, then as now, made the Upper East Side horrible with their carousing after the parade. His mother was back in the hospital and he was staying in an apartment in East Harlem with half a dozen other dropouts. Parents, not unwisely, cautioned their teenage children against association with him.

On the St. Patrick's Day in question, Mackay was drunk and unhappy. He picked a fight with his friend Kiernan in a poolroom on East Eighty-sixth Street. Kiernan, with what Mackay always felt was a lucky punch, stretched him out cold on the poolroom floor. He actually lay unconscious for a minute or two, whereupon the proprietors of the poolroom ejected him from the premises by throwing him down the many steps that led to the street. Mackay, tasting defeat





med a certain embittered caution. Kiernan, the other hand, came to regard his own belerence too indulgently, as events years later ould make clear.

n his last year of high school, Mackay joined Navy. He was fond of sea stories. He took subway to South Ferry and signed the necessary papers in the offices at Whitehall Street, d by the end of the day he was on his way the naval training center at Bainbridge, Maryland.

The Navy Mackay joined in the middle fifties s the Navy of World War II, a tradition-nded, conservative service that prided itself stiff discipline. It sought to produce individuals who could perform technical tasks under ssure, and its training procedures reflected s requirement. Every morning recruits turned t for inspection. It was summer and whites re the uniform of the day. The whites could t be machine-washed or ironed. They were nd-washed with a scrub brush and a bar of dry soap, then rolled in the regulation man- r. If any part of a recruit's uniform was imper- tly washed or in some way out of order, the ll instructors would make him regret it.

In the second week of boot camp, during a formance of the manual of arms, a drill instructor named Igo discovered Mackay's cringe. o was a First Class Boatswain's Mate.

"My word!" Igo exclaimed. He enjoyed using s mild expletive because of the contrast it ide with the rest of his vocabulary. "My word! is recruit has the attitude of a dog." Mackay himself was surprised. He had never ticed himself cringing.

Igo took to addressing Mackay as "Pooch." e announced that he would drill the cringe out him. He made things very unpleasant. Every rning after the training company was dis- ssed from inspection, Igo would drill him in e manual of arms.

"Here, Pooch," he would call amiably, to nmon Mackay.

At one point Mackay decided that if Igo lled him Pooch once more, he would bash the atswain's Mate's brains out with his useless ringfield training rifle. He decided instead to rterpret Igo's drilling as being in his own best terest. He had noticed that in the Navy people were rarely actually struck; in that way the avy was unlike St. Michael's. He noticed also at the food was good, better than he had ever d anywhere.

Every morning he drilled with Igo. When ey had gone through the manual of arms, Igo ould menace him by waving a variety of ob- ts over his head and try to catch him cring- g. It was absurd and comical. Still, Mackay und it very hard to stare straight ahead and

not to wince at the expected blows. Mackay thought of his cringe as a rat that lived near his heart, a rat with his own face. He hated it far worse than he hated Igo.

By the time he left boot camp for the fleet, he was able to stare the Boatswain's Mate down.

"Congratulations, sailor," Igo said to Mackay. "You're too scared to cringe."

Mastering the shameful reflex had been instructive and Mackay never forgot it. He often wondered if everyone had a rat at his heart to kill.

Six years or so out of the Navy, Mackay beheld himself a family man, married and the father of a baby boy. His mother was dead. Through good luck he was able to find a job as a photographer's assistant. Eventually the job would lead to his working as a news photographer and then to his becoming an artist, but it was a hard job with long hours and low pay. Mackay enjoyed it nonetheless and supplemented his income by working as a house painter. He lived with his family in a pleasant apartment on the West Side near Central Park. His wife was a graduate of the High School of Music and Art and of Reed College. Their friends were people of spirit and artistic interest. It was the early Sixties and a good time to be young in New York. Mackay felt as though the city in which he lived was an utterly different city from the one in which he had grown up.

On a bright autumn Saturday Mackay walked over to Columbus Avenue for the morning paper and discovered that there was a picture of his old friend Chris Kiernan on the front page of the *Daily News*. The accompanying headline read: SAMARITAN KILLED IN SUBWAY SLAYING.

Kiernan had been riding the Seventh Avenue Express down from his in-laws' new apartment in the north Bronx. His Korean-American wife and their infant child were with him. At the 149th Street station a young man had boarded the train and begun harassing passengers. The young man was an unemployed immigrant from Ecuador and he had been drinking. He went through the cars from one end of the train to the other, making menacing gestures and cursing the subway riders in Spanish. Reaching the car in which Kiernan and his family were riding he passed by them without comment. But in the same car he began to abuse a lone middle-aged woman. The woman looked at Kiernan, a big man with a practical face, plainly a husband and father, wearing a suit and tie. She called to him begging for help. As the train pulled into the 125th Street station, Kiernan went over to the young man and began to struggle with him. When the doors opened Kiernan wrestled him out onto the platform.

"You're getting off here," Kiernan was reported to have told the man. He gave the Ecuadorian a shove that sent him flying and returned to sit beside his wife. A ragged cheer went up.

The car doors should have closed then but they did not. Instead of continuing on to 116th Street the train remained in the 125th Street station and the doors stayed open. Out on the platform the angry Ecuadorian struggled to his feet. According to witnesses he went halfway up the stairs to the next level but then seemed to change his mind and came back down. Still the doors failed to close. The drunk young man got back on the express and stabbed Kiernan through the heart. Kiernan stood up and tried to chase him. The man fled up the stairs. Kiernan fell dead on the station platform in what the *Daily News* described as "a pool of blood."

Mackay stood transfixed on the corner of Columbus Avenue in the rare autumn sunshine reading about Kiernan's murder. He and Chris Kiernan had known each other since they were both six years old. The *Daily News* story mentioned the fact that Kiernan had once been a scholar at St. Michael's. He had gone on to attend St. Peter's College in New Jersey and later became an Army officer. At the time of his death he was an account executive at Batten, Barton, Durstine, and Osborn. His friends were quoted regarding his excellence of character.

Mackay was shaken. A thrill of fear went through him as he picked up the *Times* and paid for both papers and started home. Although they had not seen each other for ten years they had once been very close. They had suffered shame and pain together that could never be explained to anyone. They were of the same stuff. Mackay felt his existence threatened by Kiernan's death. He felt diminished.

In Albany, a legislator introduced a bill to benefit the survivors of people who incurred injury or death assisting their fellow citizens in an emergency. It was referred to as the "Christopher Kiernan Bill." Reading about it all, Mackay smiled uncomfortably and shook his head. Kiernan had always had naive notions of high life. He was terribly ashamed of his origins and even ashamed of his Irish name. He had dressed in a collegiate manner and attempted to eliminate his New York accent. Mackay believed that Kiernan would have changed his face if he could. Like Mackay, he had wanted to leave a great deal behind. How he would have hated the Tammany politician's "Christopher Kiernan Bill," Mackay thought. How he must have hated to die in the subway.

It occurred to Mackay over the weekend that he ought somehow to honor Kiernan's memory. He thought about going to the funeral, about writing to Kiernan's wife, or stopping by the

wake to sign the book. In the end he did nothing. He did not want the world of his childhood to touch him. He wanted it gone utterly, buried with Kiernan. It seemed to him that Kiernan would have been the first to understand.

Afterwards Mackay would wonder if the bits and pieces of violence he and Kiernan had lived out together had not conditioned the future and led Kiernan to his death. He suspected that past successes had encouraged Kiernan to action. Of course, it had been the right thing, the brave thing. But in spite of his horror, Mackay felt himself considering Kiernan's undoing with a fascination that might be mistaken for guilty satisfaction.

One thing he knew for certain was that he wanted no part of violence anymore, on any scale. He swore that he would never strike his children or allow them to be hit by anyone. He adopted a mode of politics he believed would place him in opposition to war. He felt a deep commitment to the good causes of the Sixties. He felt as though he had earned the right to work for peace and human brotherhood. He embraced those things with joy.

Mackay could not know then that he would one day take a coarse satisfaction in the middle-class elegance of his grown children, whom he would raise in an atmosphere of progressive right-mindedness that would present them with problems of their own. Or that he would brag to them of the rigors of his own upbringing. His life was not to be the irresistible moral progress for which he might have hoped.

The year after Kiernan's death, Mackay was painting and papering an apartment on Jane Street. About four in the afternoon on a Thursday in March, the first warm spring day of the year, he boarded the IRT uptown express for home at the Fourteenth Street station. A few minutes later he got out at Seventy-second Street to change for the local train.

Standing near him on the platform was an elderly woman in a black cloth coat. She appeared very frail and a little confused. Mackay perhaps thinking of his mother, felt well disposed toward her.

A tall fair-skinned man in a light-colored plaid suit came walking down the platform. For some reason, Mackay noticed him at once. The man was whistling between his teeth as he went. He seemed to be looking for someone. His manner was ebullient. Every once in a while he would stop and appear to chat with someone waiting for the local. The people addressed would either look away or simply stare at him expressionless. He had gray hair, a lean fox face, and lively blue eyes.



As Mackay watched, the man approached the elderly woman on his right. Mackay saw him speak to her and saw her look away. The man appeared to be delivering himself of some casual pleasantries, but the woman ignored him and moved down the platform. The tall man followed her smiling and spoke to her again. At last, Mackay thought that the two must know each other. Then he saw that the woman was frightened. She tried to step around the man and move toward Mackay. The man blocked her way and laughed. Mackay could not hear the words the tall man spoke but he heard the laugh. It was loud and witless. The elderly woman turned her back on her tormentor, hugging her pocketbook close. The laughing man stepped around to face her. Mackay drew nearer and quietly moved where he could see the old woman's face. He saw it convulsed with fear, sheeplike, vacant and repellent. The man reached out and touched an ornament on the woman's coat collar.

The Seventy-second Street IRT station was the one from which Mackay, not yet disposed of his cringe, had set out to enlist in the army. Its platforms were narrow. Its stairways descended from the middle of the platform to form a central pyramid, so that there was really only one way out. Fifteen feet away from where he stood, Mackay saw the old woman begin to cry. She was trying to pull away. The man held her by the coat ornament. Her loose aged lips were trembling. The platform was crowded with people but, looking about him again, Mackay realized that no one else was watching.

Mackay stepped forward. He still half-hoped that somehow the situation would unmake itself, that some word or action would occur to show its normalcy and innocence. Just before intervening, Mackay took a last decisive look at the man on the platform. What he saw gave him pause. Although he was a day or two from haven, there was something rather distinguished about the man's appearance. His bearing was firm and confident. His features were delicate and more pleasant than otherwise. He was neatly and tastefully dressed with a jacket and tie. His hair was wavy and slightly long in the back like an old-fashioned Middle European musician's. His eyes were happy, although wide and staring.

"Anything wrong?" Mackay asked the elderly woman. She looked at him with longing.

When the tall man turned to him, Mackay saw that the man was sturdier and younger than he had appeared at a distance. He was looking at Mackay in blue-eyed amazement.

"You!" he said. As though he knew Mackay and recognized him. "You!" the man half-cried. His cry of recognition seemed to

transcend the merely personal. He seemed indeed to be recognizing in the person of Mackay everything that had ever been wrong with his life, which Mackay suspected had been quite a lot.

Out of the corner of his eye, Mackay saw the woman who had been menaced edging away.

"Take a walk," Mackay told the man sternly. Immediately he regretted the pathetic suburban bravado of his words. In his own ears his voice had the quality of a dream. It was as though upon addressing the man, he had entered something like a dream state. Events thereafter seemed lit in an unnatural light.

"You are from Doc," the man said. He spoke with a Germanic accent. At first it sounded as though he had said: "You are from God." When the man repeated it, Mackay got it straight. "You are from Doc."

Mackay saw the unnatural brightness of his eyes and the starvation gauntness of his bony face. It was frightening to imagine what kind of life had to be endured behind such eyes. They were without order or justice or reason. For a moment, the two men stood motionless on the platform, facing each other. Mackay listened to the older man's shrill dreamlike laughter.

"You are an English queer," the man said to Mackay and attacked him.

When Mackay raised his fists the man slipped easily around his guard. Like an inexperienced fighter, Mackay had raised his chin contentiously. The man punched him in the throat and for a moment he could not draw breath. He stepped back in confusion, then quickly decided he was unhurt. The man came at him again.

Grappling hand to hand, Mackay realized with horror his opponent's strength. His first impression of the older man's age and fragility had been mistaken altogether. As they wrestled, he heard the local train approaching in the tunnel behind him. It was the train for which he had been waiting. Mackay felt himself sliding toward the edge of the platform. Braced against an advertising poster, the gray-haired man was kicking at his legs, trying to hook and trip him. Mackay fought for his life.

As the local pulled into the station, the man tried to shove Mackay against it. When the doors opened, people hurried past them, getting on the train or off it. For a moment he caught a glimpse of the old woman he had thought to protect. She was inside the train now, watching through the window with a disapproving frown. Then he had to turn his head away to keep the madman's fingers out of his eyes.

Aware of the unheeding crowd, Mackay felt all the deeper bound by a dreaming state. In one of his recurring dreams, he would always find himself alone in a crowd, a foreign unregarded

presence, the representative of Otherness. At the height of the nightmare some guilty secret or possession of his would be exposed to the crowd and draw their pitiless alien laughter.

The local gathered speed and pulled away. Mackay began to feel his strength ebbing, subverted by guilt, by weakness, by fear and indecision and lack of confidence. Somewhere in the darkness the next express was on its way. With his back to the tracks, Mackay held on.

They fell together to the filthy platform floor and rolled over, struggling in the half-light. The platform was deserted now. Distant voices echoed in tiled corridors. Mackay's assailant struggled to his feet and began to kick him. Mackay tried to dodge away; he was caught and kicked. Unable to escape, he dove at the man's legs and brought him down.

Again they rolled across the platform; Mackay took hold of the other man's hair and tried to ram his head against a steel pillar. The man butted him, breaking teeth, bloodying his mouth. Struggling to his feet, Mackay turned to run but feeling the man's grip, turned to face him. He knew that was better than turning his back. The tunnel rang with the screech and roar of another train, bearing down on the express track.

Mackay took hold of his assailant's jacket and tried to bind him in the cloth. The man broke free and got an arm around Mackay's neck. The man's body had an evil smell. Driven by terror Mackay somehow broke the hold and they were face to face again and literally hand to hand. The lunatic was pushing forward. He seized Mackay's arms at the biceps, trying to gather strength for the shove that would impel him off the platform.

Freeing his right arm, Mackay landed a lucky punch that brought his knuckles hard against the older man's collarbone. The man raised both hands to protect his throat. Explosively, an empty darkened train roared out of the tunnel and along the express track, passing through the station without stopping.

With his arms free, Mackay hurled punch after punch in panic and desperation. He heard, or thought that he heard, bone crack and felt the contours of his opponent's face yield to his fists. Sensing indecision in the older man's movements, he was driven to a blind fury, swinging hard and wild until his arms hung useless at his sides. Many hours later, when both his hands seemed to have swollen to the size of outfielders' gloves, he would discover that he had sustained multiple fractures on both hands.

Pale-faced and vacant-eyed, the strange German sat down on the platform and shouted. It took Mackay several seconds to realize that the man was shouting for help.

"Help!" the man called at the top of his voice. "Help me someone please!"

Mackay leaned against a signboard, breathing with difficulty. He was so tired that he was afraid of losing consciousness. His vision seemed peculiar; it was as if he saw the dim empty station around him in spasms of perception, framed in separated fragments of time. The disconnectedness of things, he saw, was fundamental. Years later, photographing a civil war in Nigeria, he would find the scenes of combat strangely familiar. The mode of perception discovered in the course of his absurd subway battle would serve him well. He would go where the wars and mobs were, photographing bad history in fragmented time. He had the eye.

At his feet, a bleeding man sat shouting for help. Mackay moved panting toward the subway stairs. There was blood on his hands. When he reached the foot of the stairs, he saw for the first time that the stairway was crowded with people and that many of the people were shouting as well. At first he could make no sense of it.

Then it came to him that the people on the stairs had come down and seen him beating a well-dressed older man. Mackay was wearing his Navy peacoat, which was too warm for the weather, and his painting clothes. It was March 1965, and his hair hung down halfway to his shoulders. He had grown a beard from the first of the year. The people had been afraid to come down to the platform.

"Police!" someone shouted. "Call the police!"

Mackay remembered the mounted policeman bearing down on him in the park years before. His impulse was toward flight. He imagined a summoned policeman coming down the stairs. He imagined his own panic-stricken flight to the dead end of the platform. He saw himself shot down.

Burning with fear and outrage, Mackay hurled himself up the subway stairway and shoved his way, bloody-handed, through the crowd. The people nearest him snarled in terror as he passed.

"Police!" someone else shouted. Mackay shook off a hand on his arm. Someone punched him from behind. The crowd seemed monstrous, like the mob in a Brueghel crucifixion. A driven creature, with fists and elbows, he cut his way up to the light.

Headlong into the intersection, Mackay ran. Cars swerved and skidded to a halt around him. Scattering pensioners and pigeons in Verd Square, he kept on, faster and faster, increasing speed with every block. For neither the first nor the last time then, he wondered just how far he would run and where it was that he thought to go.



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# WHERE MONEY HAS LITTLE CURRENCY

Travels in East Germany

By Hans Koning

**T**his is a personal report. By that I do not mean that I will be writing about myself while writing about a country, East Germany, where I have spent some time as a journalist. I mean that, because of my own history, I have some idiosyncratic points of view on my subject. It seems a good idea to admit this up front, as East Germany is such unknown territory in the United States. Its main image to Americans is of a dark Berlin alleyway where one spy shoots another.

Of course there is really no country called East Germany; a semantic war is fought here such as once raged over the name "China." Within the country, East Germany is the DDR, *Deutsche Demokratische Republik*, and its citizens are told not to call themselves "Deutsch" on forms asking for nationality but "DDR"; the capital of the DDR is not called East Berlin officially but Berlin—and then there is also Westberlin, a thing on its own, and often written as one word within the DDR. In West Germany, on the other hand, they're inclined to call their country "Germany," short and simple, and the red Michelin Guide

titled "Germany" does not even mention the existence of East Germany. My *Webster's New World Dictionary* quite properly says, under "Germany": "Former country in North Central Europe, divided..."

On a sunny Sunday last spring, I was wandering down East Berlin's Karl-Marx Allee toward Alexanderplatz. It was the first warm day of the year and the two cafés on the square were packed; people were lining up at the half dozen or so kiosks for ice cream, apple juice, beer, and sausages. Two blocks away at the Berlin Market, others were shopping for fresh and bottled fruits and vegetables at open-air stalls. Toys and trinkets and shirts and underwear were also for sale. There were no lines: contrary to what you might expect, there is no queuing in the DDR for basic items—shoes, workday clothes, bread, vegetables, pork. If a shop receives an unusual item, a line will quickly form; of course what is unusual here would be standard in the West, and what is a luxury item in the West may not be found here at all. The DDR is poor but it is egalitarian. Basic foods are heavily subsidized and bread is so cheap that (as people complained to me) it gets thrown away when it is a day old.

Rents are uniform and very low: they are virtually ignored in the family budget. I will get back to this.

The center of Berlin, and I am now thinking of the capital of the DDR only, has been built up out of many large squares and wide tree-lined streets, often with beautiful perspectives. It is the kind of city center, however, which looks fine in miniature on an architect's table but fails to come to life. On an ordinary working day the city center is dull and empty most of the time. The few cars seem fewer because their movements are over-regulated by lights and signs and unnecessary one-way streets, and at main intersections pedestrians are made to cross through wholly superfluous tunnels. Beyond the center the cityscape is still more monotonous, with row upon row of apartment buildings. Berlin, like all cities in the DDR, lives by an old-fashioned schedule such as I recall from my own childhood in Amsterdam; people go to work early and stay home in the evening. There is an animated hour before dinner, then everyone goes home to eat and thereafter it remains quiet, only some young couples walking here and there, a few cars whizzing by.

From the window of my Berlin ho-

*Hans Koning is the author of Nineteen Sixty-eight: A Personal Report, published last month by W. W. Norton.*


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tel I have a wide view of Alexanderplatz; on one side of the street the Palace of the Republic, an accomplished low-lying edifice of light stone with contrasting dark glass, and facing it across the street the hundred-year-old *Dom*, a blackened stone church possessing the monumentality the kaiser admired. The large buildings in the wide-open spaces, framed by small groups of pedestrians, give the scene an eighteenth-century flavor. In front of the *Dom* runs the Spree River, dark and narrow, and beyond the church the street becomes the *Unter den Linden* which my 1911 *Encyclopedia Britannica* calls "one of the finest and most spacious streets in Europe." It is so once more, new lime trees have been planted along it, but *Unter den Linden* is now also the most spacious dead-end street in Europe, for it ends with the Brandenburg Gate right at the Wall. As fate would have it, nineteenth-century Berlin had its ramparts at this same spot, but then the city gates did not mark the border between two worlds.

When I mentioned earlier that the center was built up out of squares and wide streets, I meant that literally. This city was virtually started from scratch in 1945. Where blitzed London emerged as an old city with holes in it, Berlin is a new city with small islands of old buildings left standing or reconstructed. There is a point beyond which "rebuilt" has little meaning, where the continuity of a place is lost, and that point has been passed in East Berlin as in Dresden. I wonder about those historical buildings that were rebuilt to look "exactly as before," somewhat like facsimiles of old books. What kind of vibes do the people of a town get from such buildings, which are ten or twenty years old but pretend to have been built hundreds of years ago? Do they fill a need for roots and security or do they only confuse?

**T**he Wall: it is a morbid sight. "Twenty-six years ago we were told the state had to stop the exodus of professionals who had had a free education and then went West to make ten times more money," an East Ger-



ian writer said to me. "That's true  
ut is no alibi for the Wall. Anyway,  
at was twenty-six years ago. Now  
ie state *must* risk it. Once we know  
e can leave and come back, the  
rge to travel will stop looming as  
rge as it does now. A relationship of  
ust just *has* to be created in this  
atter." Yes, the Wall puts whatever  
as been achieved in the DDR in a  
lse light. Not that that makes me  
el any more sympathetic toward  
aspar Weinberger and all the others  
ho like to be photographed peering  
ver it through army binoculars. To  
ive them the trouble: there are people  
n this side too. They look about the  
same, a bit thinner maybe,  
and not so well-dressed.

**W**hat has been achieved for the  
DDR population? Are there any eco-  
omic temptations to counter those  
f West Germany? I have a list of  
mily budgets, not fed to me by any-  
ne but collected myself. They show  
comes ranging from 330 DDR  
arks a month (a pensioned widow)  
o 1,500 marks a month for the head  
ctor at a hospital.

A fairly typical woman in her  
rties, living alone, department  
anager in an electronics factory,  
arned 800 marks of which, after  
xes, health insurance, and pension  
lan, she took home 600. Her  
partment cost her 70 marks a month  
rent, all utilities 80, and her food  
udget was 200 marks, which left 250  
arks for clothing and everything  
lse. For families where both par-  
nts work, the rent comes to as little  
s 3 percent of their income. The  
asic rate for every house or apart-  
ment in the entire country is roughly  
mark per square meter (ten square  
et).

Because housing is scarce, it is al-  
located on the basis of family size and  
rofessional need. In the first in-  
tance where you live is a matter of  
uck, history, and, obviously, con-  
nections; beyond that an enormous  
mount of exchanging goes on. All  
he real-estate ads are about ex-  
changes. Retired people can keep  
what they have, with the result that  
vidows live alone in six-room apart-  
ments and make crowded neighbors  
itterly jealous. The apartments I

saw did not have the smell of neglect  
so often found in public housing;  
they had good interior walls and cen-  
tral heating. In the past fourteen  
years, some 2,500,000 new units  
have been built, and the state claims  
that by 1990 the housing shortage  
will be over. People in other DDR  
cities complained to me that Berlin  
gets more than its share of new hous-  
ing, and that it takes forever to get a  
larger place after a baby is born. (I  
did not try to cheer them up with my  
own repertoire of Manhattan housing  
horror stories.)

I spent a whole afternoon in a large  
department store in Erfurt, a town of  
200,000 southwest of Leipzig. It was  
a well-serviced store offering consid-  
erable choice, though the quality of  
the clothes was below what we're  
used to. Prices were tilted toward  
utility: "fancy" shoes cost 130 marks  
but solid working shoes only 20;  
socks were 2 marks 50 pfennig and  
up, an ugly suit was 300 marks, okay  
jeans 58, a nightgown 40. Vacuum  
cleaners were 145 marks and up; a  
small TV 1,250 marks. Bread cost 80  
pfennig a kilo, which is 2.2 pounds.  
Two marks got you into a cinema,  
five into the theater or opera. Public  
transportation was virtually free.

Fine, but how much is a DDR  
mark worth? The fifty American  
cents I paid for it at the state bank or  
the dime it fetches with a money  
changer in West Berlin? The answer  
is neither one. You cannot judge  
these prices outside the framework of  
the country. Those familiar statistics  
about people having to save a year for  
a TV set or an icebox are true enough  
but they are not very useful. Money  
plays a different role here than in the  
West. In fact, it plays a surprisingly  
small role.

The government, paternally, sees  
that you get your living; autocratically,  
it demarcates its limits. Your own  
spare cash fills in the edges only.  
Money does not get you a better  
house. Health care and education are  
free. No one "makes a profit." All  
this is not theory but daily practice,  
and it is hard to digest fully the differ-  
ences it creates. There are fewer, and  
other, expectations. Worries, hopes,  
and even daily conversation are an-  
gled differently.

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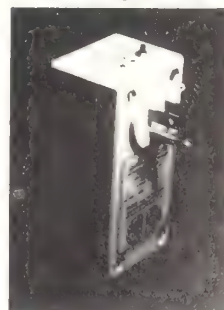
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A West German journalist working in the DDR commented on the *Unbegriff*, the incomprehension, of her editors in Frankfurt toward the absence of money corruption in the DDR. Obviously, there are other corruptions. There are the special shops for VIPs. There is the better apartment suddenly available for a manager who joins the Party (a neighbor told me about him). It is the corruption of *Beziehungen*, the people you know. I am not describing a Marxist utopia. I am describing a society about as unmonied as seems possible in an industrialized state. Because of the relative unimportance of money as a marker on the board, other forces become more prominent.

Such a society leaves little room for multiple choices. Once you have chosen a certain job training, for instance, you cannot change afterward. There is virtually no independent farming: 95 percent of agriculture is collective or cooperative (there's been no official comment on Gorbachev's new ideas). On the plus side, human relations are simpler and, it seemed to me, generally friendlier precisely because they are not lubricated with money. The ups and downs of daily life struck me as small-town old-fashioned rather than *Brave New World* or *Nineteen Eighty-four* bureaucratic. Every child knows he will get a job in his chosen field, which is no small matter. A high-level job? Exams alone are supposed to determine who goes to university, although clearly those *Beziehungen* enter the calculations too. The schools of medicine are hardest to get into, and if you fail to qualify, you cannot try again. All this would be easier to criticize if we in the West hadn't made such a mess of our own, democratic, way of handling these matters for our children.

A DDR writer told me this story: he had driven from Berlin to Magdeburg, and couldn't get his car started the following morning. Garages he phoned told him to bring the car in. "I then knew," he said, "that it would take me four or five hours to get out of Magdeburg. In West Berlin someone would have come in ten minutes to recharge my battery. On

the other hand, in West Berlin it would have cost me a lot of money. In Magdeburg when I finally found someone who did it, he didn't charge me anything." "In New York," I said, "it would have taken four hours and it would have cost a lot of money."

I am not suggesting that his anecdote takes care of the question of Life in the DDR. But it fills in some gaps in a comparison unbalanced by our complacency. On my journey I got to know one young man well enough to ask him if the official constraints on daily life made him feel like a stranger in his own country. "No," he said, "because you've got your friends around you."

At a dinner one evening, as we talked about young people's attitudes, I said I had been surprised to see that DDR soldiers, who are conscripts, were allowed to wear such long hair. My remarks puzzled everyone until I added that I was referring to a parade I'd seen on the TV news that day. Those hadn't been soldiers, I learned, but factory workers who form their own national guards. "What you saw," my host explained, "were the workers-in-arms." He was a very unpolitical man and his phrase took me by surprise. He spoke the words naturally, with neither enthusiasm nor irony. And of course, the life and institutions of the DDR, no matter if they were borrowed from, or imposed by, the Soviet Union, have indigenous roots going back to Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg and Ernst Thälmann, to the short-lived communist republics proclaimed in 1918 and 1919, and past that all the way back to Lassalle, Marx, and Engels. Marx was exiled, Rosa Luxemburg and other communists were killed, yet German is the original language of communism and socialism. It must be a source of continued bemusement for the survivors of those days to hear the idiom of the few—terms such as "the workers-in-arms"—as part of the language of this state and of its everyday life.

**M**y origin is Dutch. I was in high school when the Germans invaded Holland in May 1940. I ended up in the British Army. The Ger-



ans shot my father at the concentration camp in Mauthausen (as I found out after the war). When I'm in West Germany now, more than forty years later, I cannot avoid thinking about that war. I've only been to that country when I had to go for some journalistic purpose and couldn't dream of visiting the place for a vacation. I feel the same way about Austria. I do not find the basic mood of those two nations has changed that much, even though their nationalisms are now steered to different channels. But I discovered during my journey in East Germany that the DDR was different for me in this respect and gave me a different feeling about the word "German." Paradoxically, in the DDR, where the havoc of World War II is so much more tangible than in West Germany, I found I did not dwell on my own war experience. And for the first time since being a student in Munich, I didn't dislike speaking German. My reason must be that the Nazi past is not hidden away in the DDR; it is explained by their concept of history as decided by class war, and not as a clash of nationalities. Strange as it sounds, this country celebrates its defeat, or rather the defeat of "bourgeois-fascist" Germany under Hitler, in its schools, monuments, museums, history books. In the DDR, guilt about the past has been policy. It didn't surprise me when a correspondent of the *International Herald Tribune*, writing not long ago about the 1945 Dresden bombing, reported that, as an American, he had encountered no resentment in Dresden yet had met hatred in a Dresden woman living in West Berlin.

**D**resden has entered history with Hiroshima. I thought I knew how it would look and found I was wrong. The town is much smaller than you would expect: the weight of those gigantic air raids has enlarged its image in our minds. A narrow road winds from the autobahn down into the Elbe River valley and you come upon unawares. The river dominates the town in a friendly way, with boys fishing from its grassy banks. Liberation Street, which looks massive in

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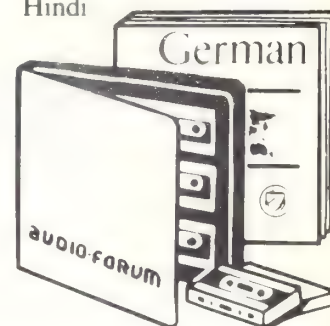
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## CLUES

- |            |            |           |            |            |
|------------|------------|-----------|------------|------------|
| <u>125</u> | <u>177</u> | <u>2</u>  | <u>139</u> | <u>212</u> |
|            | <u>15</u>  | <u>80</u> | <u>150</u> | <u>89</u>  |
|            |            | <u>22</u> | <u>34</u>  | <u>97</u>  |

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|-----|-----|----|-----|----|
| 188 | 157 | 61 | 23  | 46 |
| 77  | 90  | 43 | 122 |    |

- |            |            |            |            |            |
|------------|------------|------------|------------|------------|
| <u>184</u> | <u>149</u> | <u>118</u> | <u>187</u> | <u>160</u> |
|            |            | <u>191</u> | <u>52</u>  | <u>56</u>  |

- |   |     |     |     |     |    |    |     |
|---|-----|-----|-----|-----|----|----|-----|
| 5 | 75  | 108 | 115 | 179 | 21 | 51 | 199 |
|   | 155 | 13  | 73  | 195 | 40 | 48 | 168 |
|   |     |     |     |     |    | 36 | 131 |

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|----|----|-----|----|
| 88 | 53 | 105 | 72 |
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| 171 | 165 | 44 | 25 | 128 | 106 | 182 | 104 |
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| 112 | 16 | 196 | 213 | 205 | 202 | 123 | 163 |
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| 120 | 180 | 169 | 12 | 83 | 113 | 210 | 71 |
|     |     |     |    |    |     | 138 | 64 |

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| 117 | 45 | 63 | 68 | 11 | 66 | 28 | 7 |
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|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|---|-----|----|
| 220 | 167 | 190 | 172 | 153 | 4 | 140 | 18 |
|     |     |     |     |     |   | 93  | 67 |

- $$\begin{array}{cccccccc} \overline{19} & \overline{3} & \overline{141} & \overline{30} & \overline{99} & \overline{124} & \overline{86} & \overline{204} \\ & & & & & \overline{181} & \overline{146} & \overline{137} \end{array}$$

- $$\overline{148} \quad \overline{37} \quad \overline{186} \quad \overline{33} \quad \overline{29} \quad \overline{218}$$

- $$\begin{array}{cccccccc} \overline{14} & \overline{133} & \overline{79} & \overline{102} & \overline{94} & \overline{159} & \overline{143} & \overline{189} \\ & & & & & & & \overline{130} \end{array}$$

- |    |    |    |     |    |     |     |    |
|----|----|----|-----|----|-----|-----|----|
| 60 | 10 | 31 | 174 | 76 | 185 | 144 | 98 |
|    |    |    |     |    | 6   | 154 | 27 |

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| 170 | 41 | 161 | 158 | 9 | 95 | 39 | 55 |
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- 17 135 111 208 197 217

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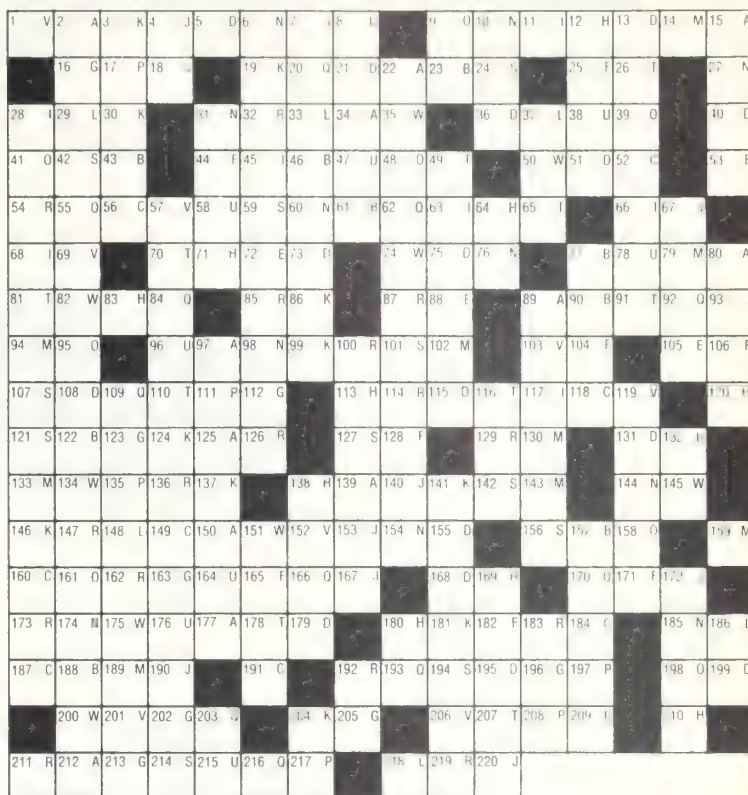
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| 147 | 87  | 211 | 100 | 54  | 183 | 126 | 162 |
|     | 186 | 85  | 19  | 173 | 32  | 114 | 129 |
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- 214 121 156 127 59 194 142 101

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|----|------------------|------------------|----|-----|-----|
| 47 | $\overline{176}$ | 78 <sup>ss</sup> | 38 |     | 11  |
|    |                  |                  |    | 215 | 209 |

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### SOLUTION TO THE OCTOBER PUZZLE

#### NOTES FOR "WORD SHUFFLE"

Somehow, the shaded spaces appended to the diagram for discovering the quotation were lost in the shuffle and did not appear in print. The degree of difficulty caused by this omission, as well as by the two clueing errors noted below, was not intended, and the setters hope for eventual forgiveness. ACROSS: 1. E.G.-A-RUT-SAP, reversed; 9. ECLAT, anagram; 13. Mail, two meanings; 15. GAG-A; 17. (st) ROLLED; 18. FAR-RAG-O; 19. LESE, hidden; 20. I-GLU(e); 21. LAYERS, anagram; 22. MARM(O)SET, anagram; 25. SHARER, anagram; 28. F(AU-C)E-T; 31. LAW(n); 34. DORIAN, anagram; 35. SOLI, hidden in reverse; 37. LINGUIST, anagram; 40. LOO-N; 41. FESS, two meanings; 42. SNOX(PIN)G, GOONS reversed; 43. FREEZE, "frees"; 44. B(I-L)EVEL; 45. SORT(I)ED; 46. SILEN(T)S, anagram. DOWN: 1. PATROLS/PAROLS; 2. ARMORY/AMOY; 3. USUALLY/SALLY; 4. STILLER/TILLER; 5. ERODES/RODS; 6. VAGUE/AGUE; 7. GAFFE/GAFF; 8. REGARD/EGAD; 9. YEARLY/EARL; 10. CARIBOUS/CARIOUS; 11. DANGLED/ANGLE; 12. TRYOUT/TROUT; 14. LETTERED/LEERED; 16. LAGOS/LAGS; 22. MARTINETS/MARINES; 23. HASHISH/AS IS; 24. MANCIPLE/MANIPLE; 26. HAULER/HALER; 27. ROUSTED/ROUSED; 29. CROON/COON; 30. STINGLESS/TINGLE; 31. BLUFFS/LUFFS; 32. TWISTER/WISER; 33. INSECT/INSET; 36. LODGES/LOGES; 38. GAUZE/GAZE; 39. TOILE/TOIL; 40. ALIEN/LIEN.

\*The setters apologize for the errors in these two clues. SOLI is defined incorrectly, and the S is missing from the anagram for LINGUIST.

SOLUTION TO OCTOBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 58). WILLIAM KOTZWINKLE: THE EXILE. The producer was seated in a deck chair, expounding on the arcana of film: "Guilt in this town is a wonderful... tool."... he... gazed at his... listeners. "When the finger of God points... and says, 'You're next,' you'd better have a property or two stuffed in your shoe."

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 59, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's Magazine*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by November 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the December issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 57 (September) are Emily G. Rie- man, Columbia, Missouri; David R. Williams, Memphis, Tennessee; and JoAnne Deshazo, Roeland Park, Kansas.

T	R	U	S	T	E	V	E	R	Y	B	O	D	Y
P	A	S	T	U	R	A	G	E	E	C	L	A	T
A	M	A	I	L	O	G	A	G	A	L	N	R	
R	O	L	L	E	D	F	A	R	R	A	G	O	
O	Y	L	L	E	S	E	F	O	L	I	G	L	
L	A	Y	E	R	S	M	A	R	M	O	S	E	
S	H	A	R	E	R	A	S	F	A	U	C	E	
L	A	W	D	O	R	I	A	N	S	O	L	I	
U	L	I	N	G	U	I	S	T	I	L	O	O	
F	E	S	S	A	S	N	O	O	P	I	N	G	
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S	O	R	T	E	D	S	I	L	E	N	T	S	
B	U	T	C	U	T	T	H	E	C	A	R	D	

# PUZZLE

## Jigsaw

by E.R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

**E**ach column is occupied by two non-overlapping Down entries, clued in order of length, not position. Superimposed on these entries is a pattern of 21 jigsaw pieces. Except for the center one, which is already in place, each piece contains a clue answer, entered beginning at either end of the piece and proceeding square by square horizontally or vertically.

Clue answers include seven capitalized words and about as many uncommon ones. The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 79.

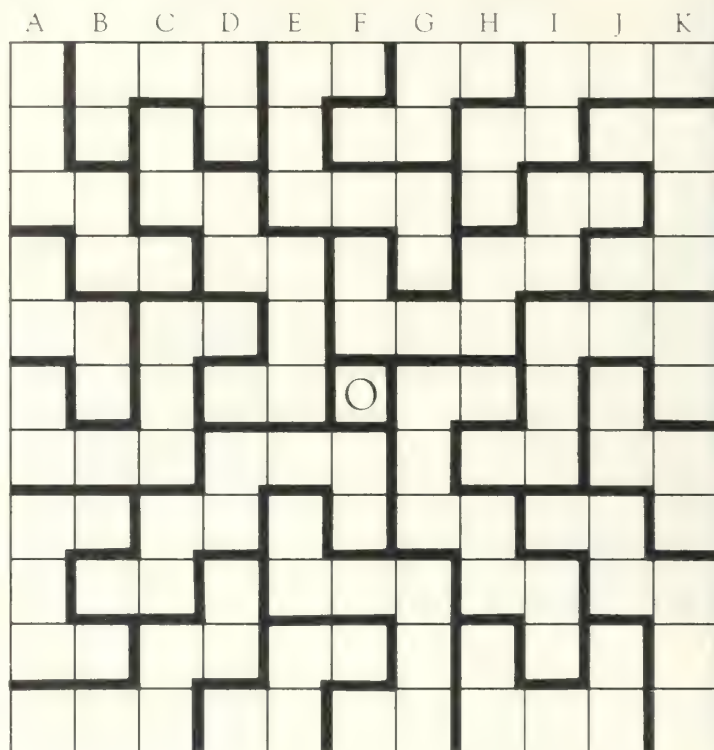
### Down

- A. Disney's pronounced flounce (5)  
Is curious about love for cowcatchers? (6)
- B. Pond scum a gale left elsewhere (5)  
Lower the level of polluted seabed (6)
- C. Middle Eastern hill rat (4)  
Member of jazz band chosen is on the way up (7)
- D. Give credit to Patrick Henry, but not Father Richard (5)  
The lady's more than once said to be fashionable (6)
- E. Maybe buckshot can be partially taken up as a treatment for catarrh (5)  
Paste many stickers? No, only half of them (6)
- F. Column in American tabloid (4)  
Pot in China is raised by zany part of Hong Kong (7)
- G. Some of Madonna's trappings... not quite Heavy Metal (4)  
Sex, in a way, is care of one it turned on (7)
- H. Diamond facet the French cut around (5)  
Church official cross about returned IOUs? On the contrary! (6)
- I. Part of the brook that flows in Spain (4)  
Ring up bachelor... ah, the great panjandrum himself (4-3)
- J. Crime boss, around police, bugs out (4)  
Appetizingly lit... stay loose (7)
- K. With copyright, he takes look for Spike Jones classic (5)  
One married during strip made to feel guilty (6)

### Pieces

1. Mills Brothers holding comeback of "Them There Eyes" (4)

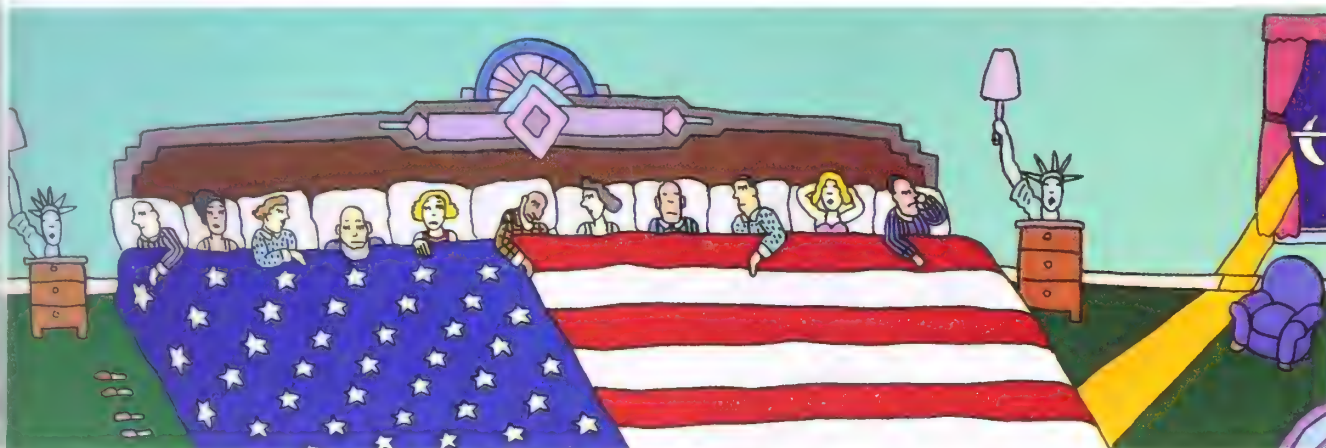
2. Call Democrat one of the top competitors (4)
3. Yiddish writer remains to be heard (4)
4. Count—the little bloodsucker (4)
5. A fraction of petroleum let loose around sides of highway (5)
6. Don't start informal conversation to form an attachment (5)
7. Crazy about leader of Lithuanians, Latvians, or Estonians (5)
8. Return one meat (top round) to meat-packing center (5)
9. Arab ships could be excisable if Ali's involved too (6)
10. The oil is possibly extracted from old flint (6)
11. "Brazen" anagram covers harem (6)
12. Continue following the Italian sound (6)
13. Southern entree we consumed: kind of meatballs (7)
14. College girl accepting work time would be appropriate in the past (2-5)
15. Does application of oil disrupt nations (7)
16. First report of *The Deer Hunter*? Or 10? (7)
17. It's hateful writing three articles about those people (8)
18. Fool that I am, I'm to be Catholic, and that is taking in Latin (8)
19. The basis of negotiations for disarmament ultimately turned crazy (8)
20. Washing could become a confessor's job when holding half of soap (8)



**Contest Rules:** Send completed diagram with name and address to "Jigsaw," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's Magazine*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the January issue. Winners of the September puzzle, "See Directions," are Tom Hatten, Los Angeles, California; Robert A. Hopp, Madison, Wisconsin; and Edmond Ramage, New York, New York.



# HARPER'S



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Leonard Michaels,  
on the Ayatollah in mufti

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# LETTERS

## Inside the Right-wing Closet

Christopher Hitchens ["It Dare Not Speak Its Name," *Harper's Magazine*, August] has written a chilling analysis of homosexuality and the right wing. My only problem with it was Hitchens's failure to distinguish between "gay" and "homosexual." He does not understand that a person can be homosexual without being gay. "Gay" denotes a life-style, a conscious appreciation of one's identity as a gay man or woman and a feeling of solidarity with others of like mind. "Homosexual" pertains to a person's sexual preference and nothing more. Viewing people like Terry Dolan and Carl "Spitz" Channell as homosexuals, it is easy to understand their duplicity. While I have no desire to defend such people, I believe that any oppressed minority is bound to have its self-loathing members.

Stephen Share  
San Francisco

Christopher Hitchens's article on the gay right is a useful piece of journalism, but his contention that "history speaks of a long and not so surprising connection between homosexuality and the right" is a tired piece of slander. Hitchens himself seems ambivalent about this thesis, since the only examples he provides are the posturings of Mishima in Japan and the "early stirrings of the gay right in

Nazi Germany." But for every gay right-winger like Channell there is a gay progressive like Rep. Barney Frank of Massachusetts.

Throughout this century, the left and the right have flung charges of homosexuality at each other. Just as syphilis was once linked with any feared foreigner, so homosexuality has been propagandized as the vice of fascists and reds. It is true that gays have sometimes chosen from a sad array of political evils, but history demonstrates no neat connection between gays and a certain politics. In making room for ourselves in society, the majority of gays have been allied with progressive movements. But wealthy gays with commodious closets have also found niches in the Reagan regime.

The connection between gays and the left is something that many leftists don't care to know about. The campaigns against gays in the Soviet Union and Cuba are facts which straight and gay people alike must take into account. Some of the hostility of the straight American left toward gays is because we call bigotry by its true name even if the bigot is named Castro. In doing so, we keep democratic-socialist ideals alive.

Scott Tucker  
Philadelphia

## Shooting from the Lip

I hope the rest of "The Last Hired Gun" [*Harper's Magazine*, August] is more accurate than the part devoted to weapons.

Europeans armed with breech-loading rifles? In Conaway's context,

*Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.*





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*"Still—in a way—nobody sees a flower—really—  
it is so small—we haven't time—  
and to see takes time, like to have a friend takes time."*

*—Georgia O'Keeffe*



Red Poppy, 1927 Oil on canvas 7" x 9", Private collection, Geneva

Photography by Malcolm Varon

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they were muzzle-loading. That was the problem.

Short bows potent enough to send an arrow through the body of a buffalo? Physically impossible.

"Self-loaders" around here are semiautomatic firearms; hand loaders are we who load our own.

A 30-40 Krag-(Jorgenson), not Krag; turn bolt, not drop bolt.

Three bullets in a space the size of a quarter from 250 yards? Maybe, with a bench rest rifle; not with anything Conaway mentions.

Quart containers of gunpowder? I've never seen one.

A Colt .45 loaded with hollow-point slugs? Maybe, but with every .45 Colt load I've known, velocity is too low for hollow-points to be anything but superfluous.

Eugene D. Lorig  
Eagle, Colo.

In James Conaway's report, one line in particular strikes me: "This was an erudite man, with shelves of books..." I may be reading too much into one sentence, but it seems that Conaway is attempting to justify the gun-toting Bureau of Land Management employee to a presumably urban, liberal readership. The message, of course, is that this man's experiences can be taken seriously because he is "one of us."

I recently gave in to a long-standing desire and bought my first firearm, an old-fashioned lever-action rifle. This perplexed many of my friends, who wondered what a fairly liberal, college-educated man might want with a gun. One woman asked me guardedly what I intended to shoot with it. When I replied "paper targets," she was visibly relieved. No wonder so little of the pro- and anti-gun control debate is rational.

Scott Baltic  
Chicago

## Eugenic Nightmares

The central question of "Ethics in Embryo" [Forum, *Harper's Magazine*, September] was: should people be allowed to use certain genetic technologies for diagnosis and treatment? But the more pressing and ethically

You deserve a factual look at...

# Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank")

## Whom does it belong to? Is it "occupied territory"?

Many even otherwise well-informed people believe that the turmoil in the Middle East is due to the Israeli "occupation" of Judea and Samaria, also known as the "West Bank"—a territory less than half the size of Los Angeles County.

## What are the facts?

■ Jews have been living in all parts of "Palestine" since Biblical times. After World War I, Britain was in control of Palestine.

Earlier, in 1917, it had issued the Balfour Declaration. It called for the establishment in Palestine of a "national home for the Jewish people", with the understanding that the civil and religious rights of the existing non-Jewish community would be respected.

■ Until Jewish immigration into "Palestine" began in earnest early in this century, the country was sparsely populated and underdeveloped (Mark Twain describes the desolation well in his book *Innocents Abroad*.) Its civilization was that of the Middle Ages. When the Jews came into the country, they created commercial, agricultural, and industrial opportunities which acted as a magnet to the Arabs, most of them nomadic.

■ In 1920, the League of Nations made Britain the mandatory power in Palestine, effective in 1922. The Mandate, in line with the Balfour Declaration, provided for the establishment of a Jewish national home in all or any part of Palestine. The British, in violation of the Balfour Declaration and of the Mandate, divided the country in two parts. They granted the area east of the Jordan River to the Hashemite tribes, thus excluding it from Jewish settlement. They limited the Jewish National Home to the 23% remaining west of the Jordan River. That entire area is about half the size of San Bernardino County in California. Transjordan was given independence in 1946.

■ Israel declared its independence in April of 1948, on the same day as Britain relin-

quished its Mandate, and after the Arabs had rejected a United Nations partition plan which Israel had accepted.

■ In its War of Independence, against overwhelming odds, the newly-formed Israel Defense Forces in what must be considered almost a Biblical miracle, were able to defeat five combined Arab armies. Transjordan, however, succeeded in pushing westward across the Jordan River and in occupying Judea and Samaria. They were the occupiers, and they stayed in that occupation until they attacked Israel in 1967 and were defeated in the Six-Day War. During its 19 years of occupation, Transjordan, now renamed "Jordan", systematically removed all Jews from the territory. Jewish holy places were profaned and destroyed.

■ Israel has administered Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") since 1967. Approximately 60,000 Israelis have settled there. The Arab population in the area enjoys local autonomy, civil liberties, free access to higher education, and the highest standard of living of any Arab population anywhere in the countries neighboring on Israel.

■ A homeland for Arab Palestinians? Of course, they deserve one. They have such a country. It's Jordan. Jordan (77% of the British Mandate) is Arab Palestine, just as Israel is Jewish Palestine. Never in history has there been an Arab state in Judea and Samaria, and there certainly was never any mention of it during the 19 years of Transjordanian occupation. King Hussein himself has said: "The truth is that Jordan is Palestine and Palestine is Jordan."

In the almost 20 years of its administration, Israel has refrained from re-annexing its old provinces of Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank"). In the Camp David Accords, Israel committed itself to autonomy for the Arab inhabitants of the area and to the determination of a permanent political status. Israel has invited representatives of Jordan and of the Arab inhabitants of Judea-Samaria to participate in autonomy talks. But, under pressure and threats of the PLO and of Arab rejectionists, they have so far refused to participate in any negotiations. Peace, and the ultimate resolution of the problem of the "West Bank" can only come about by negotiations. Israel has been ready for such negotiations for almost 20 years.

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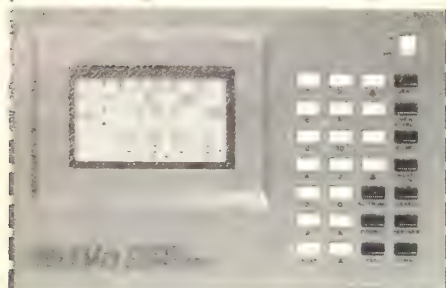
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troublesome issue is: should people be required to use them?

People have a right to refuse medical intervention. But some commentators advocate mandatory genetic screening; they maintain that the government has the same right to prevent the transmission of genetic disease as it does to prevent the transmission of infectious disease (i.e., through vaccination). Already, *New York Times* editorial has speculated that in the future embryos might receive gene therapies as vaccination.

Yet, there are important distinctions between genetic and infectious diseases. Unlike infectious diseases that cross racial, ethnic, and gender lines, genetic diseases differentially affect people of different races. This opens the possibility of discrimination.

Laws in some states already sanction testing. Alaska requires genetic screening before marriage. Even more intrusive, Mississippi allows sterilization if someone might pass on mental retardation.

The evolution of genetic technology may lead to further calls for mandatory genetic diagnosis and treatment. Research in fluorescence-activated cell sorting (FACS) attempts to detect fetal cells in maternal blood. Thus, a simple blood test could replace intrusive procedures such as amniocentesis. Some officials argue that mandating such screening would not infringe upon procreative rights since it is a modest invasion and merely provides information.

However, the presentation of information is not a value-free act. The Supreme Court has recognized that the presentation of medical information in the context of reproductive decisions can improperly coerce an individual to make a particular decision. The Court held that states are not free to use information "to intimidate women into continuing pregnancies." Nor should states be free to coerce people into prenatal testing or abortion based on genetic information.

Lori B. Andrews  
American Bar Foundation  
Chicago

## SEASONS AT EAGLE POND

### Donald Hall

"There is no reason to live here except for love," writes Donald Hall of the 180-year-old farmstead, Eagle Pond, that was his grandparents' home and is now his. With his love of place and the powers of a poet, Hall chronicles the seasons in four essays—a remarkable blend of acute observation, vignette, and anecdote. Readers of Hall's poetry and *Harper's Magazine*, where three of these essays appeared, will be thrilled to have this warm, vivid celebration of New England rural life so beautifully preserved in its handsome slipcased edition. Illustrated throughout with woodcuts.

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The preface to "Ethics in Embryo" reflects the impact of technology on our age. The discussion is structured to suggest that only a computer-era binary choice—i.e., yes or no—is possible. But discussion of these issues should not be limited to just two sets of apologists.

On one side we have Panglosslike utopians displaying knee-jerk optimism regarding every new technological innovation, while on the other side we have the dystopians with their Cassandralike predictions of civilization going to hell in a test tube.

Jeremy Rifkin alone raised the same questions he has been asking persistently for a decade. The operative question is not whether these technologies are inherently a blessing or a curse. The real question is who has the right to play God. Who will control these technologies? How will they be regulated? Who will have access to them? And most importantly, how can we avoid the use of these technologies?

These questions were raised in my argument before the New Jersey Supreme Court on behalf of Mary Beth Whitehead in the "Baby M" case. Several of the issues in that case are relevant here. The first question addresses the nature and extent of procreative rights. The second question deals with an individual's rights of privacy in the procreative process and asks under what circumstances may and should the state regulate the procreative process. The third question asks whether nontraditional procreative techniques are inherently vulnerable to exploitation.

These technologies have the potential, if not guaranteed consequence, of exploiting women, the unborn, the poor, and the genetically "less than perfect." Suppose, for example, that in my petri dish not a single one of the fertilized eggs was genetically pure enough to warrant implantation in the mother's womb. Would all of my progeny be what is euphemistically referred to as "screened out" of the gene pool? Privacy exists in the bedroom and in utero, but not in the laboratory. So if my right to procreate and my right to privacy were already eliminated by

the nature of the procedure, what laws would protect me from being exploited?

This technology, if it is allowed to develop without state regulations—perhaps, if it is allowed to develop at all—will widen immeasurably the gulf between the haves and the have nots of the world. It will become the plaything of the rich, the bibelot of the powerful, using medical resources which might otherwise be directed toward more humanitarian efforts. Ultimately, it will reduce the sanctity of life.

In reading the Forum, it struck me that society must look at more than the pros and cons of the technology. The technology itself is without moral value. It is neutral. There are more fundamental issues, including the morality of a society which fosters such technology, which only Jeremy Rifkin seemed willing to address. Some are capable, given a watch, of telling the hour. Others are capable, given the concept, of making a watch. Still others, like Rifkin, are capable of giving meaning to an examination of the mystery of time itself.

Alan J. Karcher  
Cambridge, Mass.

*The writer is a fellow in the Institute of Politics of the John F. Kennedy School of Government at Harvard University.*

The final statement of "Ethics in Embryo," wherein Nancy Dubler claims that "ideas are addressed by scholars, which are then discussed by legislators, which then become the subject of articles in the public press," rankles my provincial ass. Please tell Ms. Dubler that here in the sticks we form our own opinions without having them predigested and spoon-fed to us by a patronizing collection of idiot savants.

Dubler mistakenly reverses the order of the consensual process. Scholars function as the lower intestine of the public during the resolution of moral issues, not the mouth as she would have us believe. While Dubler is occupied in scholarly reflection for the edification of legislators, journalists, and tree farmers everywhere, the important debate on biotechnology rages on in the produce aisle of her lo-

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cal supermarket. A more apt title for your Forum would have been "Ethics in Stasis."

Greg Skadden  
Bend, Ore.

Lee Salk makes a cruel and shortsighted judgment in the September Forum when he argues that "If a man and a woman want to bring a child into this world only if it is a certain gender, they shouldn't have a child in the first place." Not all parents who wish to choose the sex of their child intend to design a balanced family.

I am a carrier of muscular dystrophy and I watched my brother suffer an agonizing death from the disease. Fifty percent of all boys I conceive will be born with this awful disease. I would never willingly inflict this disease on a son. Last summer, when the fetus I was carrying was diagnosed with muscular dystrophy, my husband and I chose to end the pregnancy. It was the most painful decision I have

ever made. I wanted that baby and I still grieve for him.

Since then, I discovered that I can select the sex of my child through sperm separation. Knowing that I can avoid passing on this disease has given me the courage to become pregnant again. Your panel agreed that abortions are morally acceptable when the fetus has a serious disease. A higher morality would encourage parents to prevent disease altogether through sex selection.

Elaine S. Flood  
Temperance, Minn.

"Ethics in Embryo" raises questions concerning the entire concept of personhood—who is a person and how should that person be treated?

Basic biology explains that the fertilization of the human egg with human sperm results in a new creature. This new entity is not the mother from whom the egg came, nor is it the father from whom the sperm came. It

is a new human being—distinctly different from and metabolically independent of either parent. True, this tiny person is totally dependent upon the mother, in terms of nutrition and protection, for nine months of residence in the womb. This dependence, of course, is no different from the dependence of the newborn infant who cannot feed, clothe, or maintain himself or herself.

The debate regarding the ethics of creating that person via the test tube or determining the sex of that person or using a person's tissue after death could only occur because *Roe v. Wade* legally reduces fetal people to non-people.

The absolute insanity of the Forum is perhaps best represented by Nancy Dubler's final comment: "this debate will produce a consensus on what our overriding values should be." In other words, after discussion and debate, society will determine whether to further dehumanize the weakest among us to provide us with grim hi-tech

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Where we got the idea that something small  
could be powerful.

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amenities: brain tissue from discarded bodies, selection of sex among pre-borns, and the mechanical creation of children who will be permitted birth only if they meet the technological criteria.

By evading the reality of the life in the womb, the debaters assert that man can and should play God. The only question remaining is how to do it with "delicacy."

Judie Brown  
President, American Life League  
Stafford, Va.

"Ethics in Embryo" suggests several fundamental questions. Why do recessive genes exist? Maybe they aren't only genetic errors that have remained in our genetic pool by accident. For example, we know today that the recessive gene of sickle-cell disease, in certain situations, protects the carrier from developing malaria. Is this a good recessive gene? One would not think so if one were to treat

children afflicted with sickle-cell disease. Yet, because of this recessive gene, many who would otherwise succumb to malaria live.

What all of this suggests is that the genetics of recessiveness may be far more complex than we can comprehend.

Thomas P. McGovern, M.D.  
New York City

## Yes, We Have Mangoes

Your Annotation "Crates of Fresh Poison" [by Richard Caplan, *Harper's Magazine*, October] is prejudiced investigative reporting and unethical, sloppy journalism. Despite the constant mention of mangoes from Haiti, several important facts were left out.

The private sector has been working with the government of Haiti, the United States Department of Agriculture, and the Agriculture Research Service for approximately three years to find a chemical-free quarantine treatment for fruit flies from Haiti.

Additionally, as of September 30, 1987, the United States banned the import of mangoes from Haiti that have been treated with ethylene dibromide (EDB). But not all mangoes are the same.

Organic mangoes from Haiti contain no chemicals, no fumigants, no pesticides, no growth regulators, and no commercial fertilizers.

A. E. Fegan Jr.  
President  
Lincoln Diversified Systems  
Boca Raton, Fla.

## Now or Ever Have Been

The introduction to "Poison-Pen Mail," in the September Readings, states: "Below are form letters mailed by the Great White Brotherhood of the Iron Fist, an anti-gay group at the University of Chicago . . . Seven victims of the campaign have filed a lawsuit against members of the Brotherhood."

As a defendant in that lawsuit, I be-

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lieve that this statement is of a clearly libelous nature, since it implies that I, being a defendant in that lawsuit, must be a member in the "Brotherhood."

I am not a member of any such "Brotherhood," nor do I believe it in fact exists. All of the defendants in that case deny membership in or knowledge of the "Great White Brotherhood of the Iron Fist."

Jeffrey Benner  
Chicago

## The Lawns of Indiana

I was amazed by the statistics in the August *Harper's Index* stating that there are 25,000,000 acres of lawn in the United States—23,158,400 of which are in Indiana.

What does a state with that much lawn look like? Are the lawns scattered throughout the state or do they all face Illinois in a sort of mammoth state front yard?

I've never known that much about Indiana. I don't know exactly what a Hoosier is, but I'd be willing to bet my Social Security pension that he's got a lawn. I know David Letterman and Jane Pauley are from Indiana. And I've always liked Indiana's license plates, with their Houston Astros color scheme and the legend, "Wander Indiana."

Sounds inviting, doesn't it? Wander Indiana. See our lawns.

At least, I thought, the Colts must be playing on natural grass. But I called the team's front office, and do you know what? The Hoosier Dome has artificial turf! Are Indianans so selfish that they can't spare a little lawn for their own football team?

I'll probably never make it to Indiana, but I can't stop thinking of all the money to be made there with a Chem-lawn franchise.

David K. Benson  
Alexandria, Va.

## Correction

The credit for our November cover painting should have read: Detail of *Various Cakes*, 1981, by Wayne Thiebaud, courtesy of the Alan Stone Gallery.

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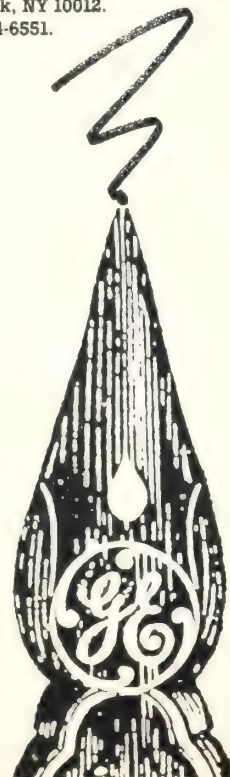
- **Rick Bass** for fiction published in **Paris Review**.
- **Jon Davis** for poetry published in **Ontario Review**.
- **Rita Dove** for poetry published in **Callaloo**.
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# NOTEBOOK

## Spoils of war

By Lewis H. Lapham

*But what good came of it at last?*

*Quoth little Peterkin.*

*Why, that I cannot tell, said he,  
But 'twas a famous victory.*

—Robert Southey,  
"The Battle of Blenheim"

**F**or the better part of forty years I have been listening to people talk about the chance of war with the Soviet Union, but I have yet to hear anybody say anything about what might be gained from such a war. What would be its objectives, and what spoils would belong to the victor?

The ancient Romans at least had it in mind to loot the tents of their enemies. Their legions marched east and south in the hope of stealing somebody else's grain or elephants or gold. The British empire in the eighteenth century employed its armies to protect its trade in molasses or slaves or tea. Napoleon sacked Europe in the early years of the nineteenth century to pay off the debts of the French Revolution.

But what profit could the United States or the Soviet Union discover in the other's defeat? Suppose that both nations avoided the stupidity of nuclear self-annihilation. Suppose further that one of the two nations managed to win World War III—either by means of conventional arms (Soviet tanks rolling unhindered across the plain of northern Europe or American troops marching triumphantly north from the Black Sea) or because one of the two nations simply got tired of paying the bills for next year's collection of new weap-

ons. On the American side, the second eventuality assumes that during one of Senator Jesse Helms's brief absences from Washington a consortium of frightened liberal politicians surrendered the United States without firing so much as a single naval salute.

Say, for whatever reason, that the war ends in a flutter of parades and that a chorus of new voices, slightly accented, begins telling the story of the evening news. What then? Who distributes the prize money, and how does the conquering host preserve the innocence of its ideological faith?

Consider first the consequences of a Soviet triumph. Imagine a Soviet fleet at anchor in New York harbor and the White House occupied by the proconsuls of the Soviet empire. Among the official classes of Washington the transition probably could be accomplished in a matter of days. Certainly the federal bureaucracy would welcome the expansion of its powers and dominions. Because so much of the nation's nominally private industry feeds—even now, at the zenith of the conservative ascendancy—on the milk of government charity, none of the city's accomplished lobbyists would have any trouble grasping the principles of socialist enterprise.

The directives handed down by the Politburo presumably would do little more than magnify the frown of paranoid suspicion already implicit in the Reagan administration's insistence on loyalty oaths, electronic surveillance, urine testing, and censorship. In return for the trifling gestures that accompany any change of

political venue—replacing the portraits on the walls, learning a few words of a new flattery—the government ministries would receive the gifts of suzerainty over the whole disorderly mess of American democracy. After so many years of writing so many querulous memoranda and bearing the insults of so many ungrateful journalists, the government would be free at last—free to meddle in everybody's business, free to indulge its passion for rules and its habit of sloth, free to tap all the telephones in all the discotheques in west Los Angeles.

The intellectual classes would go even more quietly into the totalitarian night. The American intelligentsia never has been notable for its courage or the tenacity of its convictions. If the Soviets took the trouble to shoot three or four television anchormen, the rest of the class would quickly learn the difference between a right and a wrong answer. The big media inevitably applaud the wisdom in office (whether announced by Gerald Ford or Jimmy Carter) and the universities teach the great American lesson of going along to get along. Many of the most vehement apostles of the Reagan revolution (among them Norman Podhoretz and Michael Novak) once professed themselves loyal to the liberal, even the radical, left. Given their talent for conversion I expect that they wouldn't have much trouble working out the dialectics of a safe return to the winning side. Literary bureaucrats—in the United States or in the Soviet Union and whether construed as priests or commissars or English

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professors—prefer the kind of world in which words take precedence over things and statements of theory overrule the insolence of facts.

Nor would the monied classes offer much of an objection to a Soviet victory. The financial magnates who weren't traveling in Europe at the time and who even bothered to notice that the war had come and gone almost certainly would make some sort of deal with the new owners of the American franchise. Over the last seven years Americans have sold off (to the Japanese, the French, the British, the Saudis) one trillion dollars in assets (land, bank debt, manufacturing capacity, real estate, office buildings), and we have gotten into the habit of deferring to the whims of a foreign buyer.

Again, as with the unoffending anchormen, the Soviets might make a halfhearted show of ideological seriousness. The Communist state certainly would confiscate a fair number of yachts and racing stables, and it might subject a few conspicuous slumlords and investment bankers to the formalities of a trial for crimes against the working poor. But too zealous a schedule of punishments would violate the spirit of *glasnost*, and I expect that most of the native oligarchy would be allowed to keep as much of its property as it could decently hide.

People might have to reduce their standards of extravagance and forgo the comfort of the fourth Mercedes or the convenience of a choice between forty-seven Italian white wines, but within a matter of weeks the opulent magazines would reflect the craze for wood carvings, caftans, and oriental colors. The fashionable people in New York and Los Angeles soon would discover a remarkable similarity between the Marxist aesthetic ("so simple, so pure") and the Puritan charm of seventeenth century New England. Henry Kissinger could be relied upon to teach the television audience about the greatness of Peter the Great.

So far, so good, but not quite good enough. Among the privileged classes in the larger cities the Soviets might discover a crowd of new and eager friends, but in the *terra incogni-*

ta beyond the lights of New York, Washington, and Beverly Hills, I'm afraid that they wouldn't have such an easy time of it. The country is too big, and too many citizens like to carry guns. The Russians have trouble enough with the illiterate and poorly armed Afghans. What would they do with the subscribers to *Soldier of Fortune* magazine, with hundreds of thousands of restless adolescents looking for a reason (any reason) to dynamite a train, with bands of guerrillas trained at M.I.T. and capable of reading the instruction manuals for automatic weapons, with the regiments of elderly duck-hunters in Florida and Texas who have been waiting patiently ever since 1945 for the chance to blast the Communist birds of prey? Lacking the sophistication of the New York police, how could the Soviets contain a crowd at a Bruce Springsteen concert, or suppress the computer networking in the San Fernando Valley? Where would the Politburo recruit the army of censors necessary to silence all the CB radios, raid all the pornographic newsstands, shut down all the telephone lines, and foreclose all the means of free and seditious expression?

Even with the enthusiastic help of Pat Robertson and William Bennett, the secretary of education, it is unlikely that the Soviet Union could accomplish so herculean a labor of purification. But unless the Russians operated the United States as a labor camp, how could they preserve the belief in the Marxist fairy tale? Let too many Russians loose in the streets of Orlando or Kansas City and they might succumb to the heresy of supermarkets or fall into the temptation of department stores. Within a generation Communism would be as dead as the last czar.

Nor would the Americans fare much better if we were unlucky enough to win the war. We are a people who lack both the talent and stomach for empire. Shooting partisans on sight doesn't sit well with what remains of the American conscience, and we complain bitterly (Mr. Reagan's Orange County friends foremost among the complainants) about the cost of keeping a military garrison in a terrain as com-



fortable as western Europe. Where would we find the troops to stand guard on the marches of Uzbekistan? How could we administer the 8,649,000 square miles of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics? We can't provide enough of our own citizens with decent housing, fair employment, or a fifth-grade education. What empty political promises could George Bush or Michael Dukakis offer 283,520,000 people speaking 130 languages who expect to be fed and clothed by the state? Do we imagine that we can staff Siberia with graduates of the Harvard Business School, that we can teach the hard lessons of independence to a people used to the comforts of despotism?

If we cannot do for the vast expanse of the Soviet Union what we cannot do for downtown Detroit, then either we operate the country as a penal institution or, as with Germany and Japan in the aftermath of World War II, we lend money, provide technical assistance, and instruct our wards in the perfections of capitalism. By choosing the first option we transform the American republic into a police state. The second option probably dooms America to economic ruin. To our sorrow we have seen what wonders can be worked by people released from the sterile task of making the toys of war. Within a generation we would be importing Russian cars, wearing Russian silk, borrowing Russian currency to finance the miraculous debt incurred by our military triumph.

No, I'm afraid that World War III lacks the motive of enlightened self-interest. No matter whose troops march through which capital city, the conquerors become the conquered, their systems of political and economic thought changed into their dreaded opposites.

The certain defeat implicit in anybody's victory seems to me worth bearing firmly in mind. Yet, in all the official gabbling about missiles and tanks and the fierce portrait of "American credibility" in the Persian Gulf, I never hear anybody asking the questions "Why?" and "What for?" Maybe this is because the answers would sound like nightclub jokes. ■

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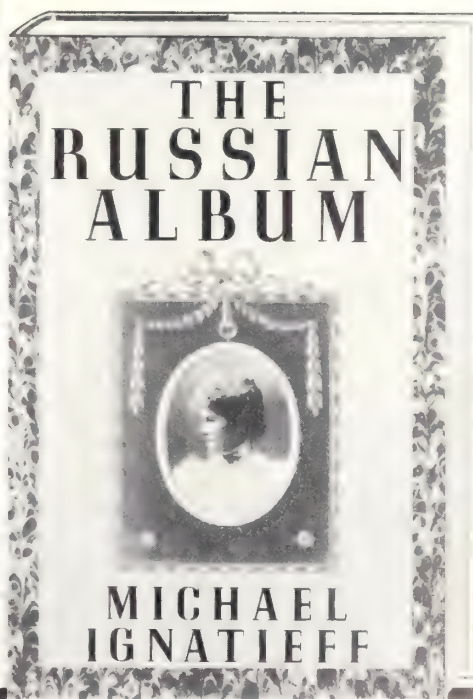
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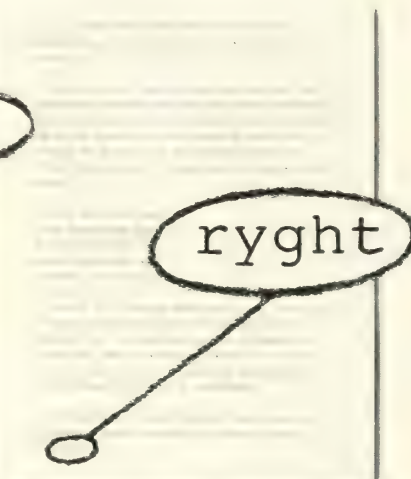
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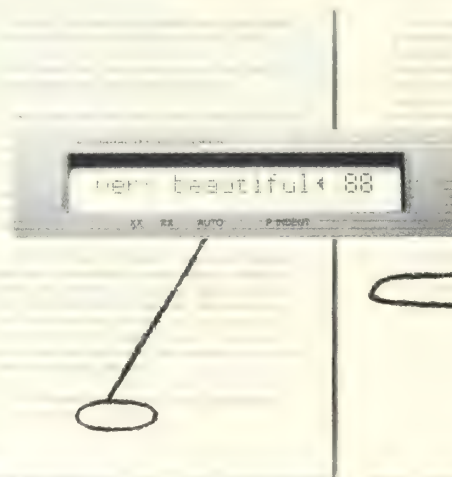
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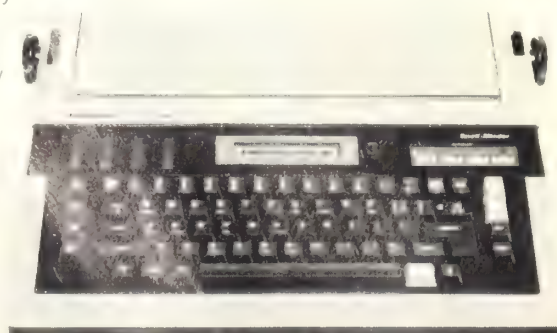
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# HARPER'S INDEX

- Nuclear warheads the United States will destroy under the proposed INF treaty : 364
- Nuclear warheads the United States has deployed since abrogating SALT II last year : 1,640
  - U.S. military aid to Israel in 1987, per Israeli soldier : \$12,350
- Portion of the food consumed in Lebanon last year that was imported : 3/4
- Percentage reduction in South Africa's exports in 1986 attributable to Western sanctions : 2
  - Dollar value of all international trade in 1986 : \$2,000,000,000,000
  - Dollar value of all international capital transfers in 1986 : \$30,000,000,000,000
- Portion of all trading on the New York Stock Exchange this year that involved Japanese investors : 1/10
  - Rank of entertainment, among all U.S. industries, in export earnings : 2
  - Presidential Medals of Freedom awarded by President Reagan : 72
    - By President Carter : 19
- Donation required for the opportunity to name a "grand staircase" at Carnegie Hall : \$500,000
  - Donation required to name the service elevator there : \$250,000
- Requests for changes in the new tax code received by the House Ways and Means Committee this year : 2,500
  - Percentage of women in two-income families who say they "almost always" prepare the tax returns : 29
  - Percentage of men in two-income families who say they "almost always" wash the dishes : 6
- Number of direct-mail solicitations sent to Henry David Thoreau at Walden Pond this year : 90
  - Number of Americans who are monitored at work by computer : 6,000,000
  - Cost to check the average office for wiretaps and debug it : \$1,500
- Cost to have a trained dog and a handler conduct a drug search of an office (per hour) : \$45
  - Rank of murder among causes of death for Colombian males age 15 to 44 : 1
- Percentage of U.S. households in the Northeast in which a member was a victim of a violent crime in 1986 : 3.7
  - Percentage of households in the West : 5.6
- Number of Americans who had liposuction performed on their thighs in 1986 : 30,800
- Estimated percentage of parents who, after prenatal testing, decline to learn the sex of their child : 10
- Sexual acts depicted in the 270 pages of Bret Easton Ellis's *The Rules of Attraction* : 103
  - Value of the toys the average American child received as gifts in 1986 : \$200
- Average amount of time a child spends in Santa Claus's lap at Macy's (in seconds) : 37
  - Price of a pound of reindeer meat at Lobel's Prime Meats in New York City : \$14.98
- Number of U.S. cities and towns named Santa Claus : 3
  - Number named Moscow : 32
- World rank of the Soviet Union's annual cabbage crop : 1
  - Rank of China's annual cauliflower crop : 1
- Estimated number of privately owned cars in China : 100
- Percentage increase, since 1975, in the number of Americans who commute to work on bicycles : 325
  - Number of people airborne over the United States during the average daytime hour : 123,000
  - Average migrating altitude of robins (in feet) : 1,500
    - Of ducks and geese : 3,000
- Price of Pet Rest—a casket, bodybag, sympathy card, and memorial-service text—for a guinea pig : \$14.99
  - Life expectancy of a worker ant (in months) : 3

*Figures cited are the latest available as of October 1987. Sources are listed on page 76.*

*"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.*



Discover an ultra light with real flavor



# Merit Ultra Lights

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:** Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

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Kings: 5 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine—100's: 6 mg "tar,"  
0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.



# READINGS

[Monologue]

## HARD SELL

By T. Coraghessan Boyle. "Hard Sell" was included in a reading Boyle gave at Dance Theater Workshop in New York on October 20. Boyle's most recent novel is *World's End*, published by Viking.

**S**o maybe I come on a little strong. "Hey, babes," I say to him (through his interpreter, of course, this guy with a face like a thousand fists), "the beard's got to go. And that thing on your head too—I mean I can dig it and all—it's kinda wild, actually—but if you want to play with the big boys, we'll get you a toup." I wait right there a minute to let the interpreter finish his jabbering, but there's no change in the old bird's face—I might just as well have been talking to my shoes. But what the hey, I figure, he's paying me a hundred big ones up front, the least I can do is give it a try. "And this *ji*had shit, can it, will you? I mean that kinda thing might go down over here but on Santa Monica Boulevard, believe me, it's strictly from hunger."

Then the Ayatollah looks at me, one blink of these lizard eyes he's got, and he says something in this throat-cancer rasp—he's tired or he needs an enema or something—and the interpreter stands, the fourteen guys against the wall with the Uzis stand, some character out the window starts yodeling the midday prayers, and I stand too. I can feel it, instinctively—I mean, I'm perceptive, you know that, Bob—that's it for the first day. I mean, nothing. Zero. Zilch. And I go out of there shaking my head, all these clowns with the Uzis closing in on me like piranha, and I'm thinking how in christ does this guy expect to upgrade his image when half the country's in their bathrobes morning, noon, and night?

Okay. So I'm burned from jet lag anyway, and I figure I'll write the day off, go back to the hotel, have a couple Tanqueray rocks, and catch some zzz's. What a joke, huh? They don't have Tanqueray, Bob. Or rocks either. They don't have Beefeaters or Gordon's—they don't even have a bar, for christsake. Can you believe it—the whole damn country, the cradle of civilization, and it's dry. All of a sudden I'm beginning to see the light—this guy really is a fanatic. So anyway I'm sitting at this table in the lobby drinking grape soda—yeah, grape soda, out of the can—and thinking I better get on the horn with Chuck back in Century City, I mean like I been here what—three hours?—and already the situation is going down the tubes, when I feel this like pressure on my shoulder.

I turn around and who is it but the interpreter, you know, the guy with the face. He's leaning on me with his elbow, like I'm a lamp-post or something, and he's wearing this big shit-eating grin. He's like a little Ayatollah, this guy—beard, bathrobe, slippers, hat, the works—and he's so close I can smell the roots of his hair.

"I don't like the tone you took with the Imam," he says in this accent right out of a Pepperidge Farm commercial, I mean like Martha's Vineyard all the way, and then he slides into the chair across from me. "This is not John Travolta you're addressing, my very sorry friend. This is the earthly representative of the Qā'im, who will one day come to us to reveal the secrets of the divinity, Allah be praised." Then he lowers his voice, drops the smile, and gives me this killer look. "Show a little respect," he says.

You know me, Bob—I don't take shit from anybody, I don't care who it is, Lee Iacocca, Steve Garvey, Joan Rivers (all clients of ours, by the way), and especially not from some nimbrod that looks like he just walked off the set of

"...me, of Arabia, right?" So I take a long swallow of grape soda, Mr. Cool all the way, and then set the can down like it's a loaded .44. "Don't tell me," I go, "—Harvard, right?"

And the jerk actually smiles. "Class of '68."

"Listen, pal," I start to say, but he interrupts me.

"The name is Hojatolislam."

Hey, you know me, I'm good with names—have to be in this business—but Hojatolislam? You got to be kidding. I mean I don't even attempt it. "Okay," I say, "I can appreciate where you're coming from, the guy's a big deal over here, yeah, all right... but believe me, you take it anyplace else and your Ayatollah's got about as positive a public image as the Son of Sam. That's what you hired us for, right? Hey, I don't care what you people think of the man, me, I'm an agnostic personally, and this is just another guy with a negative public perception that wants to go upscale. And I'm going to talk to him. Straight up. All the cards on the table."

And then you know what he does, the chump? He says I'm crass. (Crass—and I'm wearing an Italian silk suit that's worth more than this joker'll make in six lifetimes and a pair of hand-stitched loafers that cost me... but I don't even want to get into it.) Anyway, I'm crass. I'm going to undermine the old fart's credibility, as if he's got any. It was so-and-so's party that wanted me in—to make the Ayatollah look foolish—and he, Hojatolislam, is going to do everything in his power to see that it doesn't happen.

"Whoa," I go, "don't let's mix politics up in this. I was hired to do a job here and I'm going to do it, whether you and the rest of the little ayatollahs like it or not."

Hoji kinda draws himself up and gives me this tight little kiss-my-ass smile. "Fine," he says, "you can do what you want, but you know how much of what you said this morning came across? In my translation, that is?"

Then it dawns on me: No wonder the Ayatollah looks like he's in la-la land the whole time I'm talking to him—nothing's getting through. "Let me guess," I say.

But he beats me to it, the son of a bitch. He leans forward on his elbows and makes this little circle with his thumb and index finger and then holds it up to his eye and peeks through it—real cute, huh?

I don't say a word. But I'm thinking okay, pal, you want to play hardball, we'll play hardball.

**S**o it sounds like I'm in pretty deep, right? You're probably thinking it's tough enough to market this turkey to begin with, let alone having to deal with all these little ayatollahs and

their pet gripes. But the way I see it, it's no big problem. You got to ask yourself, what's this guy got going for him? All right, he's a fanatic. We admit it. Up front. But hell, you can capitalize on anything. Now the big thing about a fanatic is he's sexy—look at Hitler, Stalin, with that head of hair of his, look at Fidel—and let's face it, he's got these kids, these so-called martyrs of the revolution, dying for him by the thousands. The guy's got charisma to burn, no doubt about it. Clean him up and put him in front of the TV cameras, that's the way I see it—and no, I'm not talking Merv Griffin and that sort of thing; I mean I can't feature him up there in a luau shirt with a couple of gold chains or anything like that—but he could show some chest hair, for christsake. I mean, he's old, but hell, he's a pretty sexy guy in his way. A power trip like that, all those kids dying in the swamps, giving the Iraqis hell, that's a very sexy thing. In a weird way, I mean. Like it's a real turn on. Classic. But my idea is maybe get him a gig with GTE or somebody. You know, coach up his English like with that French guy they had on selling perfume a couple years back, real charming, sweet guy kinda thing, right? No, selling the man is the least of my worries. But if I can't talk to him, I'm cooked.

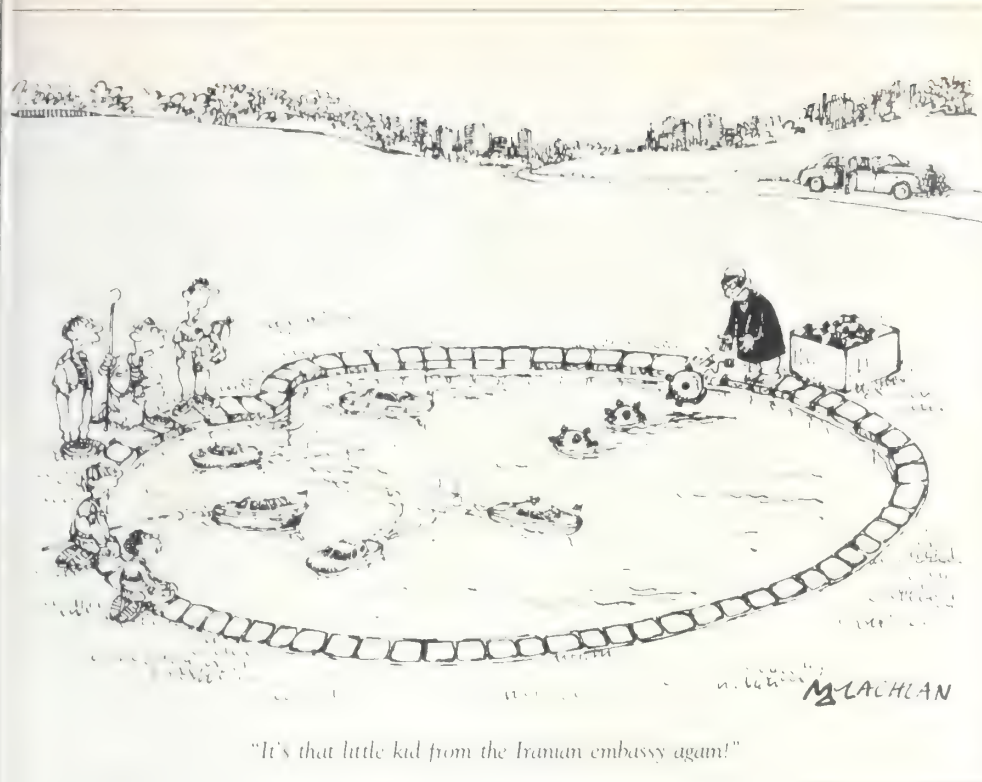
So I go straight to my room and get Chuck on the horn. "Chuck," I tell him, "they're killing me over here. Send me an interpreter on the next plane, will you? Somebody that's on our side."

Next morning, there's a knock on my door. It's this guy about five feet tall and five feet wide, with this little goatee and kinky hair all plastered down on his head. His name's Parviz. Yesterday he's selling rugs on La Brea, today he's in Tehran. Fine. No problem. Only thing is he's got this accent like Akim Tamiroff, I mean I can barely understand him myself, he's nodding off to sleep on me, and I've got an appointment with the big guy at one. There's no time for formalities, and plus the guy doesn't know from shit about PR, so I sit him down and wire him up with about sixty cups of crank and then we're out the door.

"Okay, Parviz," I say, "let's run with it."

**O**f course, we don't even get in the door at the Ayatollah's place and these creeps with the Uzis have Parviz up against the wall, feeling him up and jabbering away at him in this totally weird language of theirs—sounds like a tape loop of somebody clearing their throat. I mean, they feel me up too, but poor Parviz, they strip him down to his underwear—this skinny-strap T-shirt with his big pregnant gut hanging out and these boxer shorts with little blue parrots on





"It's that little kid from the Iranian embassy again!"

*From Punch, the British weekly.*

them—and the guy's awake now, believe me. Awake, and sweating like a pig. So anyway, they usher us into this room—different room, different house than yesterday, by the way—and there he is, the Ayatollah, propped up on about a hundred pillows and giving us his lizard-on-a-rock look. Hoji's there too, of course, along with all the other Ayatollah clones with their raggedy beards and pillbox hats.

Soon as Hoji gets a load of Parviz though, he can see what's coming and he throws some kind of fit, teeth flashing in his beard, his face bruised up like a bag of bad plums, pissing and moaning and pointing at me and Parviz like we just got done raping his mother or something. But hey, I've taken some meetings in my time and if I can't handle it, Bob, I mean who can? So I just kinda brush right by Hoji, a big closer's smile on my face, and shake the old bird's hand, and I mean nobody shakes his hand—nobody's laid skin on him in maybe ten years, at least since the revolution, anyway. But I figure the guy used to live in Paris, right? He's gotta have a nose for a good bottle of wine, a plate of crayfish, Havana cigars, the track, he's probably dying for somebody to press some skin and shoot the bull about life in the civilized world. So I shake his hand and the room tenses up, but at least it shuts up Hoji for a minute and I see my opening. "Parviz," I yell over my shoulder, "tell

him that I said we both got the same goal, which is positive name/face recognition worldwide, I mean billboards on Sunset, the works, and if he listens to me and cleans up his act a little, I'm 99 percent sure we're going home."

Well, Parviz starts in and right away Hoji cuts him off with this high-octane rap, but the Ayatollah flicks his eyes and it's like the guy just had the tongue ripped out of his head, I mean incredible, bang, that's it. Hoji ducks his head and he's gone. And me, I'm smiling like Mr. Cool. Parviz goes ahead and finishes and the old bird clears his throat and croaks something back.

I'm not even looking at Parviz, just holding the Ayatollah's eyes—by the way, I swear he dyes his eyebrows—and I go, "What'd he say?"

And Parviz tells me. Twice. Thing is, I can't understand a word he says, but the hell with it, I figure, be positive, right? "Okay," I say, seeing as how we're finally getting down to brass tacks, "about the beard. Tell him beards went out with Jim Morrison—and the bathrobe business is kinda kinky, and we can play to that if he wants, but wouldn't he feel more comfortable in a nice Italian knit?"

The big guy says nothing, but I can see this kinda glimmer in his eyes and I know he's digging it, I mean I can feel it, and I figure we'll worry about the grooming later and I cut right to

the heart of it and lay my big idea on him, the idea that's going to launch the whole campaign.

This is genius, Bob, you're going to love it.

I ask myself, how do we soften this guy a little, you know, break down the barriers between him and the public, turn all that negative shit around? And what audience are we targeting here? Think about it. He can have all the camel drivers and Kalashnikov toters in the world, but let's face it, the bottom line is how does he go down over here and that's like nowheresville. So my idea is this: baseball. Yeah, baseball. Where would Castro be without it? What can the American public relate to—and I'm talking the widest sector now, from the guys in the boardroom to the shlump with the jackhammer

out the window there—better than baseball? Can you dig it: The Ayatollah's a closet baseball fan, but his people need him so much—love him, a country embattled, he's like a Winston Churchill to them—they won't let him come to New York for a Yankee game. Can you picture it?

No? Well dig the photo. Yeah. From yesterday's *New York Times*. See the button there, on his bathrobe? Well, maybe it is a little fuzzy, AP is the pits, but that's a "Go Yankees!" button I gave him myself.

No, listen, he liked it, Bob, he liked it. I could tell. I mean I lay the concept on him and he goes off into this fucking soliloquy, croaking up a storm, and then Parviz tells me it's okay but it's all over for today, he's gotta have his hat surgically removed or something, and the guys with the Uzis are closing in again... but I'm seeing green, Bob, I'm seeing him maybe throwing out the first ball this spring, Yankees versus the Reds or Pirates—okay, okay, wrong league—the Birds, then—I'm telling you, the sun on his face, Brooks Brothers draping his shoulders, the cameras whirring, and the arc of that ball just going on and on, out over the grass, across the airwaves and into the lap of every regular Joe in America.

Believe me, Bob, it's in the bag.

[Advertisement]

## THE BLACK VOTE: WE DELIVER

*This advertisement appeared in the September/October issue of Campaigns & Elections. The Nathan Group is a political consulting firm in Baton Rouge, Louisiana.*

Dear Candidate:

Fact: Blacks.

I am sure you will agree that in politics, *perceptions are the only reality*. And the only thing that's going to count when the levers are pulled on election day is *how voter perceptions have been molded*.

The Nathan Group focuses exclusively on creating favorable perceptions among black voters... and is making the critical difference at the ballot box.

Our success stories include winners in campaigns for state representative, district attorney, mayor, sheriff, secretary of state, judge, governor, and the U.S. Senate.

Syndicated *Washington Post* columnist David Broder described our campaign strategies as "the tip of a small but growing movement which... may transform American politics." Our techniques for reaching black voters were a focal point on the October 10, 1986, edition of William F. Buckley's *Living Line*.

If the black vote is important to the success of your campaign, contact us.

Sincerely,  
The Nathan Group

[Letter of Protest]

## STANDING UP FOR THE BANANA

*From an August 26 letter to Bruce Christensen, president of PBS, from Robert M. Moore, president of the International Banana Association. Moore is writing to protest a program on AIDS scheduled for broadcast on WETA, the Washington, D.C., public-television station, on November 6.*

Dear Mr. Christensen,

In this program, a banana is used as a substitute for a human penis in a demonstration of how condoms should be used.

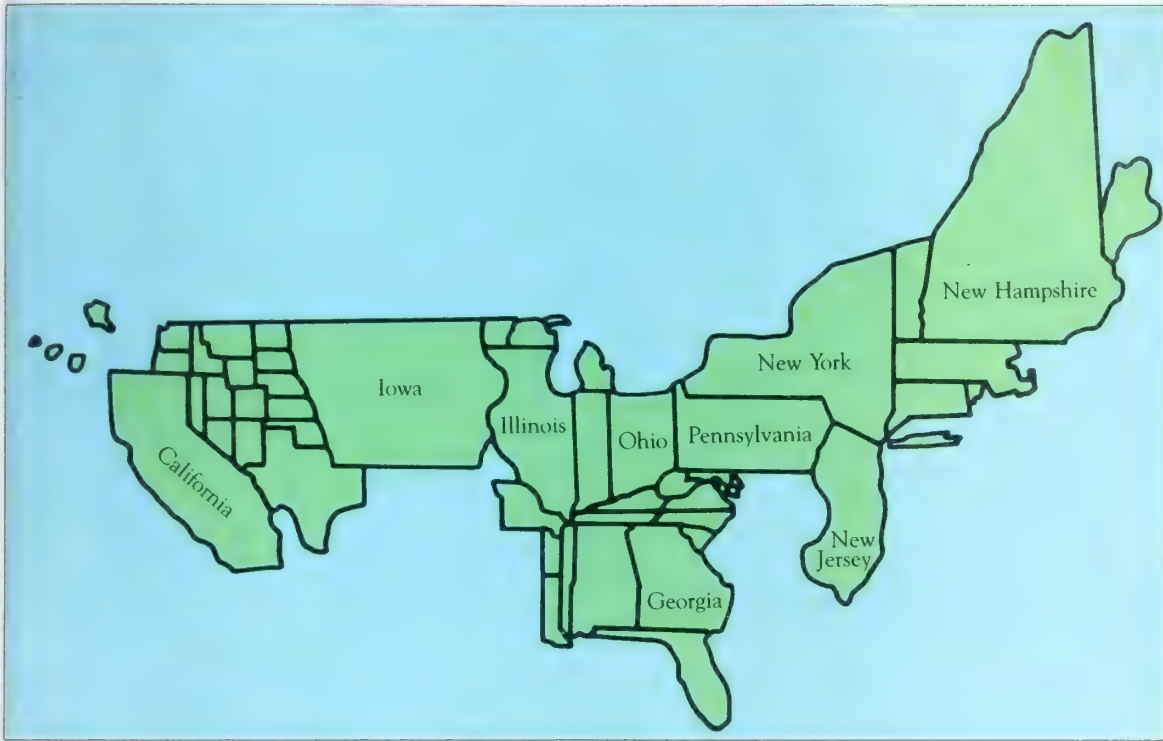
I must tell you, Mr. Christensen, as I have told representatives of WETA, that our industry finds such usage of our product to be totally unacceptable. The choice of a banana rather than some other inanimate prop constitutes arbitrary and reckless disregard for the unsavory association that will be drawn by the public and the damage to our industry that will result therefrom.

The banana is an important product and deserves to be treated with respect and consider-



[Map]

## THE GEOGRAPHY OF ELECTION NEWS



From a study by William C. Adams in *Media and Momentum: The New Hampshire Primary and Nomination Politics*, edited by Gary R. Orren and Nelson W. Polsby, published by Chatham House Publishers. The size of each state reflects the relative amount of media coverage its presidential primary or caucus received in 1984. Adams, a professor at George Washington University, analyzed the coverage of *The New York Times* and the network evening news broadcasts from January 1 to June 10.

ation. It is the most extensively consumed fruit in the United States, being purchased by over 98 percent of households. It is important to the economies of many developing Latin American nations. The banana's continued image in the minds of consumers as a healthful and nutritious product is critically important to the industry's continued ability to be held in such high regard by the public and to discharge its responsibilities to its Latin American hosts.

Unfortunately, WETA categorically refused my request to view the offensive sequence, citing policies established by PBS.

Mr. Christensen, I have no alternative but to advise you that we intend to hold PBS fully responsible for any and all damages sustained by our industry as a result of the showing of this AIDS program depicting the banana in the associational context planned. Further, we reserve all legal rights to protect the industry's interests from this arbitrary, unnecessary, and insensitive action.

Yours very truly,  
Robert M. Moore

[Memorandum]

### THE ZONE OF NO SALUTES

*This "Building Circular" was distributed to Pentagon workers in July.*

SUBJECT: Designated "No Hat/Saluting Areas"

Appropriate military authorities and Department of Defense officials have concurred in the following saluting policy:

Effective immediately, the stairway between the Pentagon First Corridor Entrance and the sidewalk leading to the South Parking Lot is designated a non-saluting area.

This means that rendering the hand salute while walking on this relatively narrow stairway is not required due to the potential safety hazard involved. The sidewalk to the parking lot and the parking lot itself continue to be saluting areas.

Two areas currently exist where rendering the hand salute and the wearing of headgear are not required: they are the Pentagon Center Courtyard and the Eighth Corridor Ramp leading to the POAC.

For those not familiar with the First Corridor Entrance, it is located on the Concourse at the E Ring end of First Corridor on the second floor level. It is adjacent to the Concourse shoe repair concession.

Kent A. Womack  
DOD Building Administrator  
Pentagon Area

[Memorandum]

## FOGGY BOTTOM AGIT PROP

*From a memorandum sent on March 13, 1985, to Patrick Buchanan, White House director of communications, from Johnathan Miller, a state department official. The memorandum was released in October by the Government Accounting Office in connection with its investigation into the state department's Office for Public Diplomacy for Latin America and the Caribbean, known by its acronym S/LPD. S/LPD was established in 1983 to foster public and congressional support for the administration's Latin American policies. The GAO found that certain of S/LPD's activities, including some of the ones detailed below, violated a restriction "prohibiting the use of federal funds for . . . propaganda purposes." In response to the GAO finding, the former chief of S/LPD, Otto Reich, told reporters that he had not authorized the March 13 memorandum. Reich also stated that Miller said he was "just kidding" when he described S/LPD activities in the memorandum as "white propaganda."*

TO: Mr. Pat Buchanan  
FROM: S/LPD, Johnathan S. Miller  
SUBJECT: "White Propaganda" Operation

[Four] illustrative examples of the "White Propaganda" operation:

□ Attached is a copy of an op-ed piece that ran two days ago in *The Wall Street Journal*. Professor Guilmartin has been a consultant to our office and collaborated with our staff in the writing of this piece. It is devastating in its analysis of the Nicaraguan arms build-up. Officially, this office had no role in its preparation.

□ In case you missed last night's NBC news with Tom Brokaw, you might ask WHCA [White House Communications Agency] to call up the Fred Francis story on the contras. This piece was prepared by Francis after he consulted

two of our contractors who recently made a clandestine trip to the freedom-fighter camp along the Nicaragua/Honduras border (the purpose of this trip was to serve as a pre-advance for many selected journalists to visit the area and get a true flavor of what the freedom fighters are doing; i.e., not baby killing).

□ Two op-ed pieces, one for *The Washington Post* and one for *The New York Times*, are being prepared for the signatures of opposition leaders Alfonso Robelo, Adolfo Calero, and Arturo Cruz. These two op-ed pieces are being prepared by one of our consultants and will serve as a reply to the outrageous op-ed piece by Daniel Ortega in today's *New York Times*.

□ Through a cut-out, we are having the opposition leader Alfonso Robelo visit the following news organizations while he is in Washington this week: Hearst Newspapers, *Newsweek*, Scripps Howard Newspapers, *The Washington Post* (Editorial Board), and *USA Today*. In addition, the CNN "Freeman Report," the MacNeil-Lehrer Report, the *Today Show*, and *The CBS Morning News* have been contacted about the availability of Mr. Robelo....

I will not attempt in the future to keep you posted on all activities since we have too many balls in the air at any one time and since the work of our operation is ensured by our keeping a low profile. I merely wanted to give you a flavor of some of the activities that hit our office on any one day and ask that, as you formulate ideas and plans of attack, you give us a heads up since our office has been crafted to handle the concerns that you have in getting the President's program for the freedom fighters enacted.

[Essay]

## LOSING CONTROL OF OUR ECONOMY

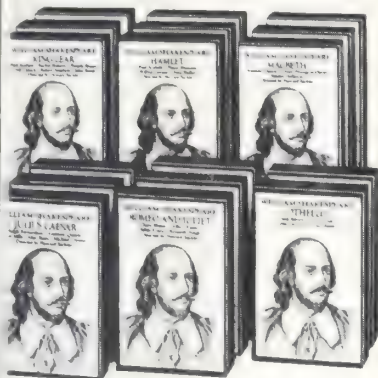
*From "Shocks, Deadlocks, and Scorched Earth: Reaganomics and the Decline of U.S. Hegemony," by Michael Moffitt, in the Fall issue of World Policy Journal. Moffitt is a Wall Street investment adviser and the author of The World's Money.*

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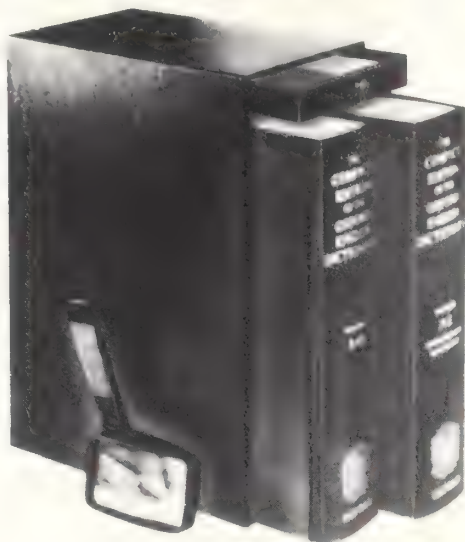
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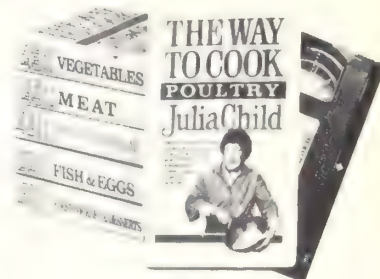
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if economic policymakers, having misdiagnosed its origins, prescribe the wrong economic medicine.

An ironic legacy of Reagan's tenure is that his policies, ostensibly designed to restore American power, have actually accelerated its demise. His policies have contributed mightily to large budget and trade deficits. Yet the twin deficits are not the cause of our decline. We should be more concerned about the globalization of production by multinational corporations and the resulting obsolescence of U.S. manufacturing workers, developments this administration has abetted. Forcing up the value of the dollar to suppress inflation and wages—as the administration and the Federal Reserve did from 1981 to 1984—was wholly incompatible with any hope of recovery in manufacturing, agriculture, and other basic industries. The strong dollar encouraged more U.S. firms to buy cheap assets abroad, and in this way accelerated the export of jobs.

Our ability to counter the decline is greatly reduced because the budget and trade deficits resulted in growing U.S. dependence on foreign capital. In short, Reagan has painted himself—

and his successor—into a corner from which there is no obvious escape.

First of all the United States is boxed in with respect to its trade options. With the trade deficit still running at an annual rate of \$160 billion, it is obvious that pushing down the dollar—a process begun in early 1985—has not worked. Pushing the dollar down any further is dangerous given our growing dependence on foreign capital to prop up the stock and bond markets. The more the dollar drops, the higher domestic interest rates must rise to offset currency losses by foreign bondholders. And rising interest rates are usually a negative influence on the stock market.

That brings us to the second major difficulty confronting policymakers: reconciling domestic monetary policy with our dependence on foreign capital. The United States has been able to run a trade deficit for so long because, unlike other countries, we alone are capable of handling the tremendous “backflow” of funds resulting from trade imbalances. The de facto deal works as follows: the United States will tolerate a big trade deficit with a country as long as that country puts its money back into our capital markets. But to continue to attract foreign capital, the United States must also maintain the value of its currency. That means keeping inflation down and money growth slow enough so that dollars remain reasonably scarce, which in turn constrains our use of domestic monetary policy to stimulate economic upturns and to counter downturns. Monetary stimulus cannot be too great, lest the dollar collapse and foreign confidence evaporate, leading to a dramatic rise in interest rates and the potential collapse of the stock and bond markets.

The third major obstacle policymakers face is essentially self-imposed: the fiscal-policy deadlock. From a nonideological standpoint, the budget deficit is not the bogeyman it is usually made out to be. In the early 1980s it was blamed for the strong dollar and loss of competitiveness; now it is being blamed for the sagging dollar and loss of foreign confidence. Since the orgy of tax cutting did little to boost business investment, raising taxes to reduce the deficit would probably not harm investment very much either. But a move to reduce the deficit—either by increasing taxes (the predominant Democratic approach) or by cutting spending (the predominant Republican approach)—could harm consumption, which has so far sustained the recovery. With both Democrats and Republicans stressing their resolve to reduce the deficit, the real danger is that budget-balancing hysteria may break out at a time when the economy is already weak and force the country into a recession.

[Anecdote]

## WHY PRAGUE?

*The following story, told by a recent visitor from Czechoslovakia, appeared in the September issue of Index on Censorship.*

A big businessman from an African country came to Czechoslovakia a few months ago to close an important deal with a state export organization and to see how his son, a student at a Czech university, was doing.

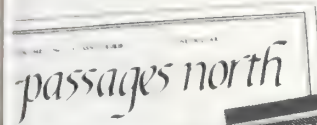
In the friendly atmosphere of a farewell party, a high official of the Czech state export monopoly asked him a rather personal question: “Mr. XY, you yourself are an Oxford-educated man. I can’t help wondering—why did you send your son to study in Czechoslovakia instead?”

“I had two reasons for that,” the African businessman replied. “First—it is much cheaper, you know. And second—if I had sent him to Oxford I’m pretty sure he would have returned with his head full of crazy Marxist ideas. I wanted to be absolutely certain this would not happen.”



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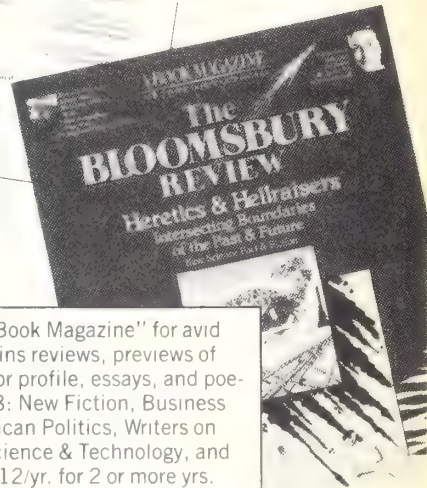
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Finally, the United States—in part because of Reagan's policies—has considerably less leverage than it once did to apply unilateral solutions to international economic problems. No wonder the leading lights of business and politics bemoan the fact that the United States is now a debtor nation. Debt and hegemony do not mix—at least not for very long. And as long as the United States continues to abide by the rules of the game—that the market knows best and will tend toward equilibrium—U.S. power to affect economic events here and abroad will diminish.

Dropping our illusion about unfettered competition in both domestic and international markets would be the first step toward a sounder economic approach. Yet I am highly pessimistic that what needs to be done will be done. While the Republicans are an easy target, much of my pessimism results from realizing how poorly the Democrats comprehend our present economic condition.

Politics begins with an understanding of the world, the sources of its problems and possibilities. But the Democrats seem to be moving in the opposite direction. They grasp for solutions to the present logjam because they have forgotten, overlooked, or underestimated the basic analytical insight of the Keynesian revolution: that a mature, free-market economy does not automatically tend toward full employment and price stability, either domestically or internationally. In fact, as Keynes showed, a market economy may function even less well in a world economy with relatively open markets. Activist policy is therefore needed and choices must be aimed either at fighting inflation or encouraging growth. Policy can steer the economy in one direction or the other, but not both directions at the same time—at least not with any precision.

In the 1980s a political choice has been made to emphasize price stability over growth. This has created major economic risks. Since most Democrats talk more about the budget deficit and continuing vigilance against inflation than they do about full employment, they either do not care about growth or they mistakenly believe that a more balanced budget and lower inflation will produce higher growth.

The underlying problem in today's world economy is not the U.S. budget deficit or excess demand but insufficient worldwide demand. The worldwide glut in raw materials and excess manufacturing capacity are the principal problems that need to be addressed—not inflation and excess consumption. At any rate, a little more inflation is vastly preferable to deflation. Excessive concern about the budget deficit will not solve anything.

It may not be politically popular to say so, but

we need Keynesianism now more than at any other time since 1950. Vigorous public investment is needed to rebuild the nation's bridges, roads, and infrastructure and to boost domestic demand and production. We need a much more activist trade policy to force countries to boost substantially their production in the United States—if they want to retain access to our markets. More comprehensive regulation of the financial system is necessary to manage our dependence on foreign capital and to prevent a serious mishap that could start a real downturn.

But domestic measures are not enough in today's integrated world economy. A less deflationist IMF and World Bank could do more to alleviate the Third World debt burden and to inject investment into those countries that now act as a drag on worldwide economic growth. Real détente with the Soviet Union could not only free domestic resources for alternative uses, but open up vast new frontiers for consumption and investment. Reducing the defense burden on our economy would also be the best way for us to "level the playing field" with Japan and West Germany.

That said, I seriously doubt that the country is ready to vote for such principles in 1988.

If I am wrong in my presumption that, sooner or later, the excesses of the Reagan era will lead to a depression that devastates the lives of millions of Americans, then conservatives of both parties have nothing to worry about. They can disregard my view. But the history of unrestrained capitalism is the history of violent fluctuations, of seven fat years and seven lean. Both the rulers and the ruled, but especially the rulers, ignore this history at their own peril.

[Letter]

## THE WEATHERMEN, TWENTY YEARS ON

*From a recent letter written by Peter Marin to Gloria Emerson. Emerson (who sent the letter to Harper's) had solicited Marin's thoughts on the Weathermen for an article on the twentieth anniversary of the occupation of Columbia University. Marin is a Harper's contributing editor.*

Gloria:

The important thing, I think, in considering the Weathermen, is that we remember what America was like in the days when the Weathermen began. Hysterical days, to be sure, but I have a hunch that many of us saw our own nation more clearly then than we have since. Cer-





"Royal Gorge, Colorado," by David Graham. From *American Beauty*, a collection of his photographs published by Aperture/A New Images Book.

tainly it was clear back then that, in relation to other nations and to large segments of our own population, we acted as a nation in ways destructive and sometimes genocidal, and also that the myths and mystifications with which we surrounded our own activities kept, and would go on keeping, most Americans from realizing what their nation was or did.

I mean to say that groups like the Weathermen and the Panthers saw America quite clearly. But they were so unprepared for what they saw, and were so clearly lacking in any sense of viable strategies for dealing with what they saw, that they slid quickly and tragically into modes of reaction which were almost always hysterical, self-destructive, and self-defeating—to say nothing of their ineffectuality.

Yet as easy as it is to say that, one must remember that the tactics the Weathermen adopted were nothing at all compared to the brutality to which they were reacting. This is what we tend to forget. I was down in New Orleans a couple of weeks ago, spending some time among unemployed and pauperized blacks: women with children and no money at all; men

without hope, work, or dignity. What one saw was an inexcusable part of American life so familiar and pervasive that none with any power—and certainly none of our current presidential candidates—makes any move to do anything about it. If you look carefully you (re)discover in our own South what you can see in dozens of other spots in the country (you know Detroit particularly well) or in impoverished foreign nations: the continuous and inexcusable violence done to millions of people in the name of "freedom" and "democracy." That, I suppose, is what the Weathermen understood.

Does this justify or explain their tactics? Maybe not. But remember this: Few of those who criticize the Weathermen or counsel other tactics actually *practice* other tactics or effect change in other ways. I know (as you do) all the criticisms of the Weathermen, and I can recite, also, the tactics for change that all agree are superior to their violence: patience, politics, reason, passive disobedience, peaceful protest, education, exhortation, etc. But we also know (though we pretend we do not) that none of these approaches has accomplished very much,

save in the area of civil rights. And meanwhile lives end and bodies pile up, and how is it possible to be fully aware of this, and not be tempted to violence against those responsible or complicitous?

The violence of the Weathermen is evidence of two things: first, that they saw their nation and its evils clearly and, secondly, that they had no adequate response to what they saw, and so were driven to ends which partook perhaps too much of the evils they had discovered. But how could they have avoided that? They had no readily available political traditions of patient resistance and dissidence to fall back on, and the political left by then had been decimated and divided by the Stalin Pact, the World War, factionalism, and old age. Nor had they any religious or secular moral framework into which they could put the evil they saw, or which would dictate or suggest an adequate response.

They were not, I think, essentially political, no matter how political their rhetoric got. They were moral apocalyptists, violent Anabaptists of a kind, godless in their response and yet driven by their discovery of evil as surely as those in the past for whom God was (I say this, remember, as a purely secular man) the only adequate force or value to pit against evil. And they were, finally, quintessentially American, partaking, ironically and yet unavoidably, of precisely the values (or the absence of values) they abhorred. They had discovered the moral void at the heart of American life; they were shocked, astonished, transformed; but they had nowhere to go with their vision of the void but straight into it, and in they went, losing themselves, perhaps, in what they feared and opposed. It could not—given the nature of the nation and age—have been otherwise.

**T**he Jews, you know, have a tradition, a law: that to study the Cabala, and to see God's hidden truths, you must be of a certain age, and have around you a community of others capable of sustaining you, keeping you sane (such is the supposed power of God's law and face). But the young in the Sixties looked at power, evil, and greed and had nothing around them—no tradition, no community—to guide them; they created their response out of thin air and nerve, out of sympathy and the anger of betrayed children. They tried, as best they could, through violence, to topple or simply nudge the weight, the rock, of what it was they had discovered, and the fact that it moved not an inch is not necessarily what proves their tactics false. It may, indeed, be precisely what proves them necessary.

I say all this reluctantly, simply trying to follow the thought through. I am by nature pacific—I can afford to be. But I do not know

whether that is evidence of superior “wisdom” (compared, say, to the Weathermen) or merely the fact that my sense of immediacy and the presence of evil is not as sharp as theirs. Nor may my heart be quite as exposed or vulnerable to human suffering. Too much of our present day wisdom is simply exhaustion, complicity, and a taste for comfort. Had the Weathermen existed in other nations, we might have understood them better. But because they were Americans, their behavior called into question the whole issue of what the rest of us, as Americans, should be doing; and I suspect that there is something self-justifying and self-indulgent in the way we see the Weathermen today. What we say about them may be true, but we do not say it *because* it is true, if you see what I mean.

Peter

[Essay]

## THE DIALECTICS OF DISSENT

*From The Velvet Prison: Artists Under State Socialism, by Miklós Haraszti, published recently by New Republic/Basic Books. Haraszti is a Hungarian poet, sociologist, and political activist. He is an editor of Beszélő, a clandestine opposition journal published in Budapest.*

**A**t first glance, it might appear that there is no place for the dissident artist in the culture of socialist nations. That may once have been the case, but today, in modern socialist states such as Hungary, dissidents perform an important political function. It is not, however, the same function that dissidents like to think they perform.

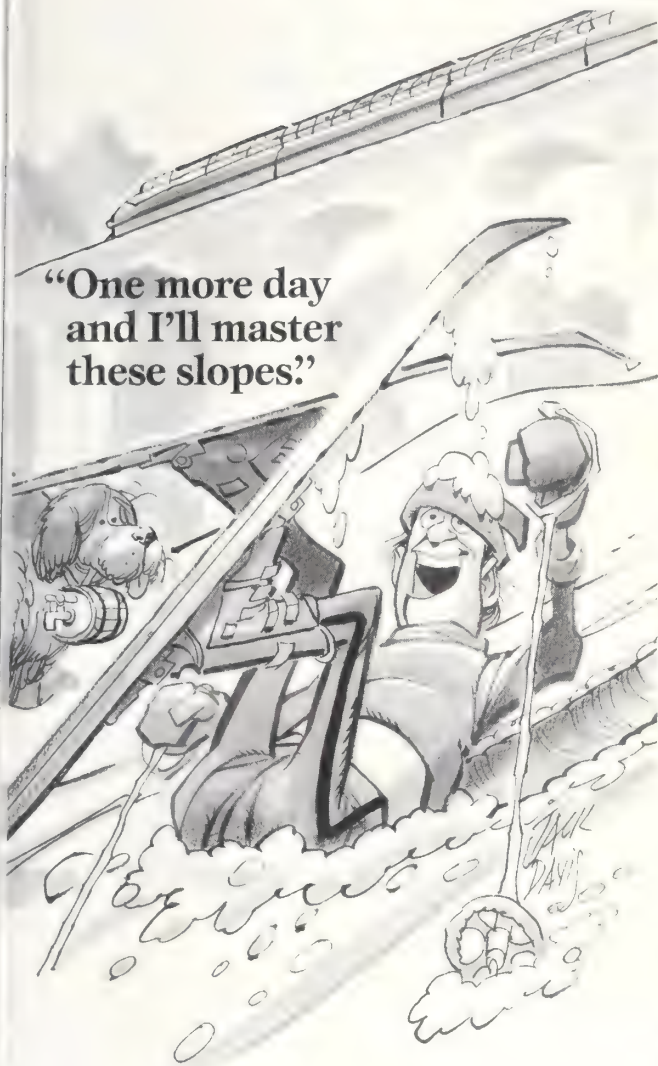
The state artist recognizes that the only freedom within the socialist system is that of participation. He understands the impossibility of creating art that transcends the system which permits it to exist.

The dissident artist, on the other hand, is confident that he can either circumvent the censor's hand—by smuggling messages between the lines—or circumvent the state altogether—by putting his art in direct contact with the public. The dissident is tempted to view his presence, precarious as it is, as part of a well-designed strategy. Perhaps he “represents” the true aspirations of state artists, and one day his independent spirit might become fashionable. He is a harbinger.

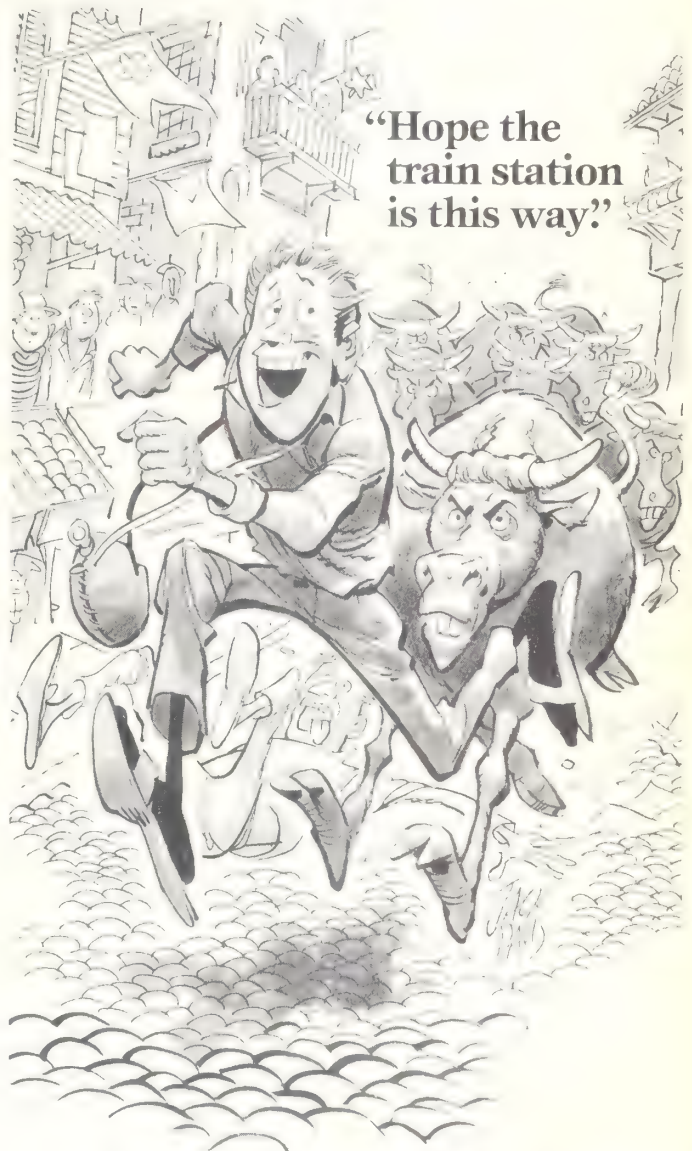
I hope our dissidents are not so naive as to believe this. I hope that in their misfortune they do not console themselves with such naive con-



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ceits. But I fear that they have become too deeply imbued with the tradition of commitment to be able to renounce easily the most fundamental axiom of the socialist aesthetic: the idea of *art as service*. This writer understands only too well how difficult it is to be satisfied simply with exploring one's own sensibility. They will want their art to play an active social role in shaping the consciousness of the culture of the nation.

Yet if this is what they desire, they can rest assured: In spite of their current isolation and pitifully small numbers, they have already—and in a profound sense—become a part of our state culture.

In the first place, they are products, catalysts, and victims of “progressive censorship” as it is practiced in socialist countries today. Their scandalous heresies served as a sign to the state that the time had come for reforms and decentralization. But this was not a victory for the dissidents. The state was shrewd enough to protect its reforms from those who had provoked them. In the East, reform from above can become as much a stabilizing ideology as in the West, and its consequences can be just as disastrous for radicals.

According to one Hungarian saying, if Solzhenitsyn had lived in Hungary, he would have been appointed president of the Writers' Union . . . given time. Then no one would have written *The Gulag Archipelago*; and if someone had, Solzhenitsyn would have voted for his expulsion.

This is the climate of opinion in the culture of “progressive censorship.” We reject both the state that is unable to reform and the artist who is unable to conform. Solzhenitsyn went too far. His novels would have passed the censors sooner or later, but with *The Gulag Archipelago* he proved that he was not interested in influencing policy but only in destroying the state.

Even in their ghetto, the dissidents serve a purpose: they are a cautionary tale. They “teach by example,” as Mao would put it. Who are these people who believe history can be reversed? They are incomprehensible strangers. For a new generation they are living memorials to the sad fate of individualism.

The trials of dissidents serve as a blessing to those artists who have remained loyal to the state. The occasional stigmatizing of dissidents guarantees a sense of security to state artists by circumscribing the permissible. Unlike the Stalinist Stone Age, a sophisticated, directed culture perhaps even needs an occasional outcropping of dissidents.

It would be only a slight exaggeration to suggest that dissidents have become a useful category within directed culture, much like earlier

tolerated tendencies such as the rural Populists, who are devoted to national values; or the cosmopolitan Urbanists, who are open to international trends. In their isolation the dissidents have become predictable, and their numbers can be planned for systematically. Thus, from the point of view of the state, they are little different from any of society's other “tendencies.”

Eventually, of course, some of them will be “rediscovered” and “rehabilitated.” Such decisions will be reached by the central authorities. Amnesties are issued whenever a new ruler is installed. Almost all dissidents can count on becoming part of the official curriculum when the time has come to denounce the failures of the previous dynasty.

But even before this redemption, it is apparent that dissidents have not vegetated in vain. They are nutrients, like broken blossoms in a garden. State culture can be influenced by fertile misunderstandings. We state artists can utilize their aesthetic discoveries, just as we do the experiments of Western artists. We introduce their themes between the lines. We can create “valuable” and “organic” innovations from their unacceptable conceits. Thus do dissidents become the untraceable initiators of some of our legalized fashions, the unmentionable source of some of the “problems” that are solved by “rational debate.” They make cultural politicians more sensitive and critics more clever; they lubricate social integration by their brave but self-annihilating acts. The more talented and flexible the state, the better it can suck the dissidents' vital fluids into the organism of state culture. In this way dissidents can exert themselves to the utmost—in the cause of a progress that will be measured by their decline.

[Mémor]

## LITERARY TALK

By Leonard Michaels. From the Fall issue of *The Threepenny Review*. Michaels is the author of two short-story collections and *The Men's Club*, a novel.

About forty years ago, in a high-school English class, I learned that talking about literature, like talking about yourself, incurs some small dangers of self-revelation, even though literary talk is distanced by logic and standards of objectivity, and is controlled by good manners—a social activity of nice people.

My teacher's name was McLean, a thin man with a narrow head and badly scarred tissue



# INTELLECTUALS AND RELIGION



Recently *The New York Times Magazine* carried an article on the "return to religion" among intellectuals. From Harvard to Berkeley, among both professors and students, and amid inquisitive people generally, there is an undeniable renewal of interest in the questions traditional religion raises and seeks to answer. This interest is largely a result of the failures of secular substitutes for religion (such as rationalism, narcissism, technological utopianism, aestheticism, and extremist political ideologies) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: goodness, suffering, love, death, and the meaning of it all.

By no means, however, does this religious reawakening entail falling into the suffocating arms of a Rev. Moon or a Jerry Falwell, or embracing the ersatz gods of dog-eat-dog individualism, consumerism, or America First, which we see celebrated all around us these days. Nor does the religious renaissance imply a retreat from working for peace and justice. Rather, there is an awareness that, in the words of Jean Bethke Elshtain, religious commitment "can help further social reform," and that religion can supply the ethical bedrock upon which to make political commitments which are far more solid than those based on passing ideologies and enthusiasms. Nor does the new openness to religion signify a hostility to science, but rather an appreciation of the limits of science and the dangers

of pseudo-scientific messianisms.

*The New York Times Magazine* article discussed the NEW OXFORD REVIEW as part of this "return to religion," and rightly so. We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW are spearheading today's intellectual fascination with what Daniel Bell terms "the sacred." We are particularly interested in exploring religious commitments which result in progressive social consequences, as exemplified by such giants as Dorothy Day, Archbishop Tutu, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Lech Walesa, Martin Luther King Jr., Cesar Chavez, and Archbishop Romero. And we probe the literary riches offered by such greats as Ignazio Silone, Graham Greene, Thomas Merton, W.H. Auden, Flannery O'Connor, and T.S. Eliot.

An ecumenical and literary monthly edited by lay Catholics, we've been characterized by the University of Chicago's Martin E. Marty as "lively" and by *Newsweek* as "thoughtful and often cheeky." And there's no denying the *Library Journal's* verdict that we will "doubtless command increasing attention."

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about the mouth which was obscured by his mustache. It looked British and military. The scar tissue was plain enough, despite the mustache, like crinkled wrapping paper with a pink sheen.

Listening to him, looking at his face, I heard his voice as crushed; softly crushed by the grief around his mouth and whatever caused it. He'd been in the air force. I supposed it happened during the war, though I couldn't imagine how.

McLean usually wore an old brown tweed suit and a dull appropriate tie, and he had a gentle, formal manner. Whenever he made some little joke, he chuckled slightly, as though embarrassed, having gone too far, exceeding the propriety of the classroom. Telling jokes, I think, calls attention to your mouth; his for sure. On some days, as if sensitive to weather or nerves, the scar tissue looked raw, hot, incompletely healed.

Long before McLean's class, I knew the strong effects of stories and poems, but, through him, I discovered you could talk about the effects as if they inhered in the stories and poems, just as his voice inhered in his face. When

McLean read poetry aloud, his voice became vibrant and lyrical, and the air of the room was full of pleasure, feeling its way into me with my very breathing. Reading alone or being read to was always an anxious sort of happiness. I knew that I'd never recover from its effects, since they only deepened my need for more.

One afternoon, discussing *The Winter's Tale*, McLean came to a passage I didn't like. I worried if it might be deeply good Shakespearean stuff, beyond me to know how good. In the passage, Paulina and Dion debate whether or not King Leontes should remarry. Years have passed since Leontes practically murdered the former queen, Hermione. Paulina says to Dion, "You are one of those/ Would have him wed again." Dion then makes a complicated reply:

If you would not so,  
You pity not the state nor the remembrance  
Of his most sovereign name, consider little  
What dangers, by his highness fail of issue,  
May drop upon the kingdom and devour  
Uncertain lookers on. What were more holy  
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?  
What holier than, for royalty's repair,  
For present comfort and for future good,  
To bless the bed of majesty again  
With a sweet fellow to't?

McLean relished the little paradoxes. First, his "fail of issue/ May drop . . ." That is, failing to drop—or produce—a child, drops problems on Leontes's kingdom. Second, "to rejoice the former queen"—poor dead Hermione—"is well." The queen is dead, long live the queen. All in all, Dion's speech has the dead queen alive, blessing "the bed of majesty again," in another woman's body, which will make "a sweet fellow to't."

The last line, ending "to't," like bird belching rather than tweeting, struck me as disgusting, and the whole speech, conflating a real dead woman and an imagined living one, was very creepy. I raised my hand. McLean glanced at me. I said, "Necrophilia."

McLean asked me to stay after class and then went on, enraptured by the moment when Hermione steps out of the stone statue of herself and back into the living world. Leontes, much older now than the long dead Hermione—their daughter being grown up and marriageable—can look forward to going to bed with Hermione again, making love to her. The prospect seemed ghoulish to me. Old Evil eating Innocence, as in a black vision of Goya. I wouldn't accept the idea of her statue showing her as aged. I wouldn't see it. I couldn't.

After class, everyone but McLean and me left the room. I went up to his desk. He fooled with his papers, as if he didn't notice me standing there, and I seemed to wait a long time. Of

[Poem]

## FALL'S END

By A. R. Ammons. In the Summer issue of The Hudson Review. Ammons's new book of poems, *Sumerian Vistas*, was recently published by W. W. Norton.

Glassy rain on the roads  
and day melting down:

the bony hedges ink up,  
tip-end inscriptions as if

trying to scribble out of here:  
this is a round prison,

the soul says, rounding  
dusk into dusk:

the horizon is too gray  
to part from the hills and,

now, the mist seems too  
fine to shiver

the puddles: remember broad  
daylight: a reddish pitches

flickering in the shadows  
a color beyond belief





From The Buffalo News.

course he couldn't simply turn to me and say what was on his mind. Too direct. Not his style. So he collected papers, ordered them, collecting himself, I suppose.

I was scared. I was always scared, but especially now. Not being a good student, I didn't feel morally privileged to receive McLean's attention—alone; this close. It was always hard for me even to raise my hand amid the pool of heads, then speak, then survive the pressure of McLean's response, though he was gentle and careful, never making anyone feel impertinent or stupid. I'd raise my hand very rarely, and then I'd go deaf when McLean responded, and I'd sit nodding like a fool, understanding nothing, the blood so noisy in my head and my tie jumping to my heartbeat. Though barely perceptible, it could be seen.

Still looking at his papers, McLean said, "Some people make a practice of burying their dead quickly and getting on with life." My people, presumably. I didn't know why he said that, but I took the distinction without resentment. There was nothing pejorative in his tone. He was merely thinking out loud, unable to talk to me otherwise, perhaps too embarrassed by what he wanted to say, or else by his inability to say it. Then he said, "I was a ball-turret gunner,"

and—I suddenly understood—he was telling me a story.

Ball-turret gunners, in the belly of a B-17, the most vulnerable part, were frequently killed. McLean said he would become terrified in action, and he'd spin and spin the turret, firing constantly, even if the German fighter planes were out of range. He gazed at me now, but his eyes weren't engaging mine, perhaps seeing a vast and lethal sky, the earth whirling below in flames.

On his last mission, he said, he was ordered to replace the side gunner of another B-17 who had been killed. It was the worst mission of all. The B-17 was hit repeatedly and lost an engine and the landing gear was destroyed. It was going to crash land on its belly. The man in the ball turret had to get out quickly, but there was mangled steel above him. He couldn't move; he was trapped. As they went down, McLean bent over him. He looked up at McLean. "His eyes were big," said McLean. "Big."

I felt myself plummet through the dark well of my body. McLean watched me, his eyes big, big, like the man in the ball turret.

In that moment of utter horror, he whispered, "It's a great play, *The Winter's Tale*. Can you believe me?"

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[Dialogue]

## BRET, LIKE, BRAINSTORMS

By Frank Gannon. From *Vanna Karenina*, a collection of his work forthcoming from Viking. His first collection, *Yo, Poe*, appeared last spring.

BRET'S EDITOR: Good to see you again. Here, have a beer and tell me what you've been up to.

BRET: Okay, it's like I've just really used up the I'm-eighteen-years-old-and-I'm-totally-ill thing, and I'm thinking, well that's all there is, the I'm-eighteen-years-old-and-I'm-totally-ill. And I already did that. I can't do that again. I might as well go to Betty Ford. I need to write things. Which is why we're just sitting here in these chairs in this room and I can't understand why we're doing this. Because it seems like too much trouble and maybe we should just go to the spa or something because I always go on Tuesdays and Thursdays and I'm thinking about all this and we're sitting here.

BRET'S EDITOR: Tell me about your new book, why don't you do that? Relax. Sort of fill me in. Are you okay?

BRET: Yeah.

BRET'S EDITOR: Are you really tense?

BRET: Yeah.

BRET'S EDITOR: Good. You want a lude, something?

BRET: "No," I hear myself say.

BRET'S EDITOR: Now you're cooking.

BRET: So I start talking and everything starts coming back to me about what you're saying, because you said that word "book" and it reminded me of some of Shriekback's lyrics, "Book book. A book book." And I connected to that until it was playing over and over and over and over and you don't even have any records. And this whole office reminds me of someplace where my father goes and suddenly I realize that you remind me of some guy that I met outside Steak 'n' Brew and he was a black dude with a "Surrender Dorothy" T-shirt and I start to think.

BRET'S EDITOR: Please go on. I'm with you.

BRET: I'm sitting here in this Eames chair...

BRET'S EDITOR: It's not an Eames. It's a La-Z-Boy recliner.

BRET: So you just stop me right in the middle of what I'm saying and say something else and I scratch the side of my face and then we don't say anything for a while.

BRET'S EDITOR: Sorry.

BRET: It doesn't matter.

BRET'S EDITOR: I know.

BRET: So I'm sitting here in this office that reminds me of my dad's office where he slapped me around and then gave me a big stack of twenties to be quiet. And I look over and see you and I see that you're wearing a tweed suit from Macy's and some Dockside's and you're asking me questions and I'm really nervous because I don't have any other life except the life when I'm eighteen.

BRET'S EDITOR: You've paused here, and I feel that I should say something to get you to talk again.

BRET: And I flash on a lot of scenes, coming back to my house from Betty Ford and I'm in the back seat and I am nodding and the people I'm with just pick up my carrier and bring me inside and I sleep with both of them at the same time and I remember looking over at dad and seeing him, naked, with his eyes closed and really tanned and mommy next to him naked with her head turned under her elbow because I was taking up way too much of the bed but they both looked really nice with their perfect tans and I was over on the side in my pajamas with the feet, with a perfect tan, lying on my back screaming.

BRET'S EDITOR: Let me just say that this sounds like a novel.

BRET: Then I'm sitting on the dhurrie, leaning back on my elbows, looking at the tree blink on and off, and I'm thinking that there is no way that I'm going to get what I'm after unless I go out and get what I want for Christmas. Unless I go out and get some phony IDs and try to bluff my way up to the front of the line at the mall. When I get up there I find myself just throwing up all over Santa Claus and they take me outside and I lie down and I start to feel a little better but then some security guard comes over and asks me how I feel and I tell him "I don't know."

BRET'S EDITOR: This is very good stuff. The "A" stuff.

BRET: And then it's recess and I walk into the boys' room and it's empty and I stand there and look at myself and it's very quiet in there, almost like a tomb, but you can hear drifting in through the window, "Honey. Sugar sugar. You are my candy, girl. And you got me goin'." Then I just find myself crying and crying until I almost pass out because I don't have any candy and I just ate my last little wax bottle almost an hour ago and I don't have any money for licorice.

BRET'S EDITOR: This has been wonderful and I have to say that your fears about running out of material seem a little strange, to say the least. It sounds to me like you have maybe

three or four more books' worth of material, just based on what I've just heard.

BRET: I gotta go.

BRET'S EDITOR: Take care then. See you soon.

You're not driving are you?

BRET: No.

BRET'S EDITOR: Real good then. I'll talk to you soon.

BRET: I kill the beer that I've been drinking and then I go over to the little refrigerator that he has in his office. I open it and I see that he has quite a lot of beer in there. I grab a Heineken and stuff it down my Ginocchietti sweat-shirt. Then I open a Beck's and walk out with the Heineken cold right next to my skin.

BRET'S EDITOR: Take care.

[Report]

## MIAMI TO NEW YORK: DROP DEAD

*Excerpted from "Can New York Save Itself?" by Dave Barry, in the August 30 issue of Tropic, the Sunday magazine of The Miami Herald. Barry is a Herald staff writer.*

**H**ere at *The Miami Herald* we ordinarily don't provide extensive coverage of New York City unless a major news development occurs up there, such as Sean Penn coming out of a restaurant. But lately we have become very concerned about the "Big Apple" because of a story about Miami that ran a few weeks ago in the Sunday magazine of *The New York Times*. The cover featured an upbeat photograph of suspected Miami drug dealers being handcuffed facedown in the dirt. The headline asked: CAN MIAMI SAVE ITSELF?

For those readers too stupid to figure out the answer, there also was this helpful hint: *A City Beset by Drugs and Violence*. The overall impression created by the cover was: *Sure Miami can save itself! And some day trained sheep will pilot the Concorde!*

The story itself was more balanced, discussing the pluses as well as the minuses of life in South Florida, as follows:

**Minuses:** The area is rampant with violent crime and poverty and political extremism and drugs and corruption and ethnic hatred.

**Pluses:** Voodoo is legal.

All of which got us, at *The Herald*, to thinking. "Gosh," we thought. "Here the world-famous *New York Times*, with so many other things to worry about, has gone to all this trouble to try to find out whether Miami can save

itself. Wouldn't they be thrilled if we did the same thing for them?" And so it was that we decided to send a crack investigative team consisting of me and Chuck, who is a trained photographer, up there to see what the situation was. Here is our report:

We're riding in a cab from La Guardia Airport to our Manhattan hotel, and I want to interview the driver because this is how we professional journalists take the Pulse of a City, only I can't, because he doesn't speak English. He is not allowed to, under the rules, which are posted right on the seat:

### NEW YORK TAXI RULES

1. Driver speaks no English.
2. Driver just got here two days ago from someplace like Senegal.
3. Driver hates you.

Which is just as well, because if he talked to me, he might lose his concentration, which would be very bad because the taxi has some kind of problem with the steering, probably dead pedestrians lodged in the mechanism, the result being that there is a delay of eight to ten seconds between the time the driver turns the wheel and the time the taxi actually changes direction, a handicap that the driver is compensating for by going 175 miles per hour.

After several exhilarating minutes, we arrive in downtown Manhattan, where Chuck and I immediately detect signs of a healthy economy in the form of people squatting on the sidewalk selling realistic jewelry.

This is good, because a number of other businesses, such as the Mobil Corporation, have recently decided to pull their headquarters out of New York, much to the annoyance of Edward Koch, the feisty, cocky, outspoken, abrasive mayor who really gets on some people's nerves, yet at the same time strikes other people as a jerk. "Why would *anybody* want to move to some dirt-bag place like the Midwest?" Mayor Koch is always asking reporters. "What are they gonna do at *night*? Huh? *Milk the cows*? Are they gonna wear bib overalls and sit around *canning their preserves*? Huh? Are they gonna . . . Hey! Come back here!"

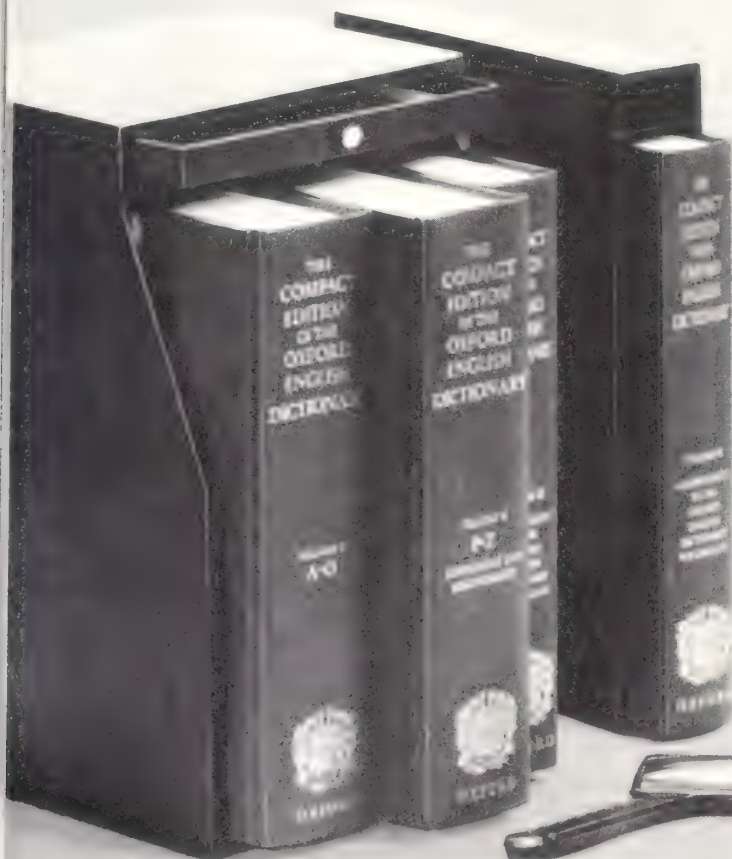
As Chuck and I walk along Forty-second Street, we see a person wearing an enormous frankfurter costume, handing out coupons good for discounts at Nathan's Famous hot-dog stands. His name is Victor Leise, age nineteen, of Queens, and he has held the position of giant frankfurter for four months. He says he didn't have any connections or anything; he just put in an application and, boom, the job was his. Sheer luck. He says it's okay work, although people call him "Frank" and sometimes sneak up and whack him on the back.



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"Can New York save itself?" I ask him.

"If there are more cops on the streets, there could be a possibility," he says, through his breathing hole.

Talking with Victor, I sense concern, yes, but also an undercurrent of hope, hope for a Brighter Tomorrow, if only the people of this great city can learn to work together, to look upon each other with respect and even, yes, love. Or at least stop shoving one another in front of moving subway trains. This happens a fair amount in New York, so Chuck and I are extremely alert as we descend into the subway at Times Square, climate-controlled year-round at a comfortable 172 degrees Fahrenheit.

Although it was constructed in 1536, the New York subway system boasts an annual maintenance budget of nearly \$8, currently stolen, and it does a remarkable job of getting New Yorkers from Point A to an indeterminate location somewhere in the tunnel leading to Point B. It's also very easy for the "out-of-towner" to use, thanks to the logical, easy-to-understand system of naming trains after famous letters and numbers. For directions, all you have to do is peer up through the steaming gloom at the informative signs, which look like this:

```
A 5 N 7 8 C 6 AA MID-DOWNTOWN 7's
EXPRESS LOCAL ONLY LL 67 ♦
DDD 4 ♠ 1 K ☆ AAAA 9 ONLY
EXCEPT CERTAIN DAYS BB " " 3
MIDWAY THROUGH TOWN 1 7 D
WALK REAL FAST AAAAAAAAAA 56
LOCALIZED EXPRESS -6
"YY" ♣ 1,539
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
```

Within less than an hour, Chuck and I easily locate what could be the correct platform, where we pass the time by perspiring freely until the train storms in, colorfully decorated, as is the tradition in New York, with the spray-painted initials of all the people it has run over. All aboard!

Here is the correct procedure for getting on a New York subway train at rush hour:

1. As the train stops, you must join the other people on the platform in pushing forward and forming the densest possible knot in front of each door.

2. The instant the doors open, you want to push forward as hard as possible, in an effort to get onto the *train without letting anybody get off*. This is *very important*. I once watched three German tourists attempt to get off the north-bound No. 5 Lexington Avenue IRT train at Grand Central Station during rush hour. "Getting off please!" they said, politely, from somewhere inside a car containing approximately the population of Brazil, as if they expected people to actually *let them through*. Instead, of course,

the incoming passengers propelled the Germans, like gnats in a hurricane, *away* from the door, deeper and deeper into the crowd, which quickly compressed them into dense little wads of Teutonic tissue. I never did see where they actually got off. Probably they stumbled to daylight somewhere in the South Bronx, where they were sold for parts.

Chuck and I emerge from the subway in Lower Manhattan. This area has been hard hit by a massive wave of immigration that has threatened to rend the very fabric of society, as the city struggles desperately to cope with the social upheaval caused by the huge and unprecedented influx of a group that has, for better or worse, permanently altered the nature of New York: young urban professionals. They began arriving by the thousands in the 1970s, packed two and sometimes three per BMW, severely straining the city's already overcrowded gourmet ice-cream facilities. And still the urban professionals continue to come, drawn by a dream, a dream that is best expressed by the words of the song *New York, New York*, which goes:

Dum dum da de dum  
Dum dum da de dum  
Dum dum da de dum  
Dum dum da de dum dum

It is a powerfully seductive message, especially if you hear it at a wedding reception held in a Scranton, Pennsylvania, Moose Lodge and you have been drinking. And so you come to the Big Apple, and you take a peon-level position in some huge impersonal corporation, an incredibly awful, hateful job, and you spend \$1,250 a month to rent an apartment so tiny that you have to shower in the kitchen, but you stick it out, because this is the Big Leagues (*If I can make it there, I'll make it anywhere*), and you know that if you show them what you can do, if you really *go for it*, then, by gosh, one day you're gonna wake up, in The City That Never Sleeps, to find that the corporation has moved its headquarters to Plano, Texas.

By the time we reach La Guardia for our flight home, Chuck and I have a much deeper understanding of life in general, and it is with a sense of real gratitude that we leap out of the cab and cling to the pavement. Soon we are winging our way southward, watching the Manhattan skyline disappear, reflecting upon our many experiences and pondering the question that brought us here: Can New York save itself? Can this ultra-metropolis—crude yet sophisticated, overburdened yet wealthy, loud yet obnoxious—can this city face up to the multitude of problems besetting it and, drawing upon its vast reserves of spunk and spirit, as it has done so many times before, emerge triumphant?

And, who cares? ■





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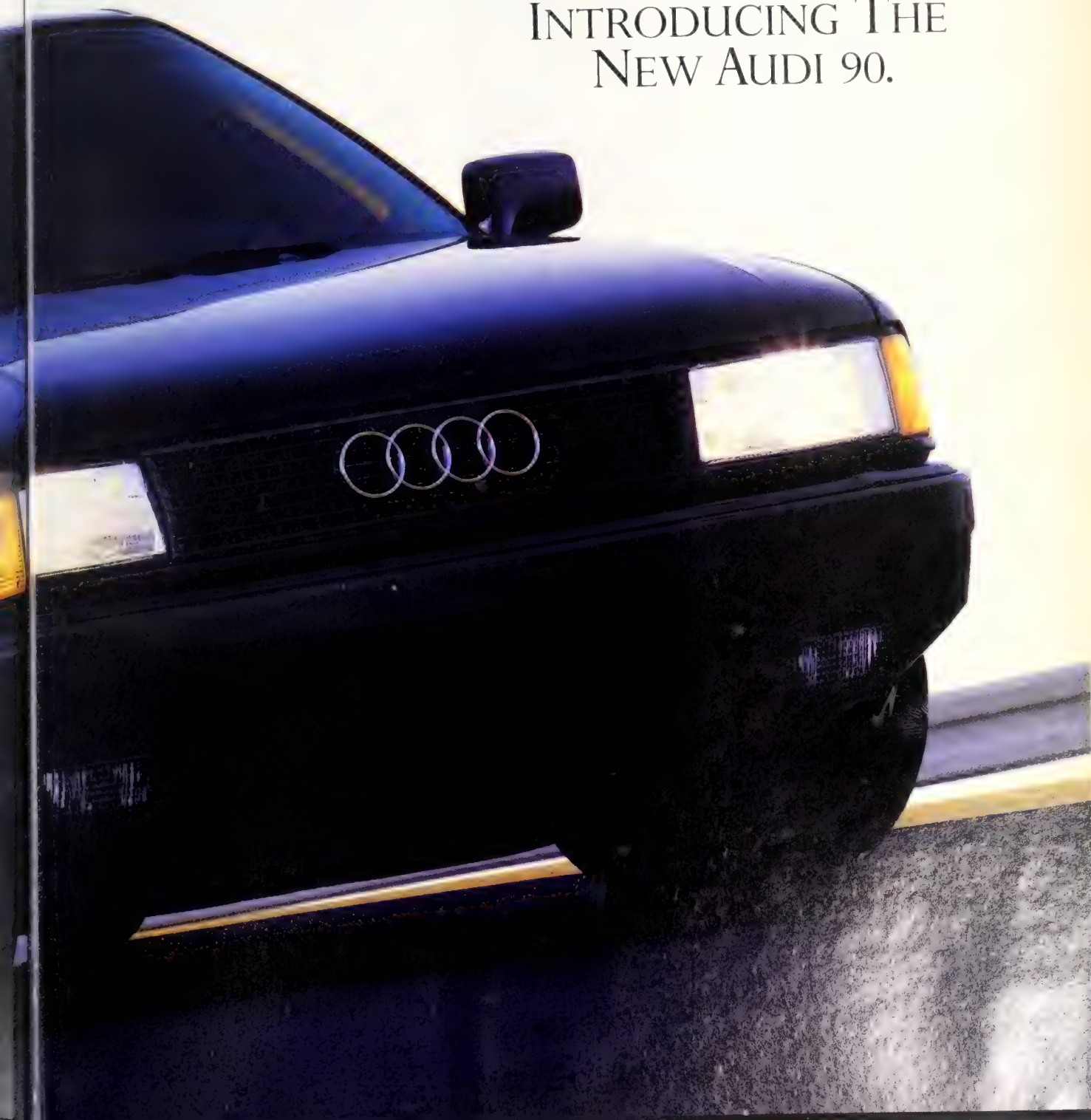
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# MANUFACTURING THE NEXT PRESIDENT

Only a half century ago the stage of a presidential campaign was as big as the country itself. Speeches rang out against the backdrops of open sky, small towns, mountain ridges, and railroad depots. Today the stage measures the few inches of a television screen. In this miniature arena, our political giants feint and parry for thirty seconds of good exposure. And offhand remarks as banal as Ronald Reagan's "I paid for this microphone" and Walter Mondale's "Where's the beef?" are elevated to the status of oratory.

Every four years the campaigns are further distilled into television extract and squeezed onto the minimalist proscenia of Iowa and New Hampshire. The candidates surround themselves with the impresarios of the contemporary political theater—strategists, pollsters, and media consultants, who dress them in the costumes of wisdom and power.

Anticipating this winter's fierce television campaign, *Harper's Magazine* asked several adepts in the political arts to simulate the process of the 1988 Democratic nomination. Improvising a series of scenes, the participants carried the logic of their strategies through Iowa, New Hampshire, and the South to next summer's convention.

*The following forum is based on a discussion held at the National Press Club in Washington, D.C. Lesley Stahl served as moderator.*

LESLEY STAHL

*is a national-affairs reporter for CBS News and host of Face the Nation.*

ROBERT BECKEL

*was the campaign manager for Walter Mondale in 1984. He is a political analyst and president of National Strategies, a public-affairs firm, in Washington, D.C.*

RON BROWN

*was the deputy campaign manager for Ted Kennedy in 1980 and deputy chairman of the Democratic National Committee from 1981 to 1985. He is a partner in the law firm Patton, Boggs, and Blow in Washington, D.C.*

HARRISON HICKMAN

*is a partner in the polling firm of Hickman-Maslin Research in Washington, D.C.*

RAYMOND STROTHER

*was the media consultant to Gary Hart in 1984 and 1987. He is president of Raymond Strother Ltd., a political-consulting firm, in Washington, D.C.*

## Iowa: Breaking Out

LESLEY STAHL: It's January 15, 1988, one month before the Iowa caucuses, when roughly 100,000 Democrats will turn out. The polls confirm that it's a race between Dick Gephardt and Mike Dukakis, although support for both is soft. Jesse Jackson has a nice chunk of votes, and all the others are bunched at the bottom.

Harrison Hickman, you are Paul Simon's strategist; he comes to you and says, "Look, Harrison, I'm an asterisk. I have 4 percent of the vote. You gave me this bow-tie strategy. Thanks to you, I have more bow ties than Imelda Marcos has shoes. I've got one month to go. Harrison, how do we get this campaign off the ground?"

HARRISON HICKMAN: Start with your strength. Draw out the differences on fundamental Democratic issues between you and, in this case, Gephardt.

Simon should go to, say, a school in Iowa and talk about his nearly perfect voting record on education. Then mention that Gephardt voted for tuition tax credits for private schools and later changed his position.

STAHL: Aren't you concerned about how a show of liberalism will play in the South? What will you tell Simon?

HICKMAN: I'd say, "Paul, you're not going to create any problems in the South you don't have anyway. Besides, you don't get to play in the finals if you don't win the semifinals. Just to keep the

campaign alive you have to break through in Iowa. The best way to break through is to preach the old-time Democratic gospel to these caucus attendees."

STAHL: Bob Beckel, you're on the Paul Simon campaign, too. What is your advice?

ROBERT BECKEL: I'd say, "Paul, we've got to change the dynamic here. Our polls show Dukakis and Gephardt jockeying for first. They're going to do what people at the top notoriously do: Be careful.

"So, Paul, don't be cautious—sound tough. But be careful because Paul Simon suddenly sounding tough would be like Truman Capote suddenly sounding like John Wayne.

"It's time to take a page out of George McGovern's book. Before the last debate in Iowa, McGovern had only 3 or 4 percent in the Iowa polls. Then standing on a stage flanked by Mondale and Hart, he looked directly into the audience and said, 'Now, look, you people here in Iowa. You remember your traditions. You remember your liberal roots. Don't throw away your conscience.'

"McGovern went from three to ten points overnight. So, play a hard populist appeal: Go left and challenge them on the basis of conscience."

STAHL: Ray Strother, what's your advice to Simon?

RAYMOND STROTHER: When I was with Hart, we faced the same problem. We marshaled all our resources. We pulled out of every place except the three major cities in Iowa. We made an in-



tense effort to generate something that would come close to second place.

Since no one thought we could do it or was paying any attention, the expectation level never got very high. So no matter what we did, we accomplished something. And Hart came in second in Iowa. It was not done with media particularly, but with organization, with footwork, with knocking on doors—all those sweaty things one must do to win these ridiculous races.

Simon should raise the expectation level of the two front-runners. Cast them as *giants*, impossible to overtake. Try to characterize Dukakis as a candidate with an easy 38 percent. So, when he falls short, the media will do you the favor of declaring him a loser. Then start talking about New Hampshire the same way. Inflate the expectation to 58 or 62 percent, and you can virtually drive Dukakis out of the race if he doesn't get it.

STAHL: Ron Brown, you're on the Simon campaign and your polls reveal that many of Jackson's supporters list Simon as their second choice. Your pollster urges you to persuade these voters that a Jackson vote is a wasted vote. What's your strategy?

RON BROWN: Simon has to do it, but it's dangerous. I would suggest a nonattack strategy, touting Simon's liberal progressive Democratic history. He must make the Iowa caucus a battle for the soul of the Democratic Party.

He must concentrate on a "progressive" approach, arguing that he is the only candidate who can carry that message through the November election to the White House.

STAHL: Bob Beckel, you're Dukakis's adviser. The other campaigns have mounted negative campaigns. In every debate Dukakis is ganged up on, except by Simon, who's inching up in the polls. What do you do?

BECKEL: First, we decide whether Simon's new voters are coming out of our hide or out of somebody else's. If they're coming out of somebody else's hide, we'll encourage it and say what a nice guy Paul Simon is. If they're coming out of our hide, we mount a counteroffensive.

If, as a front-runner, we get defensive, we're in serious trouble. It will erode our base. A lot of people believe Iowa caucus voters make up their minds three or four weeks before the actual vote. They're wrong. The Iowa caucus voter is very volatile. So we can't be defensive. But I would also tell Dukakis this:

"Mike, we started out being able to get away with coming in third in Iowa about six months

ago. Then something funny happened around July and August of 1987. Suddenly these fools in the press began to dub us the front-runner, even though we had only 6 percent in the opinion polls.

"Like every good Republican, we've been trying to convince everybody else that Jesse Jackson is the front-runner. But nobody bought it. When we raised five million bucks—despite our 6 percent—we were crowned the front-runner. So we take on all the problems of a front-runner yet we have no voter base."

At the next debate, Dukakis should say, "You know, I've been sitting here taking these digs from all of you, except for my friend Paul Simon, who is showing a lot of sense. Paul has stuck to the issues. The rest of you have decided to boost your campaigns by attacking me. Well, the gloves are off. It's time to start talking issues. So, Dick, let's go back to your tax-cut vote for Ronald Reagan in 1981."

STAHL: Ray Strother, you're Albert Gore's man, and your campaign has decided to go negative, but Gore refuses. Let's hear you explain why he should.

STROTHER: I would start by asking Gore how much he likes the Senate, and how much would he enjoy spending the rest of his life there.

First, don't say "go negative," say "go contrastive." Second, his message should intimate: "I am not a typical Southern politician." Perhaps Gore should cast the other candidates as people of the *past*, whereas, he, because of his age, is the only candidate of the future. In essence he should adopt the Gary Hart message of 1984, and try to lump the others together because they're older.

BROWN: It would be a mistake for Gore to go negative this early. He is not expected to do well in Iowa. Gore should try to diminish the importance of Iowa. His message should look ahead to Super Tuesday and steer attention away from Iowa's results. To go supernegative in a state where it's unlikely he would do well anyway would be a mistake.

HICKMAN: Gore's going to have a problem diverting attention. Even though he might play down Iowa, the evening news will still lead with: "The winner today was . . ." Gore is still going to get just 1 or 2 percent. Realistically, he can't change the expectations.

He must go somewhere and win—whether it's New Hampshire or another early state. He has to prove he's a candidate who can win. I think the South is probably the only place where he has the chance.

BECKEL: This underscores the irony of the Super Tuesday problem that we Democrats have created for ourselves. It's a big fallacy that Southern politicians can say, "Forget what happens in Iowa and New Hampshire. Y'all wait down here now for the South's favorite son."

In creating Super Tuesday, the Southern legislators altered the historical primary dates so they can all get together. Why? To moderate the process and get us a good old conservative boy who could run in a general election. But it's going to backfire because the North will do the real elimination of the candidates. The South will simply ratify the Northern choice.

HICKMAN: Reubin Askew and Fritz Hollings got in that situation in 1984. Scoop Jackson had that problem in 1976. It's true: Candidates who don't win early, who don't play at the top, get eliminated.

STAHL: So what can Gore do?

HICKMAN: He can try to reshuffle the deck and shake up the votes. Try to get people to reconsider. But if he goes too negative in a multi-candidate field—especially in presidential politics—he might shake too many apples off the tree. They'll fall, but many of them will fall into somebody else's yard.

If you're too negative, people say, "Yeah, Gore's right about Dukakis, but he's too negative. I'll vote for Simon or Gephardt or somebody else." It's very delicate. You must do it with a scalpel rather than with a butcher's knife.

BROWN: That's the danger of a real negative campaign: You run the risk of turning a long-shot candidacy into a no-shot candidacy.

BECKEL: You're going to have a no-shot candidacy anyway. If he ends up with 4 percent in Iowa, Gore can pack it up and go back to the foothills. If I were Al Gore, my strategy would be to end up fourth in both Iowa and New Hampshire.

I'd identify the two candidates right in front of me. If they are Babbitt and Simon, I'd contrast myself with them. I wouldn't go after Dukakis because—Harrison's right—the apples will fall in somebody else's yard. I'd chase the weakest guys, the two who are bunched nearest me. Go after them hard on a "contrastive" and pray for fourth place.

STROTHER: Contrary to what you said, Bob, Gore could plan his strategy around Super Tuesday. He could use Iowa as an arena to slug it out and to send a message to the rest of the country. You have to realize something about Southerners: They always want someone to send America a

message. Gore should send a message that the conclusion of the Iowa caucus and the New Hampshire primary is not the end of the race. The real conclusion is weeks away—in the South on Super Tuesday.

## Iowa: Riding the Pig

STAHL: You're still in Iowa, but you're not on television. You're on the phone, trying to seduce the "workhorses," those men and women who motivate delegates to turn out at the precinct houses on that cold February night.

Bob, you're with Dukakis, and you tell your candidate he must phone one particular workhorse every day. Let's say her name is Jamie Terrell. If her heart's in it, Terrell can get you twenty people to turn out.

Jamie Terrell is well educated and has a proven record. She is undecided but Gephardt is really working on her. Hanging in her kitchen is a chart chronicling the calls and visits from the candidates. She's a pig farmer and she collects porcelain pigs.

What do you want Dukakis to do to woo her into your camp? You be Mike and I'll be Jamie. Woo me. Bring me a porcelain pig.

BECKEL: "Jamie, I wouldn't want to insult your intelligence and ask you how the pigs are doing, but I'm here because you may be the most important person in my life right now—and that includes my wife. You've heard from all of us, and you're probably sick of seeing us here in your kitchen.

"We've talked about the issues. I'm for the small farmer; Gephardt is for the small farmer. I'm not here to take it away from anybody else, but I am here to tell you this: I'm going to win this race. I'm going to beat Gephardt in New Hampshire. Here are my polls. Jamie, this is what it comes down to. You're a smart person. You're a good politician. Come with me. I'm going to beat Gephardt here, and then I'm going to beat him in New Hampshire. He'll be dead by the time I get South. Jamie, come with a winner."

STAHL: Would you offer her a position at the convention, maybe secretary of defense?

BECKEL: The problem is I've already offered that job to at least twenty Southern congressmen.

STAHL: Ron, you're Gephardt's guy, and you know Dukakis has pressured Jamie with this "I'm going to win" strategy. You've also been working on Jamie. She has a whole cabinet of porcelain pigs just from you.



BROWN: I'd probably bring one more, and then play a different card: "Jamie, you know I've been here from the beginning. We've talked many times. These Johnny-come-latelies have been running in and out of your kitchen these last days. But where was I back in the summer of 1987? I was here in your kitchen—early."

STAHL: Ray, you have Gore call, and Jamie says, "You know, I really like you, Al. And I'm going to tell you something I haven't told the others. My people feel that there is not a *real* man in the race. We're having a pig festival up here this weekend. And we're going to have two contests: the rail splitting in the morning and the pig ride in the afternoon. I think if you participated in some of these contests, it would do you a lot of good."

STROTHER: "Sure, I'll be there. There's no doubt about that. However, I have a bad back so I can't ride the pig, but the rail splitting is a fabulous photo opportunity. I will be there."

STAHL: By the way, Al, what are you planning to wear?

STROTHER: "I'm going to wear my L.L. Bean jeans, my L.L. Bean plaid shirt, and just a little suntan lotion."

STAHL: Ron, is Jesse Jackson going to split the rail and ride the pig?

BROWN: He's going to be there in his well-worn overalls. He's not going to ride the pig, but he's going to split the rail.

STAHL: Why isn't he going to ride the pig?

BROWN: He is anxious to establish himself as a dignified, mainstream, nongroveling, unifying force in the Democratic Party.

STROTHER: You have to understand, we ride pigs because of the media, because of Lesley Stahl.

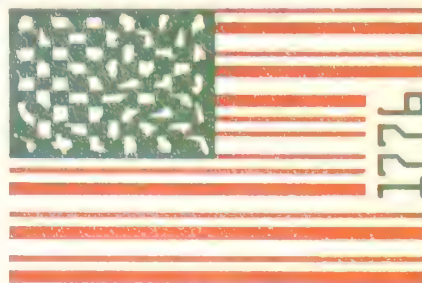
STAHL: Bob, Dukakis comes to you and he says, "You know, everybody's going to be up there at Jamie Terrell's pig festival. I really think I should ride the pig. I've got a friend who has a pig farm. He says if I could just practice for a couple of hours, I could learn how."

BECKEL: "Mike, let me remind you that it was only seven months ago that you came to Iowa and told these people to grow endive. I know you've come a long way since then, but I'm not sure you've made it to pig riding yet."

"You get on that pig and you know the pic-

ture the press is going to run. Not you staying on the pig, Mike, but you falling off the pig.

Just imagine those L.L. Bean clothes with a whole mess of pig crap all over them and you lying there in a puddle. That's the picture they're going to see in the South. Then try to sell yourself to a Georgia farmer as someone who knows something about farming. Mike, stay off the pig."



STAHL: Harrison, does Simon wear his bow tie with his overalls? Do you let him ride?

HICKMAN: Quite frankly I don't think Paul Simon would even be there. While everyone else is riding the pig, he would visit the other key people who are undecided.

At this point in the race you figure out a way to get in a media story on the weekend. If not in the pig festival story, you can get in other media around Iowa.

## Iowa: Louis Farrakhan Calls Jackson

STAHL: Ron, it's two days before the caucus, and you learn that Louis Farrakhan plans to endorse Jesse Jackson for president. Farrakhan promised Jackson that he wouldn't do that, but he feels he must. What do you do?

BROWN: As a strategist, I would try to keep Jackson out of it, but I'd try to stop a Farrakhan endorsement. I'd remind him of his pledges, and that if he wants Jackson to be a credible candidate, he will have to stay out.

I think Jackson's public position would be: "I discussed this matter with Minister Farrakhan early on. We had an agreement, and that agreement should not be breached. I cannot stop anyone from endorsing me. You certainly cannot make judgments about where I stand on the issues based on every individual who endorses me."

To the press I'd restate the world of difference between Jackson's positions and Farrakhan's. I would point out that various fringe political figures in this country have endorsed other candidates. Why isn't the press asking those candidates the same questions?

BECKEL: If I were Jackson's campaign manager, I'd say, "Here is an opportunity to get rid of this

ghost. Stand up and make it clear once and for all. Farrakhan, you're done, finished. I don't want your support." And then I'd jump in my car and roll out of there as fast as I could.

STAHL: What about the other candidates?

STROTHER: We have to do what we were afraid to do last time—engage Jackson directly. Somehow we thought it was better to ignore him. But Jackson should not be spared criticism of his bad ideas, including a weak rejection of Farrakhan. Jackson has to deal with that as much as Paul Simon would if Ed Vrdolyak of Chicago endorsed him. It's a fact of life.

STAHL: What do you tell Gore to do about it?

STROTHER: I would have Gore publicly ask Jesse Jackson to renounce Farrakhan.

HARRISON: I can't ask Simon to do that because Simon is competing with Jackson over who's going to be the party's conscience. If Jackson



doesn't deliver a ringing denouncement of Farrakhan, I'm going to suggest Simon do two things.

First, let's tackle this issue of extremists in American politics and bring it into the open. Second, let's get on the phone with liberal fund-raisers who are especially sensitive to this issue to insure they understand just *who* is willing to stand up for the principles they believe in.

BECKEL: I would tell Dukakis that there's a bigger problem here. It's a *black* problem and it's huge. At the center is the candidacy of Jesse Jackson.

The problem with candidates such as Dukakis, Simon, Gephardt, Gore, and Babbitt is that none has a history in the black community. Mondale, for all his faults, was someone the black community could look to and remember: "Here's a man who fought with us during the civil-rights movement."

All these candidates are babes in the woods. They have no black support and that's the dilemma. If the Democrats are going to win any Southern states in the *general election*—and we've got to or we're not going to have a Democratic president—then we must have a large black turnout. But we need to win back the moderate white vote as well.

The intriguing part is to create a strategy that unites these two groups. What's really intriguing

is that there isn't one. That is the problem the Democrats face and nobody is willing to talk about it. Nobody wants to talk about it because it's "The Black Problem," and Jesse Jackson—the man and the candidate—makes it an even larger problem.

## New Hampshire: A Downpour of Money

STAHL: The Iowa caucus is over. It's Tuesday morning. Here are the results:

Gephardt	30%
Simon	20%
Dukakis	20%
Jackson	10%

The others are bunched at the bottom. The big story is that insurgent Paul Simon has come from nowhere. All of a sudden someone is winning. He's like Hart in '84, or like Carter in '76.

Simon was bleeding for funds, now suddenly he has \$100,000 to spend in New Hampshire. But he has already spent within \$2,000 of the New Hampshire ceiling allowed by the Federal Elections Commission. What do you do, Harrison?

HICKMAN: That's easy. I spend it anyway.

STAHL: But the law says you can't spend it.

HICKMAN: No, no, the law says if you get caught spending it you've got a real problem. There are ways to hide it.

First, it's going to be well into April or May before anybody—especially at the FEC—figures out we've exceeded the limit. Right now, I've found this wave out in the ocean. I'm going to climb on my surfboard and ride it. If I get caught later, I'll take my lumps then.

STAHL: You spend whatever you get.

HICKMAN: Absolutely.

STAHL: Ron, how do you spend it?

BROWN: One of your spending problems can be solved, at least partially, by spending money in *Massachusetts* media that play in New Hampshire as well.

HICKMAN: That's right. Simon can now occupy Gary Hart's position as the novelty candidate in New Hampshire. So follow Hart's '84 path. Buy Boston media but pour every ounce of energy and effort you can into New Hampshire. This is a chance for a real kill.



STROTHER: I'd say, "Senator Simon, you don't need the money right now. You've managed a miracle. You've come much closer than anyone expected. You're on the cover of *Time* and *Newsweek*. CBS is covering you every morning, every afternoon. You don't need the money now.

"Take the money and go South. Paid media can only jump start a presidential campaign: they can't carry a campaign. So save your money.

"You have some wonderful new friends—the media—and they're going to do all the work for you. But be careful, because the media will be your friend only a few weeks—until they find a few flaws. Then you'll need the money."

HICKMAN: I disagree. I'd continue to spend money in New Hampshire. In a presidential campaign the next event is always the most important event.

STROTHER: It doesn't matter, Harrison. The media spigot doesn't get shut off in four days. It goes on and on. It will sweep you right into the South as it swept Hart in 1984.

STAHL: Ron, is all this illegal spending done because the FEC doesn't enforce the rules?

BROWN: It's not a question of lack of enforcement, but the *timeliness* of enforcement. They can't catch up with the expenditures until well after they've been spent.

BECKEL: In 1984 the limit in New Hampshire was \$404,000. We, the Mondale campaign, spent \$2.85 million.

STAHL: Were you penalized?

BECKEL: Yes, it was about a \$400,000 fine. It wasn't a lot, and that's the whole point. You think George Bush has a wimp problem? The FEC is not one of the great enforcement agencies of modern politics. Face it, this is politics and you're going to take advantage of every loophole.

STAHL: Bob, Dukakis was supposed to win big in Iowa, but the press says Simon, who came in second, is the big winner. Now you are being played as the big loser. What do you say to Dukakis?

BECKEL: I say, "This is a huge dilemma we find ourselves in here. Let me tell you, Duke, I've been here before, and it ain't fun.

"Remember what happened to Mondale in New Hampshire in 1984? His voter base stood

firm while Cranston, Hollings, Askew, Glenn, and the others fell apart. *Everyone else* collapsed around Mondale, and Hart absorbed that vote.

"But this is not a two-man race, so we can't allow any of the other guys to dominate. You've got a base in this state of, say, 34 percent. Let's figure out who—Gephardt or Simon—is on fire more, and let's take our money and take him on.

"Don't make the mistake Mondale made, which was to sit back and let Hart take off like a hula-hoop craze. Don't sit back while a lot of wimps say we shouldn't take him on for three weeks. Let's jump into the fray now and stop his free ride."

## New Hampshire: A Scandal Breaks

STAHL: You're at your hotel in New Hampshire. The primary is just five days away, and your candidate says, "There's something I've been meaning to tell you. You know my resume says I resigned my first job as assistant D.A. The truth is I was fired for padding my expense account. The D.A. pitied me and allowed me to resign. Yesterday I heard that the D.A.'s brother is working for one of the other candidates, and I'm worried. Harrison, what do you think we should do?"

HICKMAN: This is when being from Chicago may come in very handy. But my first reaction would be to curse.

We have to scope this thing out without tipping anybody off. First thing is to get a sense of the hostility level of the former D.A. and his brother.

STAHL: You can't find out anything, and you don't even know where the D.A. is.

HICKMAN: Then I'm going to think of the best possible explanation, have it ready, and pray this doesn't come out.

STAHL: Does anybody think he should preempt it?

STROTHER: No. Better to stonewall it and wait to see if it breaks. Often we're told of imminent disasters that are going to break in the next morning's newspaper that never break.

I'd be very cautious. I'd get my answer ready. When it did break, I'd call a press conference and say, "Fellows, I made a mistake and here it is. I was young, I was inexperienced, I made a mistake."

BECKEL: There's a cardinal rule in presidential poli-

tics: You don't create your own crisis. You've got enough crises already. A successfully managed crisis is limited to about four news cycles [a news cycle runs from the morning newspaper to the television evening news]. If it goes to six or eight news cycles, you're in serious trouble. What you *don't* want is to create it yourself. I'd figure out who the fall guy is, figure out who's to be pardoned, and then blame the campaign manager, as usual.

STROTHER: Or the media consultant.

STAHL: Ron, you're on the other side, working for the campaign where the D.A.'s brother works, and he tells you the story. He's got some documents to back it up. What do you do with that?

BROWN: It depends which candidate it's on, where he stands in the polls, and whether he's a threat.

STAHL: Say you're Gephardt's campaign manager and the story is on Simon.

BROWN: I'd leak it.

STAHL: Who would you leak it to?

BROWN: Some of my friends in the media who I talk to every night.

HICKMAN: Say he leaks it to you, Lesley. The first thing you're going to do is call me, the campaign manager of the aggrieved candidate and say, "What's going on here?"

I would give this story to an opposition newspaper, such as the *Manchester Union Leader*, so that I can direct my fire at such a conservative publication. Now I can diminish the credibility of the story because one source is the *Union Leader*.

BECKEL: It's a tough call. The day after Hart beat Mondale in New Hampshire, we got a flood of documents and anonymous calls and letters about Hart. I still have that file.

STAHL: [inaudible]

BECKEL: We had to make a decision. We never [inaudible]

STAHL: Supplying the boss with "plausible deniability"?

BECKEL: We'd never get him involved. The problem for the campaign manager is that Hart's taken off and suddenly we've got this stuff on him. And it's scurrilous stuff. Do we try to get it out?

Do I say, because I'm such a morally decent guy, "Oh, no, it would be wrong"? Of course not. I'm a campaign manager. I've got to decide what is in the best interest of my campaign.

The only time we would have smeared Hart was after we decided there was absolutely no other way to stop him. It's extremely dangerous. And my instincts are: If I leak this, it's going to be known that I leaked it: That will become a story in itself, and then I've got my own scandal on my hands. [EDITOR'S NOTE: This discussion was held prior to Senator Biden's withdrawal.]

BROWN: Bob, there are ways to leak a story without its being traced. You have enough media relationships that you could safely leak the story.

But if the scenario described was, say, a sexual indiscretion, it would be different.

STAHL: Say the story is about an affair then. The woman involved gives her story to *People* magazine.

STROTHER: I've just gone through this with Hart so I've thought about it a lot. It doesn't matter if it's a rumored story or whether it's in *People*. It depends on whether documentation exists, like pictures of the woman sitting on your lap or a videotape of ya'll walking together outside your townhouse.

Until a sex scandal is proved beyond doubt, people are forgiving. Polls indicate that half the people in this country have committed adultery. So I think people are pretty forgiving about that. If there's no picture, I wouldn't even talk about it.

BROWN: If there is no proof, you don't have to do anything because it won't last.

BECKEL: I disagree. If there's any truth to the story, with or without documentation, I'd own up to it because I don't think it will go away. You'll be asked about it and asked about it, unless you own up to it. Incidentally, Dick Celeste did this, when he was considering running for president, and I thought he handled it pretty well because he brought his family into it right away.

STAHL: Bring the wife on television?

BECKEL: Yes, surrounded by your family you say, "Did I do it? Yes. Was it wrong? Yes. Am I going to answer any more questions about it? No." That's all I'd say.

The problem is that everybody tries to explain these things. I'd limit myself to "yes" and "no" answers. The press is going pretty far to ask you what *happened* during the affair. If it gets that kinky, the guy's in serious trouble.



HICKMAN: It depends on who it is and what the expectations are. I think Dukakis and Simon could probably escape it because I think they have a strong enough image to fight it. Other candidates suffer being "under suspicion" by the press. So when a particular suspicion is confirmed, the press bores in. If the suspicion was not already there, I think your image can withstand the assault.

## Super Tuesday: The Black Vote

STAHL: We move down South. Ron, on the day you move down there, several black mayors hold a news conference. They say the man to lead America is not Jesse Jackson but Mike Dukakis. What is Jackson's strategy?

BROWN: He says he has taken his campaign to the people—not the mayors—from the beginning. It's not surprising that the political leadership doesn't support him.

BROWN: It's not devastating at all. As Bob said, in 1984 you had a Walter Mondale whose civil-rights record gave him a legitimate claim to the black vote. You have no one with that strength now.

Jackson's candidacy will attract a much larger percentage of black voters this year than it did in 1984. As I recall, Jackson split the black vote evenly with Mondale in the early primaries. But toward the end Jackson got 70, even 80, percent of the vote in some places. This year Jackson will start off that high.

STAHL: Bob, do you think Jackson is going to get the black vote, period?

BECKEL: That's right.

STAHL: So you have to get the white vote.

BECKEL: That's right. These campaigns are all paying lip service to blacks. They've hired blacks on their staff, but they're not going to spend any time in the black community except to establish the *perception* that they're there.

There is no shaking Jackson's hold on the black vote. So you've got to fight in the South for white votes on Super Tuesday.

If I'm Dukakis, I pull back, pick two states I think I can do well in, and give up all the rest. Then expectations will come down. I'll go after, say, Alabama and North Carolina, and hope I'm still in it after Super Tuesday.

BROWN: The beauty of it, from the Jackson per-

spective, is he's the black candidate without having to run as the black candidate.

BECKEL: That's right, but for Jackson to get the turnout figures he got in '84, he's going to have to go home to his base—the black vote—and campaign hard.

His strategy centers on holding the black vote on Super Tuesday. Since one out of three Democratic primary voters in the South is black, Jackson can get 33 percent of the vote. His prayer is that the other three each get 22 percent and he comes out the winner.

STAHL: Ray, Gore's pollster comes to you and says, "Your only chance is to attack Jackson. It's the only prayer you have." The candidate doesn't want to do this. What do you tell him?

STROTHER: I'd tell him to look at Jesse Jackson not as a black candidate but simply as a candidate. I would even suggest to Albert Gore that he make this a two-man race. Make it an Al Gore versus Jesse Jackson.

STAHL: Are you going to stand strictly on the issues? What about the old Southern strategy of subtly tapping the old racism just beneath the surface? What about having Gore use the old code words: "welfare," "family," "traditional values"?

STROTHER: No. To be honest, I think those days are gone.

HICKMAN: You don't need code words here. With just a black-and-white TV you can figure it out if you're a Southern conservative. Any candidate who waits to attack Jackson until then has a big problem. Somebody who's perceived to have a Super Tuesday Southern strategy that includes attacking Jackson hard in order to pick up white votes will get caught.

News coverage nowadays is much more sophisticated about strategy and tactics. The real story will be a "character" story about a candidate who is creating differences for raw political advantage.

STROTHER: In the very beginning of this race, I said that Al Gore should use Iowa and New Hampshire as an arena. If he waits to engage Jackson, I agree, he's an opportunist and he appears to be racist. But knowing that it's going to come to a showdown in the South between a white Southerner and a black Southerner, the earlier you start the dialogue the better.

BECKEL: Every candidate already has an anti-Jackson strategy—in their heads, if not actually

on paper. No matter what it is, you had better do it early on and consistently because it's going to appear overtly racist to do it by the time you get to the South.

But I have a different strategy. I think you get a hell of a lot more votes by attacking Jackson in *New York* than you will attacking him in Mississippi. There's this notion that somewhere in the South a huge redneck vote is poised to descend on the Democratic primaries.

If you beat up on Jackson, so the thinking goes, all these conservatives from Tallahassee are going to run to the polls. But most of those voters are now Republicans. Look at the profile of the white Democratic voter in the South. These people are not a group of racists waiting to see who's going to be the toughest on Jackson.

BROWN: The strategists who pushed through Super Tuesday forgot *who* voted in Southern primaries. The folks they were looking for—conservative Democrats—don't vote in primaries, and possibly not at all. The Jackson campaign would like to be challenged on the issues because Jackson doesn't want to be peripheral. The way you are accepted as a serious candidate is if other candidates treat you as a serious candidate. All of these so-called moderate Southern Democratic strategies have an unintended consequence: They ultimately help Jackson.

STAHL: Are any of you thinking about the general election? Are you wooing Jackson to your side?

HICKMAN: I think someone like Paul Simon will woo him publicly. Simon, as the conscience of the Democratic Party, has to be seen *defending* Jackson at some critical point. He may attack him on the Farrakhan thing, but when a Gore or Gephardt takes him on, I think Simon might well have to defend him and say, "This is racism."

He has to turn up the heat to attract some of the liberal progressive vote. If he doesn't get that in the South, he has nothing in the South.

STAHL: What about some of the white candidates getting together in a back room and dividing up the South in order to stop Jackson?

STROTHER: No, we can't trust the other candidates.

BECKEL: I wouldn't believe what Strother told me five minutes after he walked out of the room.

But all this centers around Jackson again: There's not one candidate who doesn't wish Jackson wasn't in this race, including most of the Democratic leaders. Everybody says, "Isn't

it nice Jackson's here?" The fact is everybody wishes Jackson would go away. The problem is that he won't. Jackson is the only candidate with a proven constituency. He is the only guy who can book hotel rooms in Atlanta for the convention and be sure he's going to be there to take them.

If I were Dukakis, I'd go to Jackson and say, "Jesse, I respect you. I may not like you, but I respect you. I'm going to fight with you. I'm going to take my shots at you wherever I can. But I want to keep this line of dialogue open. With Mondale, you could get away with running all over him because nobody thought Mondale could win. But this time we can win, and Jesse, I *need* you to win. We need black votes to win. But if the Democrats lose because you're being bad, the loss will be around your neck, friend, not mine. So let's cut this deal now."

STAHL: Do you offer him anything right then and there?

BECKEL: No, no, no.

HICKMAN: It's against the law.

BECKEL: That shouldn't hold you back.

STAHL: Suddenly it's against the law?

HICKMAN: I think what Jackson has just been offered is the most any candidate could expect: To be treated like a real presidential candidate—somebody who deserves respect.

## Super Tuesday: A Surprise Candidate

STAHL: Ray Strother, you don't have a candidate anymore.

STROTHER: This has happened before.

STAHL: Actually, you haven't had one for the whole campaign. It's the day after Super Tuesday, and Jackson and two other candidates survive. In short, nobody won. The tabloids shout, *Seven Dwarfs Down, Three Stooges to Go*. The discontent is contagious and "Draft Bill Bradley" organizations have cropped up in most of the remaining states.

Bradley calls you on the phone, Ray. He tells you Paul Kirk, Bob Strauss, Ted Kennedy, even Mario Cuomo want him to run. The polls show that the people want him to run. He asks you if it's possible.

STROTHER: It's reminiscent of Scoop Jackson in



1976. Everyone told Scoop Jackson to get in and the world would beat a path to his door. It didn't.

You can get in late but you will need a national agenda with a purely national campaign.

BROWN: What you need is an extraordinary media candidate to do it and Bill Bradley is not one. One major problem is that many of the delegates are already committed.

STAHL: But some candidates have dropped out, and their delegates are no longer committed. They are floating around. Some of them have said, "We want Bill Bradley."

BROWN: Those who have dropped out have very few delegates. Those who are in have a lot of delegates. Once you pass Super Tuesday, it becomes increasingly more difficult.

STAHL: Harrison, what would be your advice to Bradley?

HICKMAN: I'd suggest he be Mario Cuomo's campaign manager.

STAHL: Would Cuomo make it different?

HICKMAN: He's much better known and has a much greater presence. You're going to run basically three strategies right now.

First, you need to get a current fix on any deadlines still open for you to get your name on a ballot. You need to try to win some delegates in those states.

Second, you're going to run a strategy to pick up delegates who are already committed to somebody else. You'll need the help of a good delegate counter and every politician you can muster.

Third, you're going to run a national media strategy to generate a grass-roots expectation that Cuomo may be the one guy who can win. This will make it easier to pull off the first two.

BROWN: I think Mario Cuomo is the only candidate who could pull it off after Super Tuesday. There's a base there and an image that he's a winner.

If the scenario holds, everybody will be desperately looking for a winner at that time. Everybody will be battered and bruised and bloody and broke. You do have all kinds of filing deadlines, plus delegate-selection and technical problems to overcome. But if, in fact, you blow them out in New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, and you go to California on June 7 and win big there, then you go to the convention with a chance.

BECKEL: If I were on Cuomo's side, I'd go to the second-place candidate and offer him the vice presidency and pick up his slates. That's the only way I can imagine it being done.

STAHL: Bob, as Dukakis's man, what do you do to stop Cuomo?

BECKEL: First, I assume the delegates I've earned by that point are mine. Realize that these delegates are your cousins, uncles, aunts, and assorted convicted felons and you've got their rap sheets. You are their parole officer. Those people aren't going to bolt. The myth that somehow you can shake loose committed delegates is silly.

If I'm Dukakis, I would go to the second-place candidate, say, Gephardt, and say: "I'm number one; Dick, you're number two. Neither of us can get a majority of delegates if Cuomo starts to build momentum.

"The only way to stop this is to shake up the dynamic as much as it was shaken by Cuomo getting in. You accept the vice presidency, and we'll combine as a ticket. We'll combine our delegates and we'll stop Cuomo dead in the water."

Then we mount attacks on Cuomo as a Johnny-come-lately who didn't have the guts to face the American people with the rest of us. And we ask, "Why did you get in so late, Mario? Was there something you had to hide?"

STAHL: Ray, would you accept that deal if you were with Gephardt? Would you come on as vice president?

STROTHER: At that point probably so. I am marveling at Bob's impressive strategy.

STAHL: Ray, what does your anti-Cuomo media campaign look like?

STROTHER: I'd reduce Cuomo to a regional candidate. In my commercial, I'd have a map of America behind Dukakis and Gephardt, and I'd have New York as a little tiny place up in the corner. The voice-over would say, "You know me and you know my running mate who's from America's heartland. Our opponent—Mario Cuomo—is this guy from New York." Talk about code words. "New York" is an incredible code word.

HICKMAN: Cuomo will have to understand that a



guerrilla war is about to break out; they will be firing heavy artillery at him. Cuomo should counter by getting on the air and dominating the interpretation of his quest. That's the secret to a late campaign: Direct communication with the American people.

STROTHER: My next commercial would say: "Until now, the insiders and the big money have felt shut out of the system. So now they have a candidate. He's from New York. Right now this campaign hinges on whether to hand over this country to the special interests and the insiders, or whether it belongs to us, the people."

HICKMAN: The problem with that, Ray, is what happens after America stops laughing at Dick



Gephardt for accusing someone else of pandering. Cuomo's big advantage is that he's not scarred by this process like the other candidates.

Beckel hit on the most damaging strategy, which is not a specific charge but just an insinuation: "Mario, what have you got to hide?"

## A Backward Look

STAHL: For the last several hours, you've been telling candidates what to do. What would you tell the American people about the system that creates their presidential nominees?

HICKMAN: There's nothing wrong with candidates convincing voters to support them. That's democracy. The problem is not Iowa and New Hampshire but that it's the same two states.

The caucus and primary are big industries for these states, and the voters there have become increasingly cynical. As far as having small states at the beginning—where you give a Jimmy Carter or a Gary Hart or a Dick Gephardt an opportunity to break out—it's a good system.

BECKEL: We're now facing the most dangerous selection process in the history of this country for either party. In the name of democracy, it has gotten completely out of hand.

This all came out of the reform movement after the 1968 election. It began as a supposedly pious movement to involve the people. Let's face it: The reform movement was a deliberate attempt to orchestrate a nomination. It worked.

We eliminated "brokers," because they sup-

posedly have a bad name, and allowed a lot of people into the process. More importantly, we allowed the states to dictate the rules.

Worst of all, the winner of this brutal race emerges seriously compromised. These primaries don't enhance a candidate. They mold the public's opinion of a candidate and almost always mold it negatively. What I'm saying is we have no checks and balances in this system.

One of these candidates could explode out of New Hampshire, win big on Super Tuesday, and then three weeks later we could find out the new candidate has a serious problem.

This system has got to be overhauled, and we have to get this word "democracy" out of the way. We have to get back to selecting delegates in a rational way that gets us our best nominee with the least amount of fighting.

BROWN: I remember when the Hunt Commission wrote the rules for the 1984 election. Bob and I were on different sides then because everybody assumed the two candidates would be Mondale and Kennedy. We each tried to craft the rules that would help our candidate.

It is ridiculous for Iowa and New Hampshire to play the role they play—not because they're small states, but because they're really not representative of the American electorate. Every four years we make these same complaints, wring our hands, and make some modest attempt to change the rules. But we never go to the core problem, which is money and calendar.

STROTHER: The nomination process not only demeans the candidate, it demeans the presidency. We anguish over the lack of power and leadership of the presidency, yet we're contributing to it.

We force a man or woman to run for president of the United States as though he were a city-council candidate in Dubuque. There's really no difference.

This is the most important office on earth. The race for it should be nobler and larger. Then the person elected would be empowered to direct the policy of this country.

History is moved by momentous events and by people with great courage. Jimmy Carter made history in 1976 by writing his own rules, and we're still playing by them. But sooner or later we're going to have a candidate who says the process stinks. And this candidate will not play the state-by-state game.

He might announce his candidacy outside Iowa, bang his drum loudly and say, "We've trivialized the presidency and done great damage to democracy. My candidacy is national, and I intend to run my campaign without once stepping foot inside Iowa or New Hampshire." ■



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# HOW MUCH IS TOO MUCH TO DRINK IF YOU'RE DRIVING?

USING THIS CHART MAY HELP YOU KNOW YOUR LIMIT.

First, you should understand that drinking any amount of alcohol can impair your ability to drive.

The generally accepted way to measure intoxication is by your Blood Alcohol Concentration (BAC). In most areas, the legal definition of intoxication is .10 percent BAC and above. However, long before you reach .10 percent BAC, your judgment and motor skills deteriorate rapidly. In fact, some states include the definition of impaired driving ability, which usually begins at .05 percent.

**Important factors to keep in mind** are how much you've drunk in a given period of time, how much you weigh and whether you've been eating. Your age, individual metabolism and experience with drinking are also factors. However, it simply is not true that beer or wine is less likely to make you drunk than so-called "hard" drinks. A 4-ounce glass of wine, a 12-ounce can of beer or 1.2 ounces of 80-proof whiskey have about the same amount of alcohol and will have about the same effect on you.

**How to estimate your Blood Alcohol Concentration.** Although the effects of alcohol vary a great deal, the average effects are shown in the accompanying chart prepared by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. Find your weight in the left-hand column and then refer to the number of drinks you have had or intend to have over a two-hour period. For example, if you weigh 160 pounds and have had four beers over the first two hours you're drinking, your Blood Alcohol Concentration would be dangerously beyond .05 percent, and your driving ability would be seriously impaired—a dangerous

driving situation. Six beers in the same period would give you a BAC of over .10 percent—the level generally accepted as proof of intoxication.

**It is easier to get drunk than it is to get sober.** The effects of drinking do taper off as the alcohol passes through your body, but

gone beyond them. If you have any doubts, don't drive.

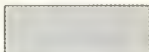
**Even if you're not drinking, other drivers may be.** Your best protection is still the safety belts in your car. Accidents do happen, and wearing lap and shoulder belts doubles your chances of coming through one alive.


## DRINKS (TWO-HOUR PERIOD)

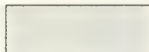
1.2 ozs. 80-Proof Liquor or 12 ozs. Beer

Weight

100	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
120	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
140	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
160	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
180	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
200	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
220	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
240	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12

 **BE CAREFUL DRIVING**  
BAC TO .05%

 **DRIVING IMPAIRED**  
.05-.09%

 **DO NOT DRIVE**  
.10% & UP  
Source: NHTSA

The chart shows average responses. Younger people generally become impaired sooner, while older people have more vision problems at night. Tests show a wide range of responses even for people of the same age and weight. For some people, one drink may be too many.

the drop is slow. In the example above, the person who had six beers would still have significant traces of alcohol in his blood six hours later. Having a full stomach will postpone somewhat the effects of alcohol, but it will not keep you from becoming drunk.

Black coffee, cold showers, or walking around outdoors will do nothing to make you sober. Of course, someone who claims, "I'll be okay as soon as I get behind the wheel," may be making a fatal misjudgment.

Today, you the driver, have to know your limits and when you've

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# PANAMA FALLEN AMONG THIEVES

Of General Noriega and a country convulsed

By Guillermo Sánchez Borbón

*Panama. Not the canal, not the hat, a country of two million people. Once prosperous, stable, democratic, with the narrowest gap between rich and poor of any country in Latin America, with a higher percentage of its budget earmarked for education than any other country in the region. Now what Conrad called "a place of darkness"—a strife-ridden kleptarcy (kleptes + arche = rule of thieves) in the power of an interesting monster.*

On June 1 of this year, when the Panama Defense Forces (PDF) announced that Chief of Staff Colonel Roberto Díaz Herrera had retired, no one in Panama thought the action voluntary or doubted who had engineered it. For years Díaz had been locked in a silent struggle, masked by public protestations of brotherhood in arms, with PDF commandant General Manuel Antonio Noriega, who heads the military government. Noriega had many times sought to ease out Díaz, his second in command, and in September 1985, after the murder of Dr. Hugo Spadafora—an outspoken man who had accused the general of cocaine trafficking—Díaz had tried and failed to have Noriega ousted. Now, it seemed, the contest was settled for good. The PDF, after all, was the source of all power in Panama, its high command Panama's master, its personnel a privileged caste. By law, anyone in the country could be jailed for thirty days without a hearing

upon being accused by a PDF member of "lack of respect." Any sergeant had more real clout than the marionette of the moment installed in the presidency, while high rank conferred quasi-divine authority—immunity from all earthly comeuppance and endless chances to strut and bluster, to enrich oneself without either risk or effort, to develop and indulge sadistic urges.

In his heyday Díaz had blustered as bravely as any. His specialty was browbeating civilian officials. When procurator Rafael Rodríguez began actually to investigate a \$30 million theft from the Social Security funds, instead of just going through the motions as he'd been ordered, it was Díaz who told him to stop or he would be murdered. Rodríguez resigned and fled the country. When Ricardo de la Espriella, the puppet president, balked at restaffing the cabinet so that the budgets of certain ministries could be looted for funds to fix the 1984 election, it was Díaz who told him to think instead of his family. Did he know where they were? Was he sure they were safe? De la Espriella resigned. And it was Díaz who hounded the next puppet president, Nicolás Ardito Barletta, from office in 1985 for proposing to appoint a special commission to investigate the Spadafora murder.

But power went as well as came with the uniform; retirement constituted political gelding. Purged officers took the sop that was always offered and quit. Díaz had been promised a million and the embassy in Tokyo for his ego. Everyone supposed he would go quietly.

On June 5, four days after his announced retirement, a local TV station aired an interview with him. Late that evening, unhappy with cer-

*Guillermo Sanchez Borbón is a columnist for La Prensa, a Panamanian newspaper closed by the government last summer. He is now living in exile in Miami.*

*The Defense  
Forces were  
corrupt. They  
defended  
nothing but  
their own  
privilege*

rain cuts, he sent a complete tape to the independent daily *La Prensa*, asking that the text be published quickly, in its entirety, in the following day's (Saturday's) edition. The editor, Winston Roblés, reviewed the tape and found nothing earthshaking; what there was could wait till Sunday. Díaz, finding nothing in his Saturday paper, called up Roblés and accused him of being scared to publish.

The remark annoyed Roblés. He'd been fighting military dictatorship in Panama since the day it began—on October 11, 1968, when General Omar Torrijos Herrera seized power—and had suffered exile, calumny, and death threats. As for the paper, its presses had been sabotaged, its offices raided, its staff beaten by goons, its writers harassed, and its publisher forced to leave the country. Roblés reminded Díaz that until last week, he seemed to think *La Prensa* wasn't scared enough. If you've got anything important to say, Roblés told him, we'll put it on page one tomorrow morning. Díaz told him to send a reporter. He was going to make sensational disclosures.

The first was that his house, a half-million-dollar mansion in the swank Altos del Golf section of Panama City, with spacious grounds and a bulletproof master bedroom and gold-plated fixtures in the master bath—the house had been bought with his share of the funds from one PDF racket, the sale of visas to dissident Cubans wanting out. The PDF, he declared, had numerous rackets. It wasn't healthy for an officer to be honest. General Torrijos, the former dictator and Díaz's cousin, who'd been killed in a 1981 plane crash, had told him as much.

Honesty hadn't been Torrijos's problem. He'd taken a \$12 million bribe from the Shah of Iran for granting the shah asylum in 1979.

And, yes, the 1984 election was crooked. The last touches of fraud were applied in Díaz's home. And, oh yes, Noriega had arranged Spadafora's murder.

Sensational disclosures, no doubt about it, but not for reasons an outsider would expect. Not a word was news to Panamanians. Everyone knew the PDF big shots were stealing. Look at their houses, look at the way they lived! The visa scam had been going since 1980, a traffic in human misery run in cahoots with Fidel Castro, involving up to 4,000 Cubans in Panama at any one time. They—or, rather, their relatives in Florida—paid up to \$3,500 for a transit permit, only \$15 of which reached Panama's treasury. *La Prensa* had done a feature on it in April, but even without that everyone knew.

The 1984 election? Everybody knew the election was phony, that Nicky Barletta lost by thousands of votes, that half the government's legislators lost likewise. Despite all the pressure,

all the intimidation, all the people's tax money dumped in, the PDF's handpicked candidates had lost. Why else had the vote count taken over a week? Why else was it made in secret instead of in public as the law stipulated? Why did the president of the Electoral Tribunal refuse to certify it and resign instead? Why else when the people demonstrated, demanding a fair, open count, were they fired on by government goons? The body count was three dead, forty-two wounded.

Hugo Spadafora? The man had said Noriega trafficked in cocaine and had recently met with U.S. drug-enforcement officials to tell them about it. For weeks the state-owned press in Panama, subservient to Noriega in all things, had vilified Spadafora and predicted his doom, in particular his death by beheading. He was arrested in front of witnesses and taken into the PDF compound in Concepción, in the north near the border. Next his corpse was found, missing the head, in Costa Rica. If Noriega wasn't involved—everyone thought he was—why didn't he try to find the culprits, or at least allow an investigative commission to be appointed? Only a moron would waste breath asking such questions. Of course Noriega arranged the murder. Some revelation!

What was news was that one of the thieves was talking. For nineteen years thieves had run the country. They yapped about Panama's sovereignty while they were selling it—visas, asylum, the whole country for sale. But now, at last, one of them was talking. No one could be fooled anymore.

No one could even pretend to be fooled, not even those outside Panama. Like Jimmy Carter, who stood on a platform in Panama and mewed about human rights when the night before the PDF had raided the university (some students had intended to protest Carter's visit) and murdered a student leader named Jorge Camacho; and when that very morning, twelve miles away in the town of Chorrera, soldiers had beaten a man to death for exhorting others not to go to the rally. Like former U.S. Ambassador Everett Briggs, who had congratulated the Panamanian government on the purity of the 1984 election. Like U.S. commander in Panama General John Galvin, who had accepted a medal from Noriega only a week before Díaz began talking.

The news, then, was that there'd be no more pretending. The Defense Forces were corrupt. They defended nothing but their own privilege. The puppet president Eric Arturo Delvalle Henriquez and his government were illegitimate. The strongman was a perverted assassin. And the United States would soon stop supporting him. He would be left with only those who were bound to him by greed and terror.



The United States had taken a series of tragic steps, tragic for Panama, tragic perhaps for the United States as well. To give Panama a military establishment. To make sure they stayed in power. To stand aside while they stole the country.

It was as if Hawaii had somehow got stuck with a huge snow-removal department, and it ate most of the budget, and its top brass were mixed up in all sorts of rackets, and somehow this department was running the state.

But now if the United States felt like supporting Noriega, they'd have to stand publicly for murder and drug trafficking, and that wouldn't be easy. Now, the news was, all this was finished. Noriega was finished.

**W**ho, or better, what is Manuel Noriega? How had Panama come to this?

In October 1968, Panama was peaceful and prosperous, with a good and growing measure of social justice. The new president had won a wide mandate in an honest election. His last three predecessors had been chosen democratically and had served out their constitutional terms. The only significant issue concerned sovereignty in the U.S.-controlled Canal Zone, and that issue tended to unify Panamanians, and therefore was a source of social cohesion.

Manuel Antonio Noriega was a lieutenant in 1968. He'd attended Instituto Nacional, Panama's best public high school. He had wanted to study medicine but couldn't afford to. A scholarship to Peru's military academy came up. Manuel Noriega went off to Lima.

Upon graduating, he returned to Panama and entered the PDF as a sub-lieutenant. Assigned to Colón, at the Atlantic terminus of the canal, he raped and beat up a prostitute—the first sign of the Noriega we've come to know. He would have been cashiered, but a captain named Omar Torrijos saved him. He was reassigned to Chiriquí Province, near the Costa Rican border. There he raped a thirteen-year-old peasant girl and beat up her twelve-year-old sister. Omar Torrijos saved him again. Others, too, saw his potential. By 1968 he was in his second year on the CIA secret payroll.

The PDF was then little more than a police force. That it had even that much strength was the United States' idea. Washington had decided that the way to stabilize Latin America was to pamper its military castes. Panama had none,

which was largely the reason why it was peaceful and prosperous, also democratic, also stable; but for ten years our good neighbors to the north had been trying to grow one on the formula Training plus Toys yields Esprit de Corps and Elitism.

You say we could have objected, turned down the money. I say Dr. Frankenstein shouldn't go around making monsters. In any case, the new president of Panama was concerned about the PDF and meant to purge its more rambunctious officers. Before he could do so, however, they purged him—eleven days after he took office. They also suspended the constitution, dissolved the legislature, seized control of the media, abolished political parties, and exiled those who complained. Then they set about transferring political power to the PDF and economic power to themselves.

Many Panamanians disliked this program. Some, in Chiriquí Province, went beyond mere complaining, took up arms and went into the mountains. Manuel Noriega was promoted to captain and put in charge of pacifying the region. Which he did, evidently with gusto. He was an enthusiastic torturer of prisoners and a conscientious supervisor who demanded proof

*Now if the United States felt like supporting Noriega, they'd have to stand publicly for drug trafficking*



of performance from those in the field—an earlobe, say, lopped or clipped from the guerrilleros they claimed to have pacified.

The Last, Best Hope for Mankind (it must be noted) was no obstacle to the snuffing out of freedom in Panama. Not in the slightest. The United States recognized the new regime in a twinkling, and helped Omar Torrijos take control of it, and gave him every possible aid and comfort (not to mention more training and plenty of toys). As for Captain Noriega, he was promoted to major.

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Torrijos's trick was to combine the rhetoric of populism with the politics of greed. Such rhetoric was devoted to the question of sovereignty in the Canal Zone, but this had been sought by every government in Panama's history and needed no dictator to think it up. Negotiations toward a new treaty had, in fact, been in progress for four years when the PDF seized power. Torrijos used the sovereignty issue as a rationale for muffling dissent and in the end sold out Panama's aspirations for benefits to the PDF.

Now as for greed, Torrijos's actions were more eloquent than any rhetoric. In the name of social justice and development, the state entered the economy on a grand scale. The lot of the common man worsened. Growth dropped from 8 percent to minus. But Torrijos and his colleagues and cronies all became rich. Why shouldn't they? Who was going to stop them? The country's finances were state secrets. Anyone who complained was a traitor to the nation. Prominent complainers were packed off into exile, obscure ones knocked about or made to vanish.

Every kind of scam was practiced. Fortunes were amassed. Meanwhile, the regime bought up potential opponents—businessmen on the right, intellectuals on the left. Everyone loved Torrijos, everyone money could buy. Corruption seeped into every crevice of Panama. Student and labor leaders went on the payroll. Every ministry bulged with unneeded employees, every budget with phantom consultants who showed up only to get their checks. The Torrijos regime became a money junkie. Foreign banks were the pushers; they will deserve to lose their money if default comes.

And where was Major Noriega while all this was transpiring? By 1970 he was in the capital, and a lieutenant colonel, and chief of intelligence. *Our* intelligence, while working for the CIA. But Panama wasn't singled out for betrayal. He also spied on Cuba and Nicaragua, and while spying on them spied on his Uncle Sam also, turned National Security Agency secrets over to Fidel Castro, and smuggled embargoed electronics components to the Soviet bloc.

Do they still say "fink" in New York City? In Panama we say *sapo*—toad—and there's a certain honesty to Noriega, or maybe it's chutzpah, for his office was full of little ceramic *sapos*, toad figurines. As Sally Quinn of *The Washington Post* tells it, when she visited Noriega in his office, he took one look at her and excused himself and came back reeking of eau de cologne—a natty little guy in a blue business suit, bouncy, full of energy, victim (it's true) of a bad acne problem, so that his cheeks look like the landscape at Verdun, so that the people call him *Cara de Piña*, Pineapple Face. The office where

he received Quinn also had a huge blowup photo of Noriega himself—his shoulders anyway, and part of his profile—going out an airplane door during parachute training supplied by our good neighbor to the north. A good story is told about this photo and Tito Arias, nephew of the freely elected then deposed (in 1968) president Arnulfo Arias Madrid. A priest was made to vanish in the early 1970s—rumor was he'd been chucked from a plane into the Pacific—so when Arias visited Noriega and saw the photo, he said (having chutzpah himself), "I assume that's the last picture of Father Gallegos." At which everyone ducked, as in an old-time Western when someone calls Black Bart a liar, but Noriega just sat there grinning, hands held at his chest, "Heh, heh, heh."

Yes, indeed, an interesting monster. Monster enough by 1972 for the Nixon administration to consider assassinating him. This from John E. Ingersoll, Nixon's director of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. Noriega, you see, was in the drug trade. In those days the drug was heroin, coming from the Near East to Paraguay (where Ricord of the French Connection had set up after being hounded from Marseilles), then on to Panama and the United States. More recently, the drug has been cocaine. As, for example, in June 1984, when more than a ton of cocaine—more than a *ton!*—flew north from Panama, sealed in seven Sanyo meat freezers marked "perfume," on board an Inair Cargo Airlines' DC-8. The cocaine never got snorted because a dog sniffed it in a warehouse near Miami International Airport. The drugs belonged to the Colombian cartel bosses, for whom Noriega provided the following services: safe passage for such goods through Panama; safe facilities for doing business; safe haven when Colombia cracked down on them after they'd had the justice minister murdered. For millions and millions of dollars, according to a pilot who flew one payment worth over a million from Colombia to Noriega. (Noriega seems to have laundered drug money too. An investigation of that is in progress in Tampa.)

When Torrijos was killed in the plane crash, command of the PDF passed to Florencio Flores. Who was betrayed and forced out by Darío Rubén Paredes. Who was betrayed and forced out by Manuel Noriega, no doubt to the great delight of his CIA handlers. As if they controlled him! As if he were their SOB! Noriega promoted himself to general and set about reigning as the uncrowned emperor of all Panamanians.

The country was a shambles, of course. Mortgaged to the nth generation. Twenty-five percent unemployment in the capital; 40 percent unemployment in Colón. No matter, Noriega was happy. So, too, was the Last, Best Hope for



Mankind, with a strongman it could pretend was its SOB, and permanent bases for which it paid not a nickel, and, look, under pressure from the U.S. Senate, the relegalization of political parties, the return of free speech—all in return for ratification of the canal treaty—just in the right spot, a fig leaf of democracy!

Then Hugo Spadafora went and shot his mouth off. And left Noriega no choice: Hugo had to be murdered. Beheaded, no choice there either. How else could Noriega be sure Hugo was dead? How else could Noriega enjoy being emperor? How could Noriega sleep soundly if he didn't have Hugo's head under his pillow?

And now Roberto Díaz had betrayed him, just because he'd betrayed Díaz and forced him out. No, indeed, it's not easy being a monster. Being a monster isn't all fun.

**D**íaz, like Spadafora, was leaving Noriega no choice. He talked nonstop, partly from sour grapes, and partly from terror, and partly to ease his conscience. The confessional aspect was the most obvious, the one dramatized by the way he admitted his fear, for he was convinced Noriega meant to destroy him, and that he could only survive if Noriega lost power.

Most Panamanians accepted him as a penitent, and his home took on somewhat the aspect of a shrine. It was a garish place in execrable taste, powder blue with purposeless Greek columns, but for a while it was Panama's moral center of gravity. The high white walls around it were decked with banners. JUSTICIA, they said, and LIBERTAD. Cars filled with pilgrim well-wishers rolled by all day long. Young people camped in the street all day and all night. And inside the house, by day, in rooms where air-conditioners whirled and pistol clips lay strewn about on coffee tables, or after dark outside on the patio, where the lawn sloped gently toward the swimming pool and bugs fizzed to death in electric traps, the colonel sat talking, a slight figure in a sport shirt and loose slacks, sockless in canvas leisure shoes, his hands moving nervously while everything else about him was serene, his face drawn by lack of sleep, by worry.

With him was his Venezuelan second wife, Maigaiulida, his teenage sons, and a number of young men with machine pistols. Winston Spadafora was there, the murdered man's brother, and Father Nestor Jáen, the left-wing priest. Other members of the clergy were there also, as talismans against violence or at least as witnesses to it. The archbishop of Panama, Marcos McGrath, was a frequent visitor, but no one could tell exactly where he stood or what result he hoped would come of the crisis.

Dr. Miguel Antonio Bernal, the law profes-

sor, was there. Where he stood was no mystery. He'd been exiled back in the '70s, then allowed to return after members of the U.S. Senate made partial democratization the condition of their voting to ratify the canal treaty. He'd been beaten almost to death, leading a demonstration against the shah in December 1979—beaten and kicked by the PDF on Avenida Central in downtown Panama City in front of hundreds of people. When Bernal recovered, he voiced his opposition to dictatorship on the radio and caused the regime such trouble it banned him for life from speaking over the air. So he took his program into the street and broadcast by bullhorn every day at noon on a corner of Avenida Justo Arosemena. Bernal knew where he stood, and so did everyone else. He was at Díaz's house far into the night.

So was Aurelio Barría, the president of Panama's chamber of commerce. Like Bernal he was in his late thirties, but there the resemblance seemed to end. Barría was a businessman, new to opposing dictatorship. Bernal had been putting that first for his whole adult life. But Noriega was about to make Barría just as implacable an enemy as Bernal. Earlier in the year Barría had been out to the Philippines as an observer of that country's first free election since its dictator's fall. He saw a parallel between Marcos and Noriega. He was at Díaz's house the moment the colonel started talking.

As Díaz's confessions appeared, on Sunday, June 7, then in expanded form on Monday and Tuesday, Panamanians began reacting to them. Noriega and the state-owned media said Díaz was crazy. Opposition leaders, as surprised as anyone else, first said his charges ought to be looked into, then focused on his tale of electoral fraud and began calling for a recount. Among those who joined in was Nicky Barletta, the fraud's chief beneficiary for eleven months, from October 1984, when he took office, until September 1985, when he was tossed out. Another unfamiliar voice deploring the fraud was Omaira Correa, who had been elected to the legislature in 1984 and who'd formed part of the regime's majority. She was an instant convert to Díaz's views, and not only called for a recount but invited the people of Panama to gather at her radio station on the afternoon of June 9 and march to the Electoral Tribunal and stay there shouting until a recount was made.

**A** large number of citizens answered this call and gathered at the station, including chiefs of opposition parties. Such as Dr. (of philosophy) Ricardo Arias Calderón, president of the Christian Democratic Party, and Dr. (of laws) Carlos Ivan Zúñiga, president of the moderate

*I Hugo Spadafora went and shot his mouth off. And left Noriega no choice: Hugo had to be murdered*

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socialist Popular Action Party. Dr. (of medicine) Arnulfo Arias Madrid—three times president of Panama, the president deposed in 1968, and the true winner of the 1984 elections—tried to show up but was prevented.

Also attending were a large number of riot troops. These soldiers are well known in Panama. They have visored helmets and look like Darth Vader's henchmen in *Star Wars*. Their elite company (if so martial a term may apply to thugs whose only opponents are unarmed civilians) is officially designated "Doberman"; members have the Doberman pinscher's head as insignia on their trucks. But we nonmartial Panamanians call all riot troops "Dobermans." Some of them often carry tear gas and shotguns. All carry plastic shields and rubber hoses. The latter are four feet long, willowy, yet quite substantial. An easy flick with one to thigh or buttocks will raise a welt the owner may cherish for days, while a healthy swat on the crown can cause brain damage. Citizens of the United States will be comforted to know that this equipment is paid for, at least in part, by their tax dollars.

Instead of waiting for the demonstrators to approach their lines, as was the usual practice in such confrontations, the Dobermans attacked while the crowd was still gathering. Arias Calderón was hosed to the sidewalk. His wife, a diminutive and gentle matron of a certain age, was not only hosed but dragged across the pavement, so that her legs were considerably scraped. Others were similarly ill-treated. All, it must be noted, were making nonviolent use of their constitutional right to assemble publicly.

The crowd dispersed speedily, but instead of staying dispersed as was usual practice, rallied and flung taunts at the Dobermans. There ensued a tremendous street battle, such as Panama was to see many of in the weeks succeeding, in which the citizens took all the punishment yet seemed lighthearted, while the Dobermans grew frustrated and more vicious; in which citizens retreated precipitously as though headlong in flight, then flowed back whenever the firing stopped. The Dobermans fired birdshot and tear-gas grenades, the former most conspicuously through the stained-glass front window of the National Sanctuary Church, where a number of citizens took refuge (for the battle spread out in all directions from its epicenter on Via España), the latter most tellingly into people's faces. Those who were shot, of course, bled. Those who were gassed wept and choked. Those who were hosed yelped loudly and fled if they could. Yet, paradoxically, the citizens' taunts seemed to hurt the Dobermans more than the Dobermans' weapons hurt the citizens. The Dobermans, who mainly advanced, appeared fearful.

The citizens, who mainly retreated, did not. And, overall, the Dobermans, sweating terribly in their heavy fatigue suits, panting through their gas masks in the tropic heat, seemed more to be pitied. This odd business continued apace until nightfall.

That same evening, the opposition's chief political instrument was fashioned. Its origins, like those of the crisis itself, went back to September 1985, and the murder of Spadafora. For a popular person to be (as the autopsy showed) fiendishly tortured, then slowly beheaded while still alive, might not cause much indignation in certain parts of Latin America—and thus might seem to North American observers insufficient grounds for political turmoil—but we Panamanians are a gentle people, far more squeamish than our neighbors. Particularly affected by Spadafora's murder (not the least because it departed entirely in its perverted cruelty from the country's traditions and norms) was a class of young business executives who had grown up under dictatorship and were not as yet active in public affairs. For them the murder, coming on top of years of blatant corruption and the 1984 electoral fraud, was a sort of threshold. They could not be bystanders any longer. What they did was begin a campaign for decency, for the "restoration of moral and civic values," through the clubs they belonged to: Rotary, Lions, Kiwanis, and the like.

This campaign was not directed openly against the government. Its main focus was the problem of drug abuse. But Noriega took it personally. The president of the 20-Thirty Club was briefly jailed on trumped-up charges. The president of the Rotary Club died in mysterious circumstances. The official verdict was suicide, but *both* of his wrists were cut to the bone, something one simply can't do unassisted.

Now, on the evening of June 9, in response to the government's charges that the crisis had been provoked and was being manipulated by partisan political figures to serve their ambitions, veterans of the decency campaign, meeting at the chamber of commerce and with businessman Aurelio Barría as their chief organizer, formed the National Civil Crusade. Twenty-six organizations were represented, including the Catholic Church. Another thirty-nine joined in the next few days. The communiqué that was issued promised a campaign of civil disobedience, repudiated the "cowardly and brutal repression" performed by the Dobermans that afternoon, and called for the immediate removal from office of all those implicated by Colonel Díaz until an investigation of his charges had been completed.

As the crisis continued, the Crusade became more and more important, while the opposition



parties and their leaders moved into the background. However, Dr. Zúñiga of the Popular Action Party made at least one more prominent contribution. On the radio on the morning of June 10, he called upon citizens to show their disapproval of the dictatorship by beating pots and honking car horns at noon and 6:00 P.M. each day. A final touch came about by spontaneous generation. At six that afternoon not only were pots beaten and horns honked; white handkerchiefs were waved all over the city. Little groups of smiling citizens stood on street corners throughout the capital waving white handkerchiefs, while cars went by with horns honking and people stood in house windows beating pots. Thus the three "P"s of anti-Noriega militants: *paila* (pot), *pito* (horn), and *pañuelo* (handkerchief). All announced sedition, and the last made your Doberman rabid.

This became clear on Thursday, June 11, but by then two important things had happened. On Wednesday night, after a day of street violence in which seventy-odd citizens were wounded by birdshot and one lost an eye, the Crusade called for a general strike. In response, at twenty minutes past midnight on Thursday morning, the government declared a state of emergency and suspended the rights to freedom of movement, expression, and assembly; and to security of domicile, privacy of correspondence, and the state's obligations to abide by legal formalities. Arrested persons no longer were required to be informed of the charges against them. Nor were they entitled to benefit of counsel, or to process writs of habeas corpus.

Dawn found the capital occupied by Dobermans and the citizenry apparently cowed, but at noon people began beating pots, honking car horns, and waving white handkerchiefs, and at the last the Dobermans went wild. Along Fiftieth Street in the banking district—Panama has become quite a banking center, over 130 banks, though the present crisis will probably fix that—the strike did not appear to be having much effect. Government pressure kept most businesses open, and the state of emergency looked as though it had many people thinking twice about showing opposition. But at noon, during lunch hour, people came out onto the sidewalks and began waving handkerchiefs. The Dobermans hosed, gassed, shotgunned, and arrested them, and perpetrated much violence against property.

Aurelio Barría was arrested just after noon, picked off the street in front of the chamber of commerce. He spent the next five hours in the Balboa Police Station, naked, with a hood over his head, being shouted at by a number of angry voices, berated, taunted, vilified, threatened. Besides being threatened with death, he was

threatened with rape. The death threats were vague, the threats of rape specific.

And here we have a peculiarity of the Panama Defense Forces since the ascension of General Manuel Noriega, a trait, no doubt, imparted by their commander.

I mean the PDF's obsession with rape. Rape—heterosexual or homosexual, by proxy, or just via threat—may even have replaced bribetaking as the chief incentive in a PDF career. When I was jailed in February 1986, I was assured by several PDF members, as well as by cell mates, that I would be raped as soon as it got dark, and though I am past sixty and scarcely alluring, I didn't doubt their sincerity in the slightest. Luckily for me, friends secured my release before sundown. Political prisoners of both sexes taken during the crisis I am describing suffered rape while in PDF custody, and as far as I have been able to gather, not a single person detained for political reasons has been spared the threat of rape, often with the guarantee that it would be performed by AIDS carriers.

Barría was not intimidated by his experience. Neither was the populace. Noriega is training Panamanians to be stubborn, and if he is not removed from power quickly he will succeed in training us not to be gentle. In any case, his attempts at intimidation became ridiculous at noon on Friday, the twelfth of June, when a special mass was celebrated at the Church of El Carmen at the request of the Crusade. Noriega had the church surrounded by troops in battle dress and camouflage face paint, bristling with hand grenades and automatic weapons. For all their firepower they seemed ill at ease, mainly eighteen year olds from the countryside out of place among peaceful citizens on Via España and the palm-lined Avenida Federico Boyd.

The churchgoers were certainly not daunted. They included an unexpected yet welcome attendee, Susan Davis, daughter of the United States' ambassador to Panama Arthur Davis. This gentleman, a former Denver businessman, a former county chairman of the Colorado Republican Committee, had by his actions during the crisis given proponents of democracy cause for hope. His embassy had reacted to Díaz's charges with a communiqué supporting efforts to "get all the facts out in a manner that is fair to all," and simply by standing for truth and justice Davis had set himself well apart from the four preceding U.S. envoys to Panama. On Thursday morning, when troops surrounded the home of Arias Calderón, in effect putting him under house arrest, Ambassador Davis paid Calderón a visit (having first called Delvalle, the puppet president, and said he was going to) and thereby caused the troops to be withdrawn. Now he was giving the opposition further comfort, for no

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one could believe that his daughter—the first lady, as it were, of the embassy, since Davis is a widower—would appear at the mass unless the ambassador (and, by extension, the government he represented) approved.

**F**or the six weeks that followed Noriega seemed to teeter; he scrambled around like a roach in a paper bag, trying to find the right response to his problems. The Pentagon was still happy with him, for he countenanced the use of bases in Panama (supposedly there to defend the canal) to support its monkeyings in other parts of Central America. The CIA was still disposed to put up with him, if only because he knew too much about things like how the *contras* funded themselves by dealing in cocaine. But on June 26 the U.S. Senate, led by Edward Kennedy, passed a resolution against him, and his reaction was such as to give his enemies hope. He had the puppet legislature rescind the state of emergency, which barred demonstrations, and on the thirtieth a mob of hooligans, orchestrated and led by government figures, marched to the U.S. Embassy, Consulate, and Information Service Library for an hour of rock-throwing, while armed PDF units looked on in approval.

This spree must have pleased the participants but did not increase Noriega's internal support. And no amount of Senate resolutions could have been so effective in making the Reagan administration reconsider supporting him. For starters, the attack on the embassy provoked a stern protest and suspension of U.S. economic assistance. And as if to make Reagan jealous, as if in spite for being jilted, Noriega had brought Daniel Ortega down from Managua for a vow of Sandinista solidarity.

Internally, too, Noriega lurched leftward—as much, I suppose, from necessity as by design, for his main civilian support now came from Cuban-aligned Communists. Only the rich were against him, he said. But this message was cruelly undercut by the arrangements he had made for celebrating his daughter's wedding, scheduled for July 11. The twenty-story Cesar Park Hotel, the newest and most splendid in the country, was booked to house guests, and a jet chartered to bring the bridegroom and his family from Santo Domingo. Moët & Chandon (by appointment to the Emperor of Panama) had made up special labels for the champagne, and each of 4,000 guests received a bottle with his invitation, along with a Baccarat crystal champagne glass with the happy couple's initials engraved upon it.

So much for Noriega the man of the people, but he seemed to have swallowed his populist poppycock, for he briefly adopted the strategy of trying to out-demonstrate the Crusade. A “sov-

ereignty” rally was called for the ninth of July and all stops pulled out to generate support for it. But when the Crusade called a march of its own for the tenth—five marches, in fact, each starting from different parts of the city, all converging at the Church of El Carmen—it was soon clear the numbers were not with Noriega. So the puppet president Delvalle went on TV proposing a truce. Pots were beaten all over Panama even as he was speaking. No truce, replied the Crusade, till Noriega got out. So Delvalle issued a decree banning both marches, an unconstitutional decree since all rights were in place. Pots were beaten again. The Crusade said it was marching. And the hour of the wolf came to Panama.

You may have seen part of it on television, the people in white carrying white flags, walking toward the lines of visored soldiers, walking forward and being shotgunned, walking forward again. Compact masses of men and women in white, filling the street and stretching blocks and blocks backward, being shotgunned and pressing forward, being shotgunned again. On Via España beside the Republic Bank building, and on Via Argentina near the university, and on Samuel Lewis at the Sanctuary, and on Calle 50. On Federico Boyd the route went steeply uphill, and the Dobermans were on the crest, so the marchers broke and dissolved at the first volley, but elsewhere they pushed forward again and again. Under a brilliant sky, on an afternoon refreshed by pleasant sea breezes. Panamanians attempting to exercise their rights to public assembly and freedom of transit, offering no violence, merely receiving it.

How many marched? At least one hundred thousand. Fortunate country, so little, but with so many rich! And all along the five routes people watched from their windows waving white handkerchiefs, and draped white towels and bedsheets from the sills. And got shotgunned for it, if they weren't lucky, for when the marchers broke (as they had to, of course, after two or three volleys), the Dobermans went wild. Rushed forward shooting and hosing, arresting people. Fired at the windows that showed white. Fired tear gas into buildings and shot people as they fled. A large number of marchers took refuge in the Sanctuary, which might have done them some good in medieval Europe, but not in Panama this July. The Dobermans fired tear gas in through the windows and shotgunned people point-blank as they tried to get out. Drove them back in and gassed them. Shotgunned them point-blank as they tried to get out. Just people, you understand. Not insurgents or foreign invaders. Then charged into the church, shotgunning and hosing left and right—inside the church, you understand—and



grabbed people and dragged them out, and flung them into patrol trucks and took them to prison, beating them on the way.

Paramilitaries, too, were out, though on no one's TV footage. They traveled that afternoon six to a minivan and appeared in all parts of the city as if by diabolic conjuration—sleek-skinned assassins in jeans, in fatigue trousers, many with little numbers tattooed on the inside of hairless forearms. Armed that day with riot guns: cut-down, auto-loading 12-gauges with pistol grips. They prowled the streets, turning slowly as they walked, pointing their weapons. And fired them into windows. And smashed doors in to shoot people in their own living rooms. And dragged men out and flung them into the vans.

Prisoners were taken that weekend all over the capital: marchers, people whose houses showed white, men with white shirts on. A Lloyd Aereo pilot, a Bolivian, stepped out of the Hotel Continental to see what the fuss was and got grabbed and taken to prison. A young Belgian, in Panama to see his fiancée, was plucked off the street and beaten severely. Everyone with white on was at risk, liable to wind up in Modelo Prison.

Ah, La Modelo! I spent five hours there eighteen months ago and still have nightmares. Even from the outside the place is depressing, fortresslike, a city block square, with twenty-foot walls and little turrets with gun slots. And inside...

The first stop for those taken on the tenth was a holding pen on the ground floor, *la preventiva*. Which was staffed with a dozen or more of the regular prison residents recruited by the guards as a welcoming committee. As each political detainee was shoved in, he was assaulted and robbed. Robbed of valuables, naturally, but also perhaps of his shoes and/or of his shirt, of whatever took one of the robbers' fancy. Some were robbed down to their underwear. And of their gold fillings if they had any. The gold, the money, and the pawnable loot (watches and wedding rings mostly) were passed through a slot in the wall to a guard outside, for the actual robbers got but a small share of the proceeds. And above the slot was a window that gave on the guard room, from which the guards browsed these scenes grinning and laughing.

*La preventiva* is thirty feet square, with a tap in one wall and two scoop-out toilets—bowls, that is, without plumbing. By nightfall 300 men were packed inside. In the morning political detainees were told they would get six months confinement. All would get the same. No trials would be necessary. None had been allowed to see a lawyer. None had been advised of the charges against him.

Next stop was the galleries. There are four of these. Each runs an entire floor, has an aisle in the center with cells opening off it. The cells are not locked, but no one can get out of his gallery. Dantean symmetry applies: the least bad of the

*Everyone with white on was at risk, liable to wind up in Modelo Prison*





The PDF,  
and Panama  
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lost the power  
to excrete

galleries is on the top floor, the worst in the basement.

Political prisoners were put in one at a time. Again they were robbed, though now the guards got no part of the proceeds. On the other hand, very few had anything left worth stealing, which sometimes made the regular residents angry. At least two men arrested on July 10 were raped. Some, however, found the criminals apologetic: the guards had made them abuse political prisoners. Ah, La Modelo!

It might have worked, the Crusade might have been paralyzed, if the detainees could have been held hostage in those hideous conditions, but the events on the street, and reactions to them, were reported by the independent media. An immense stink arose at once. The whole business was entirely un-Panamanian, as the murder of Hugo Spadafora had been. "Beyond all the limits of necessity," said Archbishop McGrath, and others joined in. All those taken on the tenth were released on the fourteenth. The effect of it all was to make the opposition tougher, and to convince Noriega that free speech had to go.

There may, however, have been an ancillary reason for the pain inflicted that weekend. The Crusade's persistence in marching on July 10 personally discomfited Panama's emperor. He had to cancel the festivities planned for the eleventh. His daughter's wedding was celebrated on the eighth, in the chapel on the PDF base at Fort Amador, with only a handful of guests in attendance. A clear and palpable humiliation—and what was he going to do with all that champagne? Good reason, in short, to make his enemies suffer. Drunk and tearful, he complained that Díaz had ruined his life. He'd take care of that son of a whore for sure. He knew he might have to leave power, but a lot of Panama would go with him.

Noriega teetered. The Pentagon had apparently decided it could live without him, for abruptly, as a bartender does with a drunk, U.S. Southern Command cut the PDF off—stopped maintenance on PDF equipment; stopped gas for PDF vehicles; stopped all chumminess by U.S. officers toward their valiant Panamanian allies. And Washington announced it would

sell Panama no more tear gas and that economic aid would not be renewed, despite an apology from the puppet foreign minister and payment for damage done on the last day of June.

On Friday, July 24, *La Prensa* and the tabloids *Extra* and *El Siglo* published a public letter to Noriega by General (retired) Rubén Paredes, in which the former PDF commandant asked his successor to resign for the good of the PDF and the country. And that morning Paredes went on the radio answering listeners' questions and suggesting that, if Noriega refused to resign, the of-

ficers of the PDF ought to remove him. He was the only obstacle to a settlement of the crisis and a menace to the health of the institution.

Were these acts by Paredes spontaneous? I think not. They look like part of an orchestrated effort, a U.S. attempt at cut-rate defenses.

A way of making plain that Noriega had lost U.S. backing, and at the same time assuring the PDF that it wasn't the target. Thus would Noriega's colleagues be nerved to toss him out. Paredes's son had been murdered in Colombia, betrayed (so many thought) by Noriega, and Paredes had done nothing. For Paredes to act when he did, the fix had to be in.

Whatever the case, that Saturday the jubilation that had come to Panama nearly two months before, at the start of the crisis, returned redoubled. The gringos were dumping Noriega! The Defense Forces were dumping Noriega. He was finished! Panama was going to be free!

What crossed no one's mind, however, was that Noriega's PDF colleagues, though thieves, had already stolen a great deal of money and were more concerned with living to enjoy it than with stealing more. They knew perfectly well that Noriega was an obstacle, and a menace, and whatever else one wished to call him. They knew Noriega better than most, and the knowledge very likely gave them nightmares. He is not the sort one risks annoying idly. And suppose they risked and were successful: Where would they find a leader as ruthless as he to keep the PDF in power and thus save them from paying for their crimes? The PDF's health was worse than Paredes suspected. The PDF, and Panama with it, had lost the ability to excrete.

By Sunday the euphoric mood was fading. There was no sign of anything happening inside





the Defense Forces in response to Paredes's actions, and that morning a twenty-four-year-old law student named Eduardo Carrera became the first fatality of the crisis—first confirmed fatality, for there were people missing to go along with the more than 1,000 wounded or imprisoned. Carrera had been arrested on July 10 and badly beaten. His mother, a widow, sent him to the town of El Valle, ninety miles from Panama City, in part so he could recuperate, mainly from concern for his safety. At about 3:30 A.M., he and some other youths were outside a cantina in the center of the town when two PDF corporals arrived, armed, in uniform, and drunk. "Down with Pineapple Face!" someone shouted. Corporal Eliecer Almengor drew his pistol. "Take it easy," Carrera told him. Almengor grabbed Carrera's shirt and shot him in the stomach. Under crowd pressure, our two heroic defenders took Carrera to the town's health center, but finding the place empty they left him on the floor and fled. Carrera was dead on arrival at the hospital in La Chorrera.

That afternoon wild rumors gripped the capital. Three buses full of convicts from the penal colony on Coiba Island had been seen headed east on the Pan-American Highway; they would be brought in after dark and let loose in the city. And so on. What Noriega was actually up to, however, was worse.

At twenty minutes to midnight troops occupied the offices of *La Prensa*, *Extra*, and *El Siglo*, as well as *Radio Mundial* and *Radio KW Continente*. Employees were hustled out and the places padlocked. These media, the regime announced the next morning, were accused of having issued calls to sedition. They would stay closed until the investigation was concluded.

At 4:00 A.M., Monday morning, troops of the Battalion 2,000 (a regular infantry unit named for the year in which Panama is to take over the canal) began blocking off the streets around Roberto Díaz's home in Altos del Golf. At 4:40 they opened up with machine guns at barricades Díaz's guards had set up at the corners of his block. The guards fired back for a few minutes, then withdrew to the house. There were fifty-three people inside, including five minors, four of them Díaz's children, one his nephew. Díaz moved them all into his bedroom. He and a few other men went into the master bathroom, whose window gave on the street. He had his guards put their weapons in a closet. According to those with him at the time, he couldn't believe the PDF, troops he had led, would assault his house with his wife and children inside. He thought the attackers were paramilitary goons of Noriega's and didn't want them provoked.

At first light, troops who had moved in around the house began firing tear-gas grenades

through the windows while riflemen directed fire at the house itself. Shortly thereafter, two helicopters appeared overhead and began taking turns strafing the house with M-60 machine guns. Some spent bullets penetrated the bedroom, but the ceiling armor held. The main problem was tear gas. People breathed through handkerchiefs kept damp from the bathtub.

Sometime before 6:30 A.M. the firing stopped. A man called out over a bullhorn identifying himself as a state prosecutor; he called on Señor Díaz to surrender "for the good of your family." Díaz called back for the troops to be withdrawn. "You wanted it this way," the voice called back. Tear gas and rifle fire resumed, followed shortly by machine-gun and explosive fire (probably rifle grenades, perhaps bazookas) against the house walls. Just after 7:00 A.M. there were two loud explosions. Commandos of the anti-terrorism unit had blown in the front and rear doors. At that, the fire became intense. The next thing those inside knew, commandos were in the bedroom.

Díaz and the others with him were brought outside into the front garden, the men hustled along with blows from gun butts. Díaz's wife, her mother, and the children were taken to the Venezuelan Embassy. The others, forty-six in all, were put under arrest.

Noriega, in short, wasn't finished. No, not quite yet. He retained the support of the PDF and could put the fear of death into those who betrayed him. U.S. Southern Command has asked him once or twice nicely, but Noriega is not leaving power. He has the PDF behind him, and he thinks (and may be right) that the United States tried to boot him out but couldn't. In Panama the hatred for him grows more virulent every day. But Noriega has stifled free speech and left Panamanians no nonviolent means of getting rid of him. So the great risk is a descending spiral of violence such as some of our neighbors have been engulfed in.

Panamanians aren't violent? You're right, but that doesn't matter. I can remember when Jews weren't violent either. Given the right incentive, people change.

The Crusade is still marching, and getting ambushed by paramilitaries. The body count in September was three dead. Aurelio Barría and other leaders have been charged with sedition, an offense that carries a fifteen-year term. They went underground for a while but now are in exile. Miguel Bernal, who had been publishing a *samizdat* newspaper, barely escaped a PDF raid in October and is now in the United States. Roberto Díaz is in La Modelo. Others have taken their places. There are plenty of brave, decent people in my country. ■

*Panamanians  
aren't violent?  
I can  
remember  
when Jews  
weren't  
violent either.  
People change*

# WISHING IT WAS J

The business of Ch

Christmas is the most popular greeting-card holiday. This year Americans will exchange over 2.2 billion Christmas cards: the average household receives twenty-six Christmas cards every year, and the average card (like this one from Hallmark Cards) costs \$1. Of the roughly 800 American card makers, Hallmark has the largest market share—over 40 percent—and it makes about 2,500 different Christmas cards. American Greetings, with 30 to 35 percent of the market, plays Avis to Hallmark's Hertz; American Greetings stocks Hallmark cards in its Cleveland offices as a goad to its employees. Hallmark makes Christmas cards for babysitters, blacks, and business acquaintances (with a slot provided to insert your business card); it even makes a card that wishes "Merry Christmas From Our Dog to Yours."

The "you" is deliberately ageless and sexless. Though 90 percent of the Americans who buy Christmas cards each year are women, most of them between the ages of thirty-five and fifty, the idea is to appeal to as many customers as possible. Only about 10 percent of all cards picture human beings, because the person represented might not look enough like the card's intended recipient. When an artist does draw a person, the "spec sheet" may specify that it be, say, a "nebbish"—which at American Greetings means curly hair and a '70s-style turtleneck. The major card companies, most of which are located in and pitch their sensibilities to the Midwest, usually lag at least a decade behind current fashions.

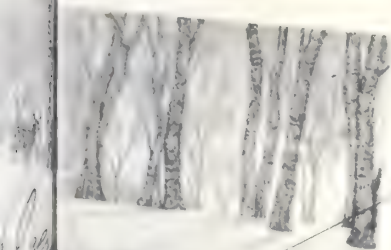
The six uses of the word "so" as an intensifying adverb reflect Hallmark's increasing reliance on conversational prose to supercede the traditionally singsong rhyming verse. Also so instrumental... are ellipses and exclamation points! Hallmark product-information coordinator Rachel Bolton says, "When we do our best it's like when you read Shakespeare: sometimes you forget it's poetry because it flows so naturally." The best-selling cards express their message clearly. A longtime favorite at American Greetings ran along the lines of "Somewhere / Somehow / Someway / Someday," which obviously struck a chord of sublimated sexual tension across the country.

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# AS THE THOUGHT

Christmas cards, by Tad Friend



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ELROD

This is a "contemporary" card. If the rays of light coming through the trees were brighter, if a dove were flying about—if, in other words, an omnipotent being were suggested—the card might tiptoe into Hallmark's "religious" category. Greeting-card art is notoriously interchangeable; for instance, the art on this card is also used on a "For My Sister" Christmas card. There are, perhaps, too few good card ideas: manufacturers often accuse each other of plagiarism, but usually settle the matter amicably. It was thus unusual last year when Blue Mountain Arts sued Hallmark seeking \$50 million for "trademark infringement" (copying the look of its cards) and won a preliminary injunction, which forced Hallmark to remove eighty-three of its cards from the market.

The first commercially printed Christmas card, sent in London in 1843 by businessman Sir Henry Cole, was inscribed "merry Christmas and a happy new year to you." This remains the all-time favorite sentiment. Alternatively, we are exhorted to have a Joyful, Peaceful, Spirited, Blessed, Magical, Memorable, Beautiful, Bright, Special, Pleasant, Jolly, or Especially Nice Christmas. Prior to 1843, people handwrote their greetings before exchanging them, first by hand and then, increasingly, through the mails. As early as 1822, the U.S. superintendent of mails complained that he had to hire sixteen extra postmen to handle Christmas cards and asked Congress to limit card mailing, concluding, "I don't know what we'll do if it keeps on."

About ten years ago, Hallmark began letting the forty or so scriveners in its "creative writing" department sign their names. Hallmark writers pump themselves up for a big assignment: to prepare for a Christmas card, which must be written months before the season, they sometimes listen to Christmas songs. (One woman sniffs men's cologne before writing love cards.) A surprising number of card writers are actually sweet elderly ladies; Steve O'Donnell, who used to write for American Greetings and is now the head writer for *Late Night With David Letterman*, says, "When these ladies finished a card they had tears in their eyes." Just before O'Donnell left American Greetings a vice president tried to dissuade him: "He said if I kept at it, I could be another Bob Hammerquist. I said, 'Well, I'm just not ready for that responsibility.'"

# IMAGINE A DAY AT THE END OF YOUR LIFE

By Ann Beattie

Sometimes I do feel subsumed by them. My wife, Harriet, only wanted two children in the first place. With the third and fourth, I was naturally pressing for a son. The fifth, Michael, was an accident. Allison was third and Denise was number four. Number one, Carolyn, was always the most intelligent and the most troublesome; Joan was always the one whose talent I thought would pan out, but there's no arguing with what she says: dancers are obsessive, vain people, and many of them have problems with drugs and drink, and it's no fun to watch people disfigure their bodies in the name of art. Allison was rather plain. She developed a good sense of humor, probably as compensation for not being as attractive or as talented as the older ones. The fourth, Denise, was almost as talented at painting as Joan was at dance, but she married young and gave it up, except for creating her family's Christmas card. Michael is a ski instructor in Aspen—sends those tourists down the slopes with a smile. I think he likes the notion of keeping people at a distance. He has felt overwhelmed all his life.

My wife's idea of real happiness is to have all the family lined up on the porch in their finery, with their spouses and all the children, being photographed like the Royal Family. She's always bustled with energy. She gave the rocking chair to Goodwill last spring, because she said it encouraged lethargy.

Harriet is a very domestic woman, but come late afternoon she's at the Remington, conjuring up bodies buried in haystacks and mass murderers at masked balls—some of the weirdest stuff you can imagine. She's done quite well financially writing these mysteries, and every couple of years we hire a driver and set off across the United States, stopping to see friends and

family. At night, in the motel room, she puts the typewriter on the bureau, piles pillows on one of the chairs, and starts typing. Nothing interferes with her concentration. At home, she might run off after lunch to examine an animal in the zoo, or even march onto a construction site with her tape recorder to ask questions about ditch digging. She has a lot of anecdotes and that keeps things lively. We get more than our share of invitations to parties. People would have us to breakfast, if we'd go.

Harriet says that I'm spoiled by how much fun we have and that it's going to be hard to settle for the way life will be when we're old. At the end of every year, we've got a dozen new friends. Policemen who've taken a liking to her, or whoever's new at the local library. Last year a man who imported jumping beans lived with us for a month, when he was down on his luck. Those boxes, out in the hallway, sounded like the popcorn machine at the movies.

Some people undervalue what Harriet does, or don't have sympathy with my having resigned my position on the route, but how many more years are dairies going to deliver, anyway? I got to feeling like a dinosaur, passing the time until the great disaster. I felt like a vanishing breed, is what I mean. And how many people would go on doing what they're doing if they had the means to do otherwise?

The girls are good-natured about their mother, and I think that Allison and Denise, in particular, quite admire her. Things didn't ever really come together and take shape for those two, but that's understandable, because no matter how much you try, every parent does have favorites. I was quite taken aback by Carolyn because she was so attractive and intelligent. Maybe instead of saying that she was a real favorite, I should say that she was a real shock. She walked at eight months! Never took time to

*Ann Beattie's most recent book is Where You'll Find Me, a collection of stories. She is working on a new novel.*



FE crawl. One day, outside the playpen, she pulled herself up and took off across the rug. There she went. She married a fool, but she seems happy with his foolishness. Joan is remarried to a very nice man who owns a bank—flat out owns it!—in Michigan. She's recovered well from her bad first marriage, which isn't surprising, considering that she's in her first year of law school and has inherited two daughters. There are three dalmatians, too. Dogs that eat her out of house and home. Allison works as a buyer for a big department store, and she's pretty close to her younger sister, Denise. All year, Allison thinks about sweaters, contracts with people to knit sweaters, goes to look at the plants where sweaters are manufactured. That's what we get as gifts: sweaters. She and Denise go on sweater-shopping expeditions in the spring. Harriet and I get postcards telling us what the towns look like, what they ate for dinner, and sometimes anecdotes about how the two of them located some interesting sweater.

Michael, lately, is the problem. That's the way it is: you hope and hope for a particular child and that's the one who's always eluding you. He'll plan a trip home and cancel it at the last minute, send pictures that are too blurry to see his face. Occasionally I get mad and tell him that he neglects his mother and me, but those comments just roll off his back. He says that he doesn't cause us any trouble and that he doesn't

ask for anything, which isn't the issue at all. He keeps bringing up that he offered to teach me to ski and that I turned him down. I'm not athletically inclined. He takes that personally. It's so often the way that the position you're in as a parent gets reversed, so that one day you're the one who lags behind. You're the one who won't try anything new. Michael's always been a rather argumentative boy, but I've never believed in fighting fire with fire. Harriet says he's the apple of my eye, but as I said to her: "What does that mean? That when Michael's here, I see red?" With the last three, I think both she and I slacked off.

Live in the present, Harriet's always telling me. As a joke, she's named the man who runs the morgue in her mysteries, who's a worrywart, after me. But I never did hold with the notion that you should have children and then cast them to the wind. They're interesting people. Between them, they know seven foreign languages. If I want advice about what stock to buy, I can call one son-in-law, and if I want to criticize the President, I can call another. Naturally, my children don't see eye-to-eye about how to live, and sometimes they don't even speak to one another, or they write letters I'm sure they later regret. Still, I sense great loyalty between them.

The last time the whole family was here was for our fortieth wedding anniversary. The TV



ran night and day, and no one could keep on top of the chaos in the kitchen. Allison and Joan had even given friends the phone number, as if they were going into exile instead of visiting their parents for the weekend. The phone rang off the hook. Allison brought her dog and Joan brought her favorite dalmatian, and the two got into such an awful fight that Allison's had to spend the night in the back seat of her car. All night long, inside the house, the other dog paced, wanting to get at it. At the end of the visit, when the last car pulled away, Harriet admitted to me that it had been too much for her. She'd gone into the kitchen and stood a broom upside down in the corner and opened the scissors facing the bristles. She'd interviewed a woman who practiced voodoo, and the woman had told her that that was a surefire way to get rid of guests. Harriet felt a little guilty that it had worked: initially, Denise had said that she was going to leave early Monday morning, but by Sunday noon she was gone—and the last to leave.

I have in my possession cassettes of music the children thought their mother and I should be aware of, photocopies of grandchildren's report cards, California wine with a label saying that it was bottled especially for Joan, and an ingenious key chain you can always find because when you whistle, it beeps. My anniversary present from Allison was a photo album, in a very nice, compact size, called a "brag book." She had filled it with pictures of the grandchildren and the husbands and cats and dogs, and with some cartoons that she thought were amusing. And then there was another brag book that was empty, with a note inside saying that I could brag about whatever I wanted.

For a long while the albums just stayed on the coffee table, buried under magazines or Harriet's fan mail. Then one day when I was coming up the front walk, I looked down and saw a ginkgo leaf. It was as bright as a jewel. I was amazed, even though the neighbor had had that tree, and the leaves had blown over our property, for years. I put the leaf on the coffee table, and then it occurred to me that I could put it in the brag book—press it between the plastic pages—maybe even add some other leaves.

The next day, I put the leaf underneath the plastic, and then I went out and started to look for other leaves. By the end of the week, the book was filled up. I have no memory of doing anything like that as a child. I did collect stamps for a while, but the leaves were a different thing entirely.

To be truthful, there are a few pages in the book right in the middle that aren't filled, but it's getting cold and the leaves are losing their

color fast. It may be next year before it's filled. I worked on the front of the book because I had some sense of how I wanted it to begin, and then I filled the back of the book, because I found the perfect leaf with which to end, but I wasn't sure about the rest. I thought there might be some particularly unusual leaves, if I went far enough afield.

So yesterday I drove out to the woods in Batesville to look. If I'd been looking for birds, there were certainly enough of them. It was the sort of day—with all that blue sky and with the tree bark almost jumping out at you in the strong light—that makes you think: Why don't I do this every day? Why isn't everybody out walking? That's the mystery to me—not that there are so many duplicitous people and so many schemes and crimes, but that out there, in the real world, people are so rarely where they should be. I don't usually think about mortality, but the albums were a present commemorating forty years of marriage, which would put anyone in mind of what had happened, as well as what was inevitable. That day in the woods, I thought: Don't run away from the thought of death. Imagine a day at the end of your life. I wasn't thinking of people who were hospitalized or who saw disaster coming at them on the highway. I was thinking of a day that was calm, that seemed much like other days, when suddenly things speeded up—or maybe slowed down—and everything seemed to be happening with immediacy. The world is going on, and you know it. You're not decrepit, you're not in pain, nothing dramatic is happening. A sparrow flies overhead, breeze rustles leaves. You're going along and suddenly your feet *feel* the ground. I don't mean that your shoes are comfortable. Or even that the ground is solid and that you have a moment when you realize that you are a temporary person, passing. I mean that it seems possible to feel the ground, solid below you, while at the same time the air reminds you that there's a lightness, and then you soak that in, let it sink down, so that suddenly you know that the next wind might blow you over, and that wouldn't be a bad thing. You might squint in the sunlight, look at a leaf spiraling down, genuinely surprised that you were there to see it. A breeze comes again, rippling the surface of a pond. A bird! A leaf! Clouds elongate and stretch thinly across a silvery sky. Flowers, in the distance? Or, in early evening, a sliver of moon. Then imagine that you aren't there any longer, but at a place where you can touch those things that were always too dazzlingly high or too far in the distance—light-years would have been required to get to them—and suddenly you can pluck the stars from the sky, gather all fallen leaves at once.



# GAZING INTO BERGDORF'S WINDOW

Reflections on the higher shopping

By Peter Freundlich

**A** while back I saw a piece on the evening news, a cutesy-poo feature about a summer camp in Palm Beach. Wholesome, innocent, happy-seeming eight- and ten- and twelve-year olds, boys and girls both, were at this camp to sit at the knees of professional deal-makers, to learn the ins and outs of the buck-turning arts and sciences: stocks, bonds, corporate mergers, leveraged buy-outs, portfolio management, you know.

The kids, blonde and blue-eyed mostly, were enthusiastic and clearly much interested in the claptrap being expounded. Their whole bodies shook, the way the tail wags the happy dog, when they raised their hands to signal their desire to ask a question. And they asked *deep* questions, I am sorry to say, about debentures and junk bonds and accounting methods and the Japanese challenge.

*Sic transit Huck Finn.*

We were ordinary folk once, our dreams simple: a few chickens, a tarpaper shack to call our own, an extra pair of overalls into which to change on Sundays, a crystal radio. But now something new has been loosed among us, loosed as the H-bomb was loosed, and we are red hot in mid-mutation. Instead of being satisfied with a ham sandwich, we want for a snack goat-cheese pizza with sun-dried morels; instead of all-cotton, we wear for our tennis athletic socks of lapin fur; instead of refrigerator ice, we plop

hearts of glacier cubes into our Cartesian well water.

How did we get from there to here? What fantastic dream dreamed by the world's merchants—by haberdashers and restaurateurs and real-estate developers and automobile salesmen lost in transports of nocturnal greed—revealed to the multitude the wonder of the higher shopping? By what pure act of will did the dream become flesh? How did the divine word turn first into a fat wallet, clay-soft so that it could tease and stretch itself into a Giacometti-like human being? When the dream was done, there stood the yuppie: the smooth-faced monster of consumerism, teeth like pearls, eyes like coals, slouching toward Bloomingdale's to be born.

The yuppie is the dream buyer, the dream buyer in both senses of that phrase: the buyer dreamed of by sellers everywhere, the buyer with money to burn; and the one who, just like that, buys what the rest of us only dream about, the one who buys dreams, easily, without huddling to consider, or agonizing, or feeling his parents' guilt and trepidation over laying out what took so long to amass. Because it *didn't* take long, you see. Easy come, easy go. Nice car. I'll take it. Nice house. I'll take it. Nice dog. I'll take two.

And now the world, I mean the *made* world, the world as fashioned by manufacturers and offered for sale, is being fashioned for *him*.

Look you everywhere, and see! The

search now is for the very best, the most rare, the empyrean, the nonpareil. We need not ask anymore who or what it is that has inherited the earth: we *know*. It is the walking wallet with the coal-black eyes, in search of underwear handwoven by Tibetan virgins, in search of silk foulard toilet paper, badger-bristle johnny-mops, microchip-controlled shoelaces of braided platinum wire that make a fine little beep when they come untied, fish-tank gravel of pulverized moonrock, coffee beans certified to have ripened in the very first shaft of morning light at the tippy top of a sacred mountain in Kenya, ham from the hock of a pig that has drunk only spring water and which has been read Japanese love poetry at bedtime from piglethood on.

We are, thanks to the yuppie, mad with connoisseurship, nuts with our own discriminations.

Maybe we inhabit a dream, a fiction, a continentwide mirage that may dissipate at any moment. But in the meantime, we *will* have hand-sewn mattresses stuffed with angora fleeces, bedframes laminated of twigs gathered atop Mount Sinai, briefcases of tooled llama-leather, bespoke shoes of water-buffalo hide cured with the spittle of Saint Bernard puppies.

I tell you we are discriminating ourselves out of existence. If our hankering become any more refined, we shall die of hunger and go naked and unhoused. We are incapable of settling anymore, incapable of compro-

*Peter Freundlich reflected deeply upon dentistry in the September issue of Harper's.*

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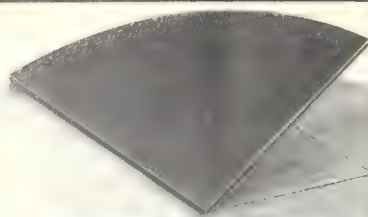
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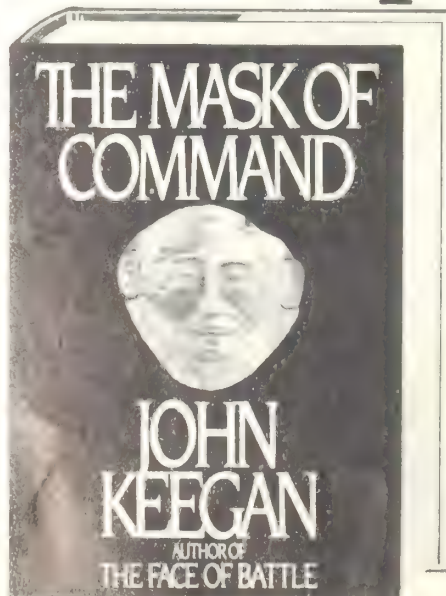
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# A provocative new view of military leadership

In this wide-ranging, incisive analysis of generals—who they are, what they do, and how they affect our world—John Keegan argues that generalship, like warfare itself, is a cultural activity as much as an exercise of power or military skill. Focusing on Alexander the Great, Wellington, Grant, and Hitler, he demonstrates the ways in which social, political, and technological changes have transformed the demands made on leaders and the nature of leadership itself.



ming. If the jam was not compounded of berries from the sunny side of the bush, we will not have it. If the grain of the bread was not milled between stones quarried in Jerusalem, we will not eat it. If the time is not told by movement that turns on diamonds and is housed in a case carved of a single hollowed ingot of gold, we will not know it. We turn away from the base and the common. We are like Geiger counters calibrated for preciousness, our hearts clicking harder, faster in the presence of the rare.

We do not blanch anymore at the hundred-dollar snack, the several hundred-dollar shirt, the hundred thousand-dollar car, the forty-million-dollar painting. Van Gogh was mad? Piffle. Look at us.

Lunch now is a horrifying business. There is the speaking menu, for one thing: the tanned waiter with the slicked-back hair who recites the miracles the chef has this day performed. Are the tomatoes from Provence? Are they vine ripened? Was baroque music piped into the field in which they grew, and was that music from an analogue or a digital source? Are those who picked the tomatoes graduates of an *école normale* or *supérieure*? What, other than tomatoes, are their larger interests in life? Philosophy, music, painting, dance? For lunch to have its fullest efflorescence, we need to know something about those who gathered the ingredients of which it was made.

And what of the chef? What has been the main influence on his style, St. Thomas Aquinas or the Veda, or is he a Kantian or a pantheist or what? Tell, man, tell.

And speak, I pray you, the long list of arcane fruits and vegetables from which, with a flutter of my eyes, I may choose. Say the names, man: say them. Be, for this little time, like Adam or Eve on Naming Day: chicory, radicchio, endive, chard, rockette, purslane, sorrel, pepper grass, frankincense, myrrh.

And recite, as once the oracles recited their portending dreams, with eyes rolled back, the dishes available and their manners of preparation: say the shark has been a fortnight steeped in a caper-laced brine of Aegean water and old retsina, and then wrapped in parchment and baked underground



n clay. Say it. Say that there is rose-hip sorbet for dessert, surmounted with sheep's milk whipped-cream and individually glazed elderberries. Go on, man: don't make me drag it out of you. Tell me you have loin-of-pork salad at room temperature, made monastery-style and served with a chain-mail doublet of pasta links.

We need now to know the provenance of everything, of our snacks and our trinkets and our bits of garb, so as to be assured that, having paid ransoms for the stuff, we have indeed gotten the goods. All our purchases must have attached to them certificates of pedigree and booklets telling the little-known stories of their evolution in out-of-the-way places among generations of kindly, nature-loving, magic-touched peoples whose wisdom is far too simple for us to understand. Indeed, it is the certificates and the storybooks we buy, really, not the things from which they hang these pretty tags.

Step into the clothing department, please. Here at the *schmatterer* it is as it is at the bistro too. We have dangled before us first the crème de la crème and then the crème de la crème de la crème: Sea Island cotton, pima cotton, Egyptian cotton, Swiss cotton, tweeds from the Outer Hebrides. The winding-sheet of the Inca himself could not have been of finer stuff.

The designers are all celebrities, artists really, *soi-* (and by all the rest of us) *disant* and, as such, they sign their works in conspicuous places. We would not have it otherwise. So we walk around in scrawled-upon silk caftans, and suit jackets the shoulders of which fall down over our own shoulders, like dogs' ears, and in trousers three sizes too big at the waist so that they need to be gathered like the neck of a highwayman's loot bag. Only we do the gathering with a lizard belt (\$550, Jacques B. Nimble; shoes of hand-stitched marmoset pelts, \$2,540, O Sole Mio; pumpkin-colored burlap-weave linen tie, \$105, Buck Neckèd; puce fisherman's cardigan of hand-shorn, -carded, -loomed, and -knitted Nepalese mountain-goat wool, \$38,950, Bon Dieu, by appointment only).

Thus attired, we taxi home. Home ain't what it used to be either.

On nearly every corner now in Manhattan, condominium apartments sell for many hundreds of thousands of dollars or, when they rent, for many thousands of dollars a month. A quick calculation shows that, in order for a person to live in a \$3,000-a-month apartment (which comes to \$36,000-a-year), that person needs to be making much more than twice that amount; after taxes, making only seventy-two Gs, he'd be meeting the rent only, and would be squatting hungry and naked on his parquet floor.

The buildings are ersatz grand, sold in their prospectuses as throwbacks to the rambling baronial palazzi built in the Twenties on Park and West End and Riverside. In all but a few, though (and those few cost millions, not hundreds of thousands), the baronial touches are tiny ones: fancy faucets, video intercoms, built-in kitchen gee-gaws. The rooms themselves are otherwise the same nasty dual-purpose boxes found in most postwar buildings: living/dining, bed/study, bath/dressing, entrance/foyer. The slash is the builder's best friend these days; I expect soon to see floorplans boasting bath/guest room, closet/library, hall/stables, pantry/swimming pool.

From our vantage point in the doorway/wine cellar, let us scan panoramically one such set of digs. Immediately we see the BMW Effect. In the hopes of making whatever they produce as much the wanted thing as the BMW is among cars, manufacturers have streamlined and attempted to imbue with engineering mystique every article of dreck they turn out. Thus we have racing blenders and racing toasters and racing coffee-makers. We have racing desk lamps that have clearly been tested in wind tunnels and that have lower coefficients of drag than jet fighters.

Perhaps it was the Sexual Revolution that brought us here. For a decade or so, we were our own toys. With religious, with almost childlike intensity, we played with ourselves and with each other. But see where all that got us. We have loosed a horde of dreadful new diseases upon ourselves, spawned oceanic schools of invisible love-borne piranhas that eat their ways into us and then eat their ways back out again, leaving us riven,

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1, 2 House Subcommittee on Arms Control; 3 Center for Defense Information (Washington, D.C.); 4 U.S. Department of Agriculture; 5 U.S. Department of State; 6 *Handbook of Economic Statistics*, 1986, CIA (McLean, Va.); 7 John Heilmann, Merrill Lynch (N.Y.C.); 8 Martin Mayer (N.Y.C.); 9 *Forbes* (N.Y.C.); 10 The White House; 11 The Jimmy Carter Library (Atlanta); 12, 13 Carnegie Hall (N.Y.C.); 14 House Ways and Means Committee; 15, 16 *Across the Board* (N.Y.C.); 17 Thoreau Society (Concord, Mass.); 18 Congressional Office of Technology Assessment; 19 Communication Control Services, Inc. (Port Chester, N.Y.); 20 Security Associates International (Houston); 21 NACLA (N.Y.C.); 22, 23 U.S. Bureau of Justice Statistics; 24 American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons (Chicago); 25 Barbara Katz-Rothman, Baruch College (N.Y.C.); 26 *Harper's* research; 27 Toy Manufacturers of America (N.Y.C.); 28 Macy's (N.Y.C.); 29 Lobel's Prime Meats (N.Y.C.); 30, 31 U.S. Geological Survey (Reston, Va.); 32, 33 U.S. Department of Agriculture; 34 Andrew Nathan, Columbia University (N.Y.C.); 35 Bicycle Federation of America (Washington, D.C.)/U.S. Census Bureau; 36 *Harper's* research; 37, 38 Sidney A. Gauthreaux Jr., Clemson University (Clemson, S.C.); 39 Pet Rest, Inc. (Lima, Ohio); 40 American Museum of Natural History (N.Y.C.).



# DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 60

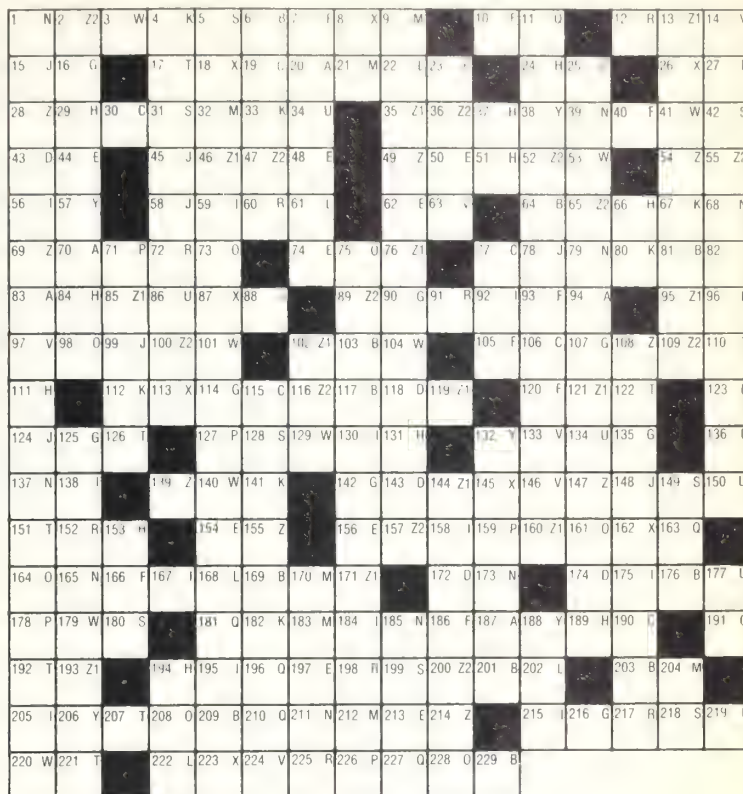
by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 79.

## CLUES

- A. "I will play the swan. / And die in \_\_\_\_\_," says Emilia (Othello) 70 20 83 187 94
- B. 1934 Cole Porter hit (2 wds.) 6 176 123 117 209  
169 103 64 201  
203 81 229
- C. The right to enjoy the profits of something belonging to another 77 190 30 25 106  
115 19 191
- D. Dressed 118 143 172 43 174
- E. By natural impulse 50 213 44 74 136 156 96 154  
62 197 48
- F. Type of fit 166 27 186 7 219 105 40 93  
10 120
- G. Wife of Orpheus 16 90 125 216 114 107 142 135
- H. Advance in excellence or achievement 84 37 194 51 24 66 111 29  
131 153 189
- I. "The triple pillar of the world trans- form'd / Into a \_\_\_\_\_" (2 wds., Antony and Cleopatra) 138 158 195 167 184 205 175 130  
88 215 59 56 92
- J. Soft soap; bunkum (2 wds.) 15 78 99 45 58 124 148
- K. Green-eyed 67 141 80 112 182 4 33
- L. Anglers' equipment 168 202 22 222 61
- M. Square pegs, perhaps 183 212 9 204 32 170 21
- N. Harshness, rigor 39 185 211 1 165 68 79 137  
173
- O. Defiles 161 98 73 208 75 228 164
- P. Malay Archipelago and Lesser Antilles, e.g. 159 226 23 178 71 127
- Q. Pertaining to the public treasury 11 196 227 181 210 163



- R. Surname of George du Maurier's fictional murderer 198 91 60 225 12 217 152 72
- S. On the move spiritedly and aggressively 218 149 5 125 199 42 31 180
- T. Eng. inventor (1732-92) of the water frame, for spinning 17 82 126 122 207 151 221 192  
110
- U. "To air the \_\_\_\_\_, / And to earth I" (Housman, Last Poems, xli) 134 86 130 34 177
- V. One of nine chief magistrates of anc. Athens 133 146 224 97 14 63
- W. Effortlessly; certain (hyph.) 41 129 220 53 101 101 3 140  
179
- X. Chance; mishap 162 26 18 223 8 87 113 145
- Y. Parotitis 152 206 57 38 188
- Z. Receding, going away (2 wds.) 28 139 108 147 60 214 155 54  
49
- Z1. Good-looking (4 wds.) 46 102 35 171 166 144 85 13  
121 193 119 76 95
- Z2. One of three Russian-born American painters (office Workers, full name) 55 157 89 2 109 200 100 116  
65 36 52 47

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T	S	A	N	I	T	O	E	A	L	O
Z	E	N	K	C	A	N	T	H	Y	E

## NOTES FOR "JIGSAW"

DOWN: A. WALTZ, "Walt's"; NO(O)SES; B. A(L)G(A)DE; DEBASE, anagram; C. TELL, two meanings; NAMED-IS, reversed; D. (pa)T(rick) HANK; CHICHI, "she she"; E. CUBE8, hidden in reverse; MA(NY)STIC (kers); F. ANTA, hidden; ROW (reversal) BOB; G. FRAS(S)E; H. EIT (reversal) ON; I. CULEIT, NOT(X)ES, reversed; J. EBRO, hidden; POOH (reversal) BAH; K. LA-PO(lice); TASTILY, anagram; L. C. HLOE, SHAMMED PIECES; M. ORIS, hidden in reverse; N. SET D; O. ASCH, "ash"; P. TICK, two meanings; Q. ET(H...YL, anagram; R. (k)LATCHE; S. BA(L...TS); T. O-MAH-A (reversal); U. XEBECS, composite anagram with "ali"; V. EOLITH, anagram; W. ZENANA, hidden; X. LA-GO ON; Y. S. (WE)DISH; Z. CO(OP-TED); 15. ANOINTS, anagram; 16. SAW BUCK; 17. AN-A-(THE)MA; 18. IM-BE-C(IDE); 19. PRO...T-OCOL (reversal); 20. AB(so)LU(TION).

**SOLUTION TO NOVEMBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 59).** CODY SHEARER- DEATH ON A ROLL (IN NICARAGUA). Everyone assumes the region is some place we've been before. For conservatives, it is Cuba . . . ; for liberals, it is Vietnam. . . . Neither . . . is accurate. Central America is . . . by no means simple to understand. But cessation of the killing would lift it to a chance to view it with a clearer eye. (1987—North American Syndicate.)

**CONTEST RULES** Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 60, *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's Magazine*, please include a copy of your mailing label. Entries must be received by December 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the January issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 58 (October) are Helen L. Davis, Mount Clemens, Michigan; Mariann Caine, Blacksburg, Virginia; and Richard Cassidy, Logansport, Indiana.

# PUZZLE

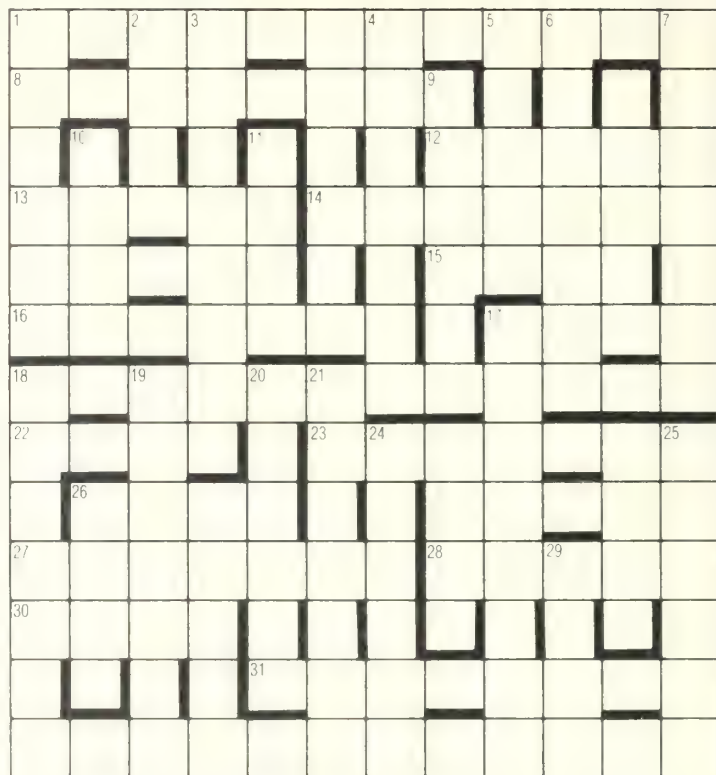
## Variations on a Yuletide Theme

by E.R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

**T**he theme (three words) appears running across the center of the diagram, with eleven related unclued entries scattered throughout.

Three clue answers are capitalized. Less than common words are found at 23A, 30A, 31A, and 25D.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 79.



### Across

8. Each meal's composition! (8)
12. I'm English, mister—on the outside I'm an actor of sorts (5)
13. Got passionate, losing head and ready for action (5)
14. Draws out point . . . legal point (7)
15. Where a gambler might play Keno wrongheadedly (4)
16. Metaphorically, peacocks, for example, and so it's confused (7)
17. An inclination for hypocrisy (4)
22. Fictional heroine in Whiskey Rebellion (4)
23. Break a law written below by Connecticut (7)
27. Showing the most craft in cedar chests (7)
28. Back stitch about foot with certain yarns (5)
30. Greek liquor fitting for a king (4)
31. Bad smell's confining to a capital of Eastern Europe (8)

### Down

1. Hair of the dog? Hope lager's more than sufficient (6)
2. Particular part of white man's burden (4)
3. Left lake . . . ice could be full of holes? (8)
4. He's desolate about cryptic clues (7)
5. Sure to be won with love and sweet (5, two words)
6. No mail is distributed without number, or bearing a person's name (7)
7. Women are confined in these scandalous sectors (7)
9. Edges back to church in disgrace (6)
10. Unsalable product hauled in the sticks (4)
11. In commercials, Democrat has more to say (4)
18. Rained sloppily on Italy's capital . . . that's little change for the Romans (7)
19. Drunken Conservative shaken (7)
20. Xerox supplies rewrite of Reston (6)
21. The lady's courtship is said to be hairy (7)
24. Impression's negative—no, it's reversed (6)
25. Experiment with a bit of epoxy as covering for seeds (6)
26. Leave with uplift from gin, for instance (4)
29. Twain character with an attachment to fish, one hears (4)

63857

**Contest Rules:** Send your entry with name and address to "Variations on a Yuletide Theme," *Harper's Magazine*, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10017. If you wish to subscribe to *Harper's Magazine*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions will receive one year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the February issue. Winners of the October puzzle, "Word Shuffle," are Martha Verbrick, Tucson, Arizona; Roger L. Winters, Seattle, Washington, and Amy Pearson, Austin, Texas.



















